April 1, 1961

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THE NEW YORKER

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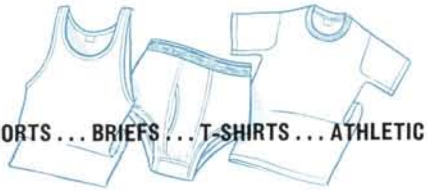

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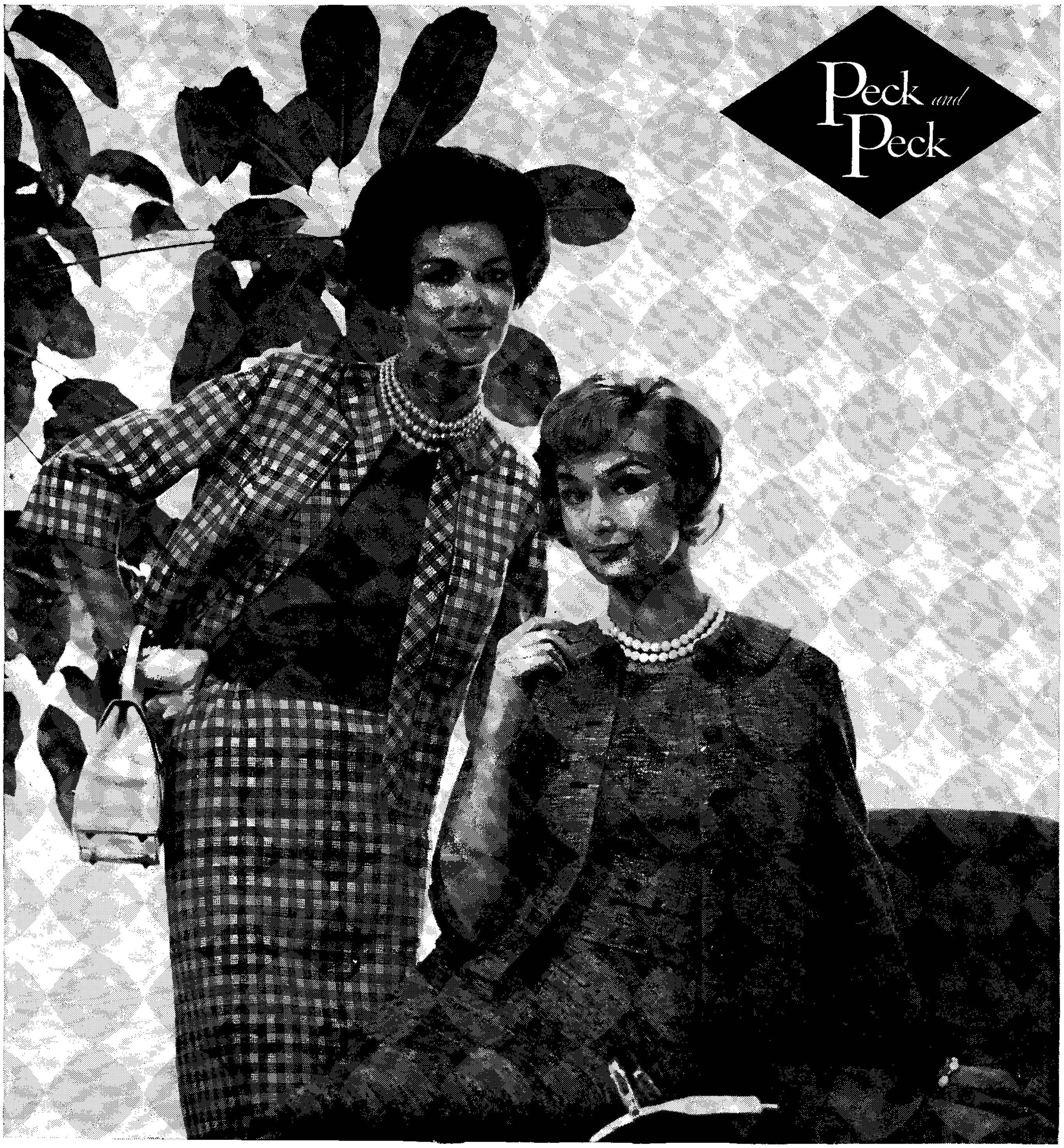

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Advise and Consent—A melodrama about life in the governmental purlieus of Washington, where a pack of snarling senators are tearing into one another over the proposal to appoint as Secretary of State a professor who has shown leftward leanings in the past. The author, Loring Mandel (who based his play on the Allen Drury novel), has provided plenty of action, all right, but none of his characters has much depth. Ed Begley, Richard Kiley, Chester Morris, Henry Jones, and Kevin McCarthy are some of the legislators. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

All the Way Home—James Agee's novel "A Death in the Family" adapted for the stage with sensitivity and perception by Tad Mosel. Colleen Dewhurst, Arthur Hill, Aline MacMahon, Lillian Gish, John Megna, and Tom Wheatley do excellent jobs in realizing the playwright's intent. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)

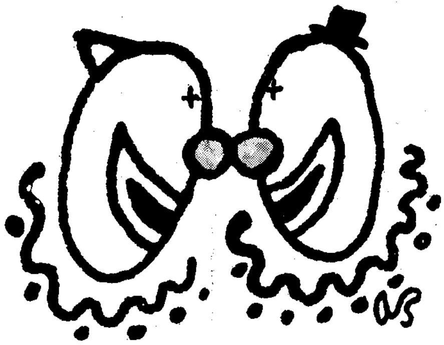
Big Fish, Little Fish—Some grand performances by Jason Robards, Jr., Hume Cronyn, George Grizzard, Martin Gabel, Elizabeth Wilson, and George Voskovec, in addition to apt direction by Sir John Gielgud, might persuade you that this comedy by Hugh Wheeler has more merit than meets the eye and ear. It doesn't. The plot has to do with several obviously unstrung people who find in an impoverished textbook editor, living in a flat in the East Thirties, their Zen, or what-have-you. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Come Blow Your Horn—Neil Simon's comedy about a couple of young men who prefer play to the work their father wants them to do. Since the work involves the making and selling of artificial fruit, you can hardly blame the boys, but neither they nor their dad are very funny. With Hal March, Warren Berlinger, Lou Jacobi, Sarah Marshall, and Arlene Golonka. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Critic's Choice—A drama reviewer, as well-heeled as a Rockefeller, finds himself at sixes and sevens because his wife has written a play that isn't any good and that integrity compels him to review. Not very brisk, although Henry Fonda, Mildred Natwick, Virginia Gilmore, and Murray Hamilton do manage to give the thing a bit of life every now and then. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Devil's Advocate—An imitation of Graham Greene's "entertainments," which has to do with a cancerous cleric sent by the Vatican to probe the *bona fides* of a recently defunct character in southern Italy who may or may not have been a saint. It is long on dialogue but short on philosophic substance, and not much of a play any way you look at it. It was adapted by Dore Schary from a novel by Morris L. West, and features Leo Genn and Sam Levene, the latter of whom does a fine job as a skeptical Jewish doctor. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May—Two of the drollest people on earth in a series of skits that range with high good humor over all kinds of current events and phenomena. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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Mary, Mary—Very funny dialogue superimposed on an old theme—the business of the estranged and charming couple who are trying to get back together again because deep down they are crazy about each other. Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Michael Rennie, Betsy von Furstenberg, and John Cromwell do this comedy by Jean Kerr proud. (Helen Hayes, 46th St. W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Rhinoceros—Eugene Ionesco's shrewd and comical report on what happens to people when they get so anxious to conform that they descend to the level of armored primordial beasts. Zero Mostel and Eli Wallach lead the cast, which is splendid, through all sorts of remarkable capers. The direction, by Joseph Anthony, is imaginative, and the translation from the French, by Derek Prouse, is altogether estimable. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Taste of Honey—This play by a nineteen-year-old North Country English girl named Shelagh Delaney depends for its impact on unlikely characters—a whore, her fancy man, her accessible daughter, a homosexual, and a gay deceiver in the guise of a colored sailor—but Miss Delaney makes all of them quite real and well worth our sympathy. Angela Lansbury, Andrew Ray, Nigel Davenport, and Billy Dee Williams are among those effectively present. However, it is Joan Plowright, in the role of the daughter, who makes the play outstanding. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Under the Yum-Yum Tree—A light, very light, comedy, by Lawrence Roman, concerned with a San Francisco virgin who wants to live experimentally with her sweatheart but would like to keep sex out of the arrangement. Sandra Church is sometimes amusing as this peculiar miss, and Dean Jones is adequate as her earnest boy friend. Also on hand is Gig Young, as an amorous landlord, and he is pretty funny. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, April 15.)

Long Runs—**the best man:** Gore Vidal takes us behind the scenes at a rowdy and imaginary Presidential convention. Frank Lovejoy and Lee Tracy head the cast. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the miracle worker:** The story of Helen Keller, who, through the good offices of an Irish girl named Annie Sullivan, overcame the handicap of being blind, deaf, and mute. Patty Duke and Suzanne Pleshette play Miss Keller and Miss Sullivan, and William Gibson is the author. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the tenth man:** Paddy Chayefsky wrote this parable about a Jewish girl possessed by a demon. With Alan Manson, Jacob Ben-Ami, and Martin Wolfson. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **toys in the attic:** Lillian Hellman's story of the disintegration of a New Orleans family beset by sex, money, and foolish fantasies. Among the actors are Maureen Stapleton, Robert Loggia, Anne Revere, Patricia Jessel, and Rochelle Oliver. (Hudson, 44th St., E. JU 6-2237. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, April 8.)

MUSICALS

Camelot—An interpretation of the way things were in King Arthur's court. Indubitably gorgeous, but not particularly enthralling in content, even though Alan Jay Lerner, Frederick Loewe, and Moss Hart, the formidable team that made "My Fair Lady," participated in the production. Richard Burton, Julie Andrews, Roddy McDowall, and Robert Goulet are prominent in the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Do Re Mi—Nancy Walker and Phil Silvers in a somewhat stilted effort to find in the sluggish jukebox business a duplicate of the sort of thing that made "Guys and Dolls" a success. The music, by Jule Styne, and the lyrics, by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, are hardly distinguished, and the book, by Garson Kanin, is rather aimless. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Irma la Douce—An exercise, purporting to be a breezy French farce, that involves lechers, procurers, and a hard-working prostitute, and is pretty short on wit, style, substance, and taste. It has a large cast headed by Elizabeth Seal, who is a very bouncy girl. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Show Girl—Carol Channing, in an extension of a series of night-club turns, proves that she is one of the most amusing women around. She is assisted capably by Jules Munshin and a French quartet called Les Quat' Jeudis, but the material is a little too slight for the dis-

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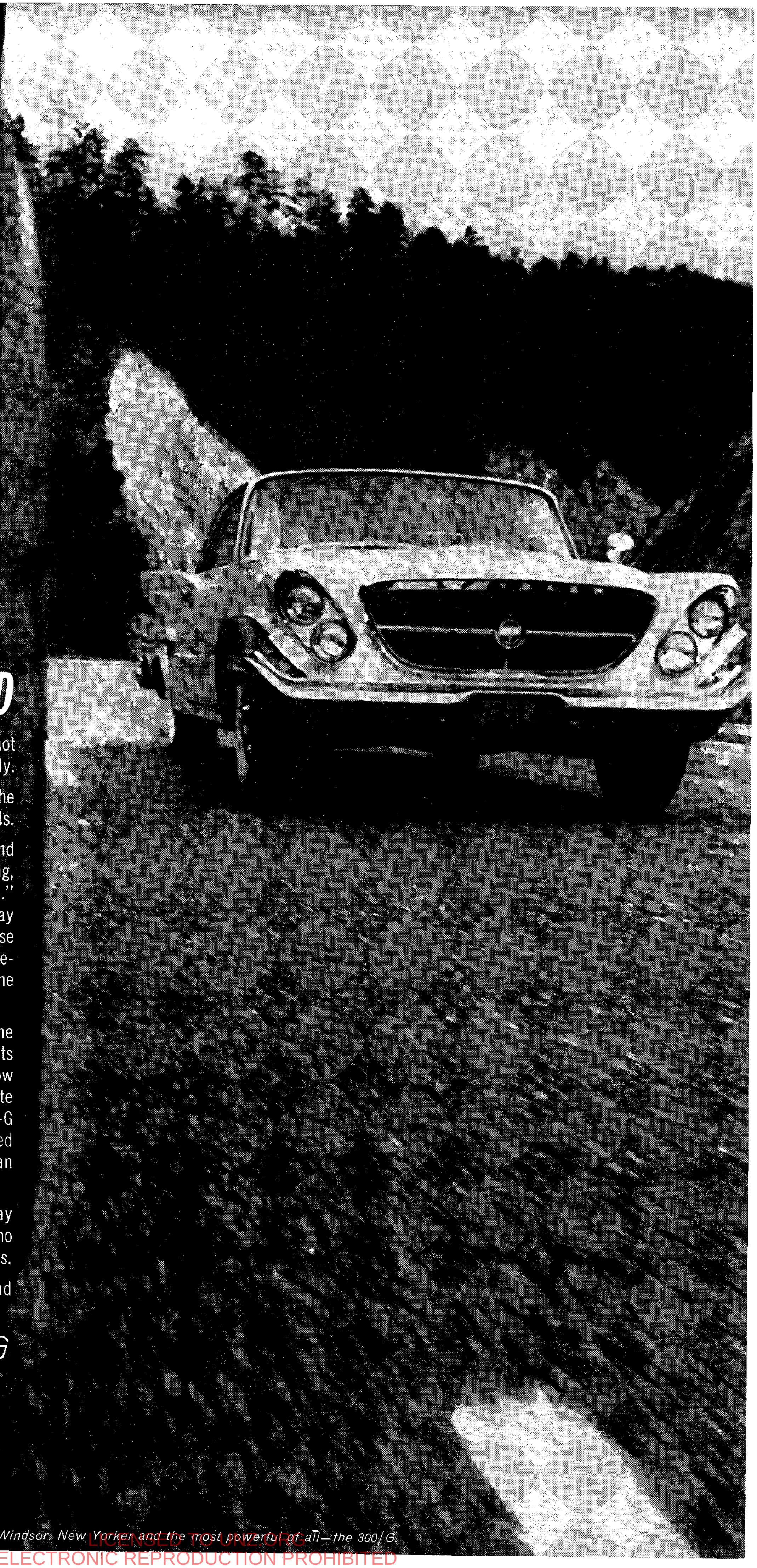

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tance it has to travel. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St. W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tenderloin—Maurice Evans, playing a turn-of-the-century parson facing the forces of unrighteousness. As directed by George Abbott (who collaborated on the book with Jerome Weidman), the show is lively, all right, but not very funny. The sets, by Cecil Beaton, are admirable, and the actors, who also include Ron Husmann, Wynne Miller, Eileen Rodgers, and Lee Becker, are enthusiastic. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Unsinkable Molly Brown—Tammy Grimes having herself a jolly fling as a hoyden from rural Colorado who acquires a pile of cash through marriage and proceeds to crash society at home and abroad. Meredith Willson is responsible for the pleasant score, and the sets (by Oliver Smith), the choreography (by Peter Gennaro), and the direction (by Dore Schary) are all top-drawer. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wildcat—Noisy but hardly gay doings in the oil fields of the Southwest, where a young lady (Lucille Ball) is trying to make her mark as a promoter and also snare the manliest roustabout in the area. Cy Coleman and Carolyn Leigh created the music and lyrics, respectively, and N. Richard Nash wrote the book. Reopens Monday, April 3, after a week's vacation. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**BYE BYE BIRDIE:** Chita Rivera and Dick Van Dyke are the stars of this musical, and the subject is the teen-age phenomenon at its most joyous. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FIORELLO!**: The early career of the little mayor with the big hat, set to words and music by Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock. Tom Bosley, a dead ringer for the eponymous floweret, is helped by Howard Da Silva and Patricia Wilson. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE MUSIC MAN:** Bert Parks in Meredith Willson's musical, which has to do with an Iowa con man and his girl. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, April 15.)... **MY FAIR LADY:** Michael Allinson and Margot Moser are the principals in this musical version of something or other by Shaw. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** Mary Martin in a Rodgers and Hammerstein show based on the escape of the famous Trapp family from Austria just after Hitler moved in. Theodore Bikel is Papa Trapp. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The Happiest Girl in the World—Cyril Ritchard and Janice Rule in a musical with lyrics by E. Y. Harburg, music by Jacques Offenbach, and a book by Fred Saidy and Henry Myers. Mr. Ritchard is the director and Lee Guber the producer. Opens Monday, April 3. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Far Country—A play by Henry Denker, with Kim Stanley, Steven Hill, and Sam Wanamaker. Directed by Alfred Ryder and produced by Roger L. Stevens and Joel Schenker. Opens Tuesday, April 4. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:45.

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Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

The American Dream and **The Death of Bessie Smith**—The first of these one-act plays by Edward Albee is a masterly horror-comedy about a typical well-to-do American middle-aged couple (Mommy and Daddy), a grandma, and a couple of mysterious visitors, all of whom say exactly what comes into their heads, printable or not. Alan Schneider's direction easily matches his materials, and the results are just about impeccable collaboration. The second play, however, is an out-of-whack contest between some Southern racists and the celebrated blues singer, who is never seen—and never felt, either. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

The Balcony—Life in a gaudy bordello as seen through the sensitive eyes of perverts. The play was written by Jean Genêt and directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Fridays at 9:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8:40.)

Call Me by My Rightful Name—A civil-rights play, inhabited by symbols, about a couple of college students (one white, one Negro) and a comely, deerlike girl, who is played by Joan Hackett. The author, Michael Shurtleff, likes such West Coast phrases as "walk proud through the land." (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10:45; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Connection—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Thursdays and Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40.)

Double Entry—Jane Connell, a flighty blonde whose face, voice, and body seem always at war with each other, appears only too briefly in the second of the one-act light operas—"The Bible Salesman" and "The Oldest Trick in the World"—that make up the evening, and when she does, all becomes lunacy and light. Jay Thompson is responsible for the book, music, and lyrics of both offerings. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Elsa Lanchester, Herself—A boisterous, rather dull recital of about a dozen songs, ballads, and the like, which suggests that the one-man, or one-woman, show takes more than bravery. (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Nightly, except Mondays and Wednesday, April 5, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, April 5, at 2.)

EASTER SPECIAL

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Hamlet—A practically uncut version that diddles and blurts along for more than three hours, and is notable only for the rare moments when twenty-seven-year-old Donald Madden, as Hamlet, discards his dewiness and gives as good as he takes. The direction, by Stuart Vaughan, puts one in mind of a track meet. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 23.)

Hedda Gabler—Anne Meacham, a new and fascinating Hedda Gabler, expresses pure bitchery by looking beautiful and snakelike, and by moving as if her part were the prey and she the huntress. Frederick Rolf and Mark Lenard are invaluable, too. David Ross, who loves the days when plays were plays, produced and directed. A superior evening. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

In the Jungle of Cities—A 1922 Bertolt Brecht dealing with the largely inscrutable relationship between an Oriental businessman and a lad from the prairies. The production matches and often surpasses its materials, which are usually purposefully obtuse. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Wednesdays and Sundays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7.)

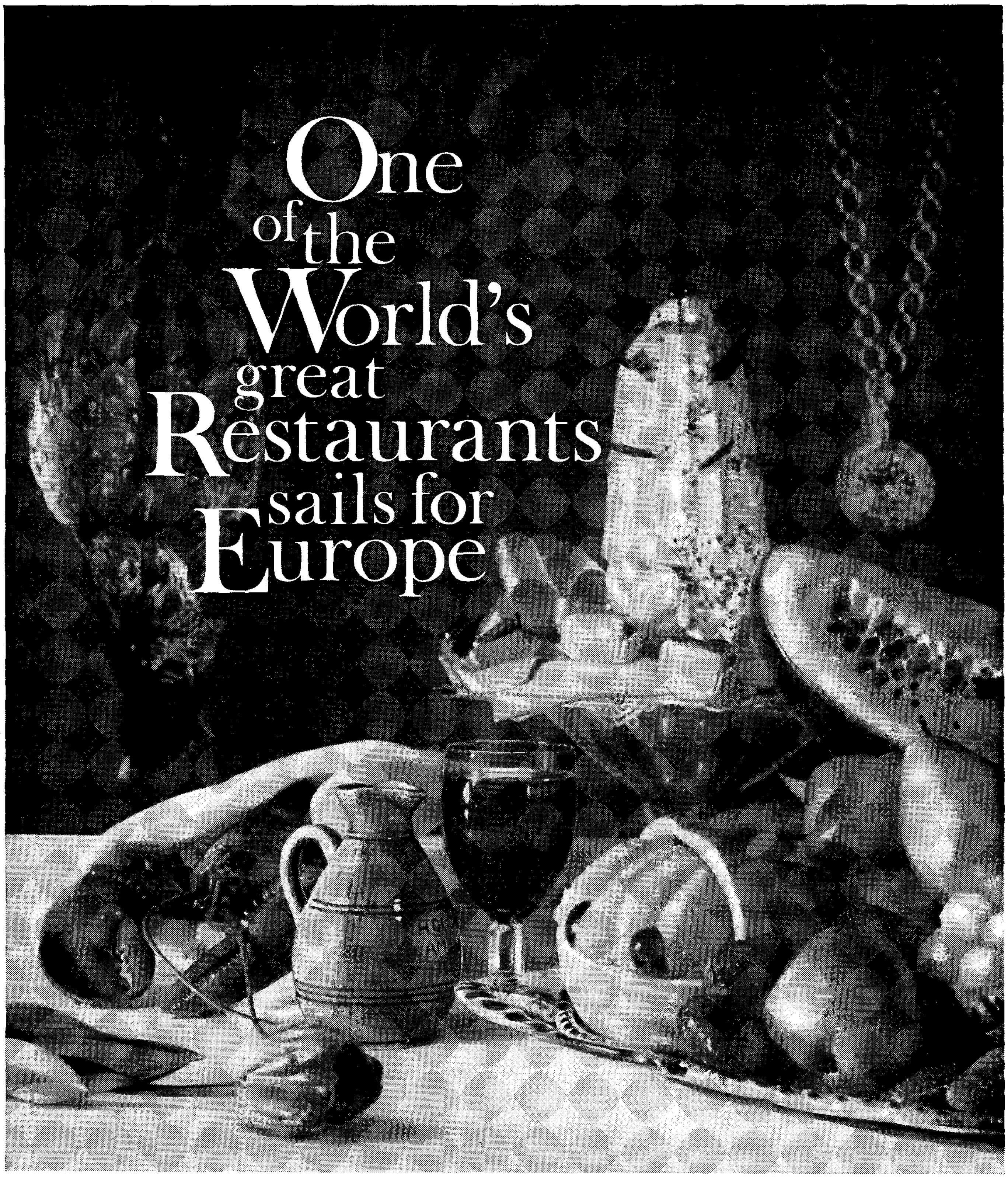
King of the Dark Chamber—An excellent, if occasionally flawed, production of Rabindranath Tagore's 1910 fusion of classic and folk Indian drama, in which we are told, through stylized speech, dance, chanting, and pantomime, how a symbolic king and queen eventually achieve oneness. The cast is both Indian and American, and has been directed by Krishna Shah. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Krapp's Last Tape and **The Zoo Story**—Two very good sketches, the first by Samuel Beckett and the second by Edward Albee. The members of the cast are Herbert Berghof, Mark Richman, and William Daniels. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Leave It to Jane—A musical period piece, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy Bolton, which first appeared in 1917 and to which the years have been more than kind. The setting is Atwater College, and among the artists in residence are Dorothy Greener and Kathleen Murray. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Little Mary Sunshine—This benign spoof of the defunct art of operetta doesn't score heavily as parody, but it is very comic just the same (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Mousetrap—The main trouble with this Agatha Christie, which is a copy of older and better Christies, is a faulty suspense mechanism. However, thousands of happy Londoners, who love isolated mansions and nervous guests better than themselves, have been expressing nothing but approval for nearly a decade now. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays



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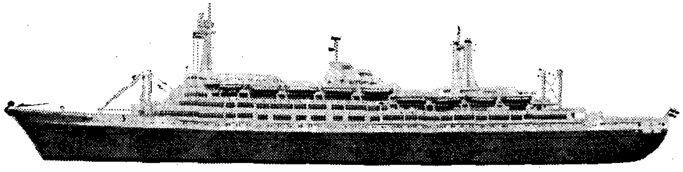

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Roots—Not a slice of life but life as it is lived among the poor in Norfolk, England, where the dialect approaches the consistency of butter and where the interim silences are even denser. Arnold Wesker, who is just twenty-eight, is the author, and while he has tape-recorder ears, he forgets that bucolic banality needs some sort of revving up if it is not to be just that. The cast is brave and full of vowels. (Mayfair Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Theatre of Chance—A double bill consisting of Sophocles' "Women of Trachis," translated by Ezra Pound, and "The Marrying Maiden," by Jackson MacLow. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays at 8:30.)

The Threepenny Opera—Father William himself. In the cast are Charles Rydell and Marion Brash. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Under Milk Wood—A revival of Dylan Thomas's dramatic poem, directed by William Ball. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 7; and Sundays at 2:40.)

What a Killing!—Paul Hartman in a musical with a book by Fred Hebert, music by George Harwell, and lyrics by Mr. Harwell and Joan Anania. (Folkesbiene Playhouse, 175 East Broadway. AL 4-2211. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

A Worm in Horseradish—Eli Mintz, small, futile, and funny, plays the papa of a poor Jewish family located on the lower East Side in this comedy, which was stuffed in her own kitchen by Esther Kaufman. The time, naturally, is 1906. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Note—A revue without music (partly extemporaneous, always contemporaneous, and, in general, offhandedly diverting) is being presented at the Premise, 154 Bleecker St., a coffeehouse whose method of staging is as entertaining as its spoken words. (LF 3-5020.) The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30. . . . ¶ "O, Oysters!," a small revue that has lost its way in a jungle of semantics, is courageously and sometimes amusingly carrying on every evening except Monday at eight-thirty on the stage of the Village Gate, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120.) An afterpiece is provided, at around ten-thirty, by Ramsey Lewis's trio.

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, March 30: "Serenade," "Electronics," and "Liebeslieder Walzer.". . . ¶ Friday matinée, March 31: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 1: "Swan Lake," "Creation of the World," "Pas de Deux," and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 1: "Divertimento, No. 15," "La Sonnambula," "Ebony Concerto," and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 2: "Interplay," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 2: "Serenade," "La Sonnambula," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Tuesday matinée, April 4: "Swan Lake," "La Sonnambula," and "The Figure in the Carpet.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 5: "Allegro Brillante," "Electronics," and "Liebeslieder Walzer.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 6: "Interplay," "Medea," "Pas de Deux," and "Apollo.". . . ¶ Friday evening, April 7: "Modern Jazz," "Creation of the World," "Episodes, Part II," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 8: "Pas de Dix," "La Sonnambula," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 8: "Divertimento, No. 15," "Ivesiana," "Allegro Brillante," and "Stars and Stripes." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, April 9.)

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MISCELLANY

The Importance of Being Oscar—Micheál MacLiammóir in a one-man show that he adapted from the plays, letters, and poems of Oscar Wilde. Presented by S. Hurok and Roger L. Stevens for a four-week engagement. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. of Broadway. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. Final performance Sunday matinée, April 9.)

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's annual paean to spring. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées daily at 2. Through Sunday, May 14. . . . ¶ The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

Blue Hill Troupe—Presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Mikado." For the benefit of the Manhattan Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Tuesday through Saturday, April 4-8, at 8:45. For tickets, call BU 8-4712, weekdays, 9 to 1.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—A goldfish bowl that, oddly, can be filled to the brim with champagne without having any effect whatever on the denizens. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra pipe the customers aboard. Dancing.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The "No, No, Nanette" that shows up for an hour in the Cotillion Room is full of carefree old Vincent Youmans music, but the dialogue and lyrics that still remain are a menace to navigation. Jimmy Carroll and Harry Snow are the principal voices, Mary Tremain is the principal décor. They tee off twice a night on Fridays and Saturdays but only at dinner during the rest of the week. There's also lively dance music throughout. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ The Café Pierre, from cocktails through supper, is a bustling little spa in which a small group of musicians, almost always Stanley Worth's, offers invitations to the dance.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, there are dinner and supper sessions with Marguerite Piazza, who, after putting down (not without a tussle) her operatic upbringing, blossoms into a meet-the-people girl with a healthy soprano. The Pierian spring of dance music that wells up from Ted Straeter's fervid vintners and Mark Monte's agile Latin scholars flows most of the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra does lemon-or-cream music in the Palm Court from four to seven and thought-for-food music in the Edwardian Room at dinner. It's all just for listening. . . . ¶ No abrupt changes in the weather (perpetual spring) or the tempo (the dance bands of Irving Conn and Nicholas D'Amico) in the Rendez-Vous, where the music begins at eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Grill has the dance band of Jimmy Palmer, whose even-tempered music is so muted that the boys in the group are more seen than heard. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, a comely design for living it up, Patachou, one of those casual Parisiennes who have seen it all and heard all, is dealing (in song) with life on both banks of the Seine. She appears at dinner and supper; the rest of the evening is the property of Milt Shaw's baby band and Walter Kay's threesome, which take care of the dancers in the audience. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Leisure classes are held in the Columns, an exhibition of Roman architecture bathed in moonlight, by Gunnar Hansen's orchestra, which sets to a bit past seven with dining music and then, at eight-thirty, blossoms into upbeat dance music, a commodity also provided by a new Latin trio headed by Marco Rizo. This goes on until two. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the Savoy Room, a dim and handsome forest of rosewood trees, Ray Hartley plays piano from cocktails through supper every night but Sunday.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Two of Park Avenue's best-known palaces—i.e., the Embassy Club, with Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Quintero's rumba band doing dance medleys from eight-thirty or nine to one-thirty or two, and the Knight Box, where Jani Sarkozi's fiddle goes to work at eight or so. Both are closed to the public on Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, Denise Darcel, the sort of lady whose presence causes all hands to think of bikinis and the beach at Acapulco, wrestles lazily with a sheaf of arias. Her slow-motion gymnastics take place at dinner and supper. She winds up her tour of duty on Saturday, April 1; the arrivals on Monday, April 3, will be Gordon and Sheila MacRae, a gentleman farmer and wife whose money crop is hybrid corn, but done so well that no one can help liking it. The dance bands of Emil Coleman and Theo Fanidi sound off majestically and persuasively. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Peacock Alley pursues the very even tenor of its way with Michael Zarin's chirruping band (thinking tunes from seven-thirty to eight-fifteen, dance tunes thereafter to one) except on Sundays (dancing only eight to one).

Note—The Rainbow Room, in the upper reaches of 30 Rockefeller Plaza, is the last bar on the way to Heaven. Drinking-and-dining music drifts mildly from a trio led by Michael Forman from four-thirty through the dinner hour. The phone is CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Little Club, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): New York, New York, it's a hell of a town, and here are a lot of the characters who keep it popping. Murray Grand's soft yet knowing piano sets the pace from eight to ten-thirty, after which hour he is in and out of the establishment's new little Plush Room, a handsome plaza in which Jane Harvey, a handsome bit of bric-a-brac herself, sings calmly but with feeling the sort of song that flows so easily from the minds of men like Vernon Duke and Hugh Martin. Closed Mondays. . . . **Goldie's New York**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Old friends, and plenty of young ones, too, leading what looks (and sounds) like a permanent community life. Bob Printz plays hand-holding piano from five-thirty to eight. From then on, he and Wayne Sanders take turns at romantic pluckings of the strings. Monday, April 3, is the day Goldie Hawkins, proprietor, returns to action, whereupon he and Mr. Sanders will share the evening stint—romantic single and hubble-bubble dou-

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ble piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): It would not be easy to find in all the Eternal City an assembly hall that could hold a Roman candle to this one. Through the throngs of merrymakers, the beautifully regimented choir of mobile violinists run by Herman Honigsberg makes its way, tailed by a squadron of Latin guitarists and choristers. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): One end of the bower is presided over by a flourishing green bay tree, the other by Cy Walter, who has an in-the-pink Steinway at the tips of his eloquent fingers. His music is on tap at cocktails, dinner, and supper. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday handyman. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Fine Italian hands putting—well, their heads together to produce a Florentine restaurant *cum* bar *cum* dance pavilion *cum* opera house. The principal hand is Aldo Bruschi, who doubles on piano, concertina, oboe, and basso profundo. He guides a dance trio after ten Thursdays through Sundays and a tiny opera troupe (Puccini and all those cats) Tuesdays through Saturdays. Closed Mondays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A bunch of Latins whooping it up in the oldest Spanish colony of the New World. Dancing for customers, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fitted for a king, with moat, drawbridge, dungeon (only for wine, now), and such. Norbert Faconi is truly the moving spirit of this wonderland, since he is forever gliding from table to table with a violin under his chin. No music Sundays. . . . **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): State banquets in miniature. Jules Kuti plays conversational piano in the bar from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): *Poor's Manual* taking its resplendent ease. George Feyer contributes pettipoint piano from eight-thirty through the supper hour. Closed Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): A small greenroom that has grown much more sprightly since Cal Bostic sat down at the house piano and began singing whatever comes to mind. The other amusement is the not to be taken too seriously picture gallery on the walls. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the very matter-of-fact bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): This one wasn't built in a day, as the careful detail of mural and music quickly indicates. It's patrolled by a pair of street singers and a closely knit group of street musicians wooing the night, which begins at six and ends at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **LUAU 400**, 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): The South Sea Islands on a resort-clothes basis. Stringed instruments vibrate all the way from dinner through a reasonably late supper; George Taylor holds down the piano in the thoroughly American bar every night but Sunday. . . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): The Moorish invaders seem to have stopped in at this enterprise, whose large and artfully meandering interior reflects their stay. Conrad Monjoy's piano meanders, too, from six-o'clock cocktails to midnight supper, and a bit later on Saturdays. No music Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): As is true of the establishment's namesake in Madrid, not even Basic Spanish is required to understand the staff or the music, which is piano and guitar. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): As good a place to go Mitteleuropa-native as the town affords. The evening breezes are perpetually laden with the sound of zimbalons, fiddles, customers, Tibor Rakossy's balm-of-Gilead tenor, and a girlish voice or two. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Half the time, the star of the evening is the anonymous wit who devised the décor. The rest of the time, the star is the guitar of Gustavo Lopez, whose final night is Friday, March 31; the next evening, Renato Rossini resumes his projection of tense, terse, yet love-smitten Mediterranean guitar. Music from nine-thirty to one every night but Monday. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, world traveller, is giving the piano in the Casino-on-the-Park a fine, glossy coat. He's at it from six to nine-thirty and ten-thirty to one, every night but Sunday. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN**, 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): Diogenes would need a couple of Viennese lanterns to discover any authenticated fragments of Alt Wien here, but if it's unmitigated music and unmitigated song (in a variety of tongues) that's wanted, here they are. Closed Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Unadorned (except for the legal minimum) beauty careering through the night in a maidenly attempt to keep warm and in a successful attempt to warm the cockles of the audience's heart. Warming, too, are the foreign acrobatic acts of the sort that only the Latin Quarter now affords us; not so hot is the small talk of a pair of Mike-and-Ike banterers. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The spellbinding is done by Nat King Cole, a voice simultaneously activated by wile and whimsey; the talking is done by Gary Morton, a humorist on the a-funny-thing-happened-to-me-on-the-way-to-my-gag-writer panel; the pageantry is done by eight dryad ladies of the ballet, a carefree lot as apt to put their footwork into their beautiful mouths as not. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

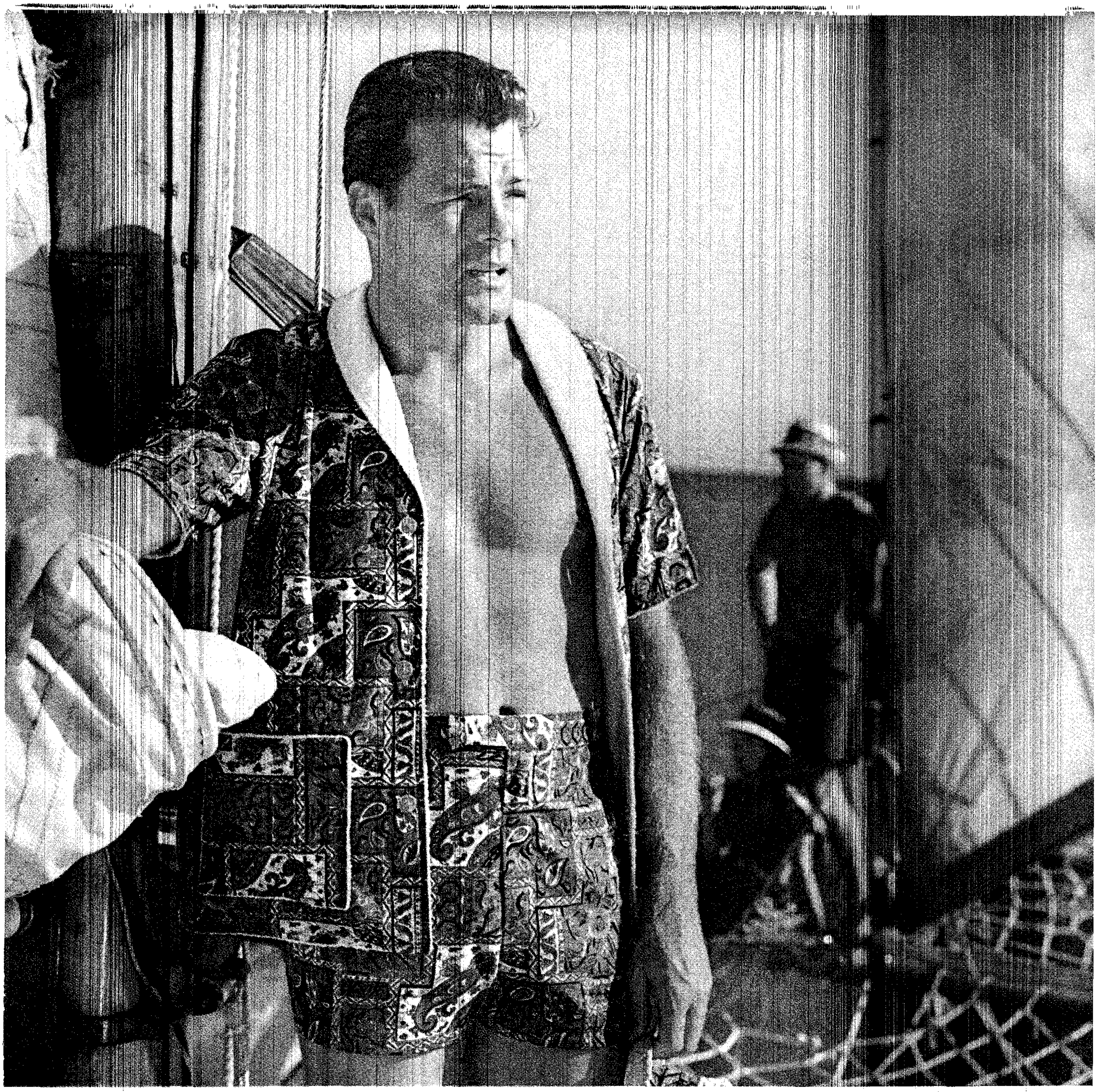
(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Humor in several senses of the word—the *contes drolatiques* and the *vers drolatique* of Orson Bean, now adventurously exploring a New Frontier of merriment, and the slices of life (sometimes raw, sometimes done to a turn) of Will Holt and Dolly Jonah. Dean Jones, a new folk voice with some excellent report cards, is also present. The Messrs. Bean and Holt, and Miss Jonah, withdraw on Wednesday, April 5. Next evening's arrivals are Dick Gregory, a casual prophet not without honor and certainly not without wit, and the persuasive Brazilian nightingale named Maysa Matarazzo, whose Portuguese lyrics translate into "Take me in your arms, my love." Jimmy Lyons' well-sprung trio (Jimmy Raney and Beverly Peer are in it) and Otis Clements's piano fill the interludes. . . . ¶ In the lounge, Alex Fogarty and his contemplative piano preside over the six-to-eight dining every night except Saturday, and the Lyons family is likely to do extra sets early in the morning. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): No question-and-answer period is necessary after the newest of Julius Monk's annual *revistas*, since the issues of the day—and, for that matter, of the night—are discussed succinctly, assiduously, and acidulously for all to hear. The imps who whisk through it are Ceil Cabot, Gordon Connell, Gerry Matthews, Bill Hinnant, Mary Louise Wilson, and Pat Ruhl; the orchestra is the double pianos of William Roy and Carl Norman. The departure times are nine-fifteen and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): A further Monk enterprise, and a sort of undergraduate study hall, in which Robert Colston and Paul Trueblood devote large chunks of the night to just about the most artful double piano in town. Onstage, in between, is a freshman group of voices called the Three Young Men. The music begins around nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **KING ARTHUR ROOM**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Mabel Mercer, though she rolls her "r"s as crisply as she would a British umbrella, can nevertheless supplant dignity with dithyrambs when her songs, which embody the best light verse written in this country, call for it, or them. The perspicacious Sam Hamilton and Don Evans share a grateful piano. The place is upstairs inside the Roundtable. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The fascinating Iberian fable known as Carmen Amaya is in the back room, a place in which she foots it featly and fiercely in the midst of a host of eminently satisfying acolytes, vocal, instrumental, and terpsichorean. Sundays, the one activity is a tea trot, three-thirty to eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Off the bar is a retreat so tiny that thirty's a crowd, and herein Juan de la Mata's guitar does flamenco music and Domingo Alvarado's terse voice does flamenco songs so beguiling that half the audience joins in. Sundays are silent. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): One of our leading Angry Young Women is Phyllis Diller, an impartial termagant whose message is *pox vobiscum;* Marc London's man-of-the-world ease is applied to a variety of wildly comical ideas; Karen Chandler's song recital is period-piece but expert. Those early settlers—Tiger Haynes and the music of his manic Three Flames, as well as Jimmie Daniels, the *conférencier*—are still around, and Loumel Morgan and Peter Daniels are still doing the intermission piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHOWPLACE**, 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): Three young people—Lynda Segal, Richard Libertini, and MacIntyre Dixon—act out a charade of their own devising (largely in pantomime that is anything but dumb-show) on the second floor. This pocket-size revue occurs at nine and twelve every night but Tuesday.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Mr. Condon, no longer just a spectator sportsman, is joining in on the bang-bang choruses of some traditionalist old cronies, among them Max Kaminsky, Bob Wilber, and Vic Dickenson. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The wondrous wise but unpredictable Modern Jazz Quartet, which can either lay it on the line or sail moodily off into a six-day cruise through chamber music, is departing on Sunday, April 2, and so is the trio of Don Ellis. The collection due on Tuesday, April 4, is Art Blakely's hard-hitting Jazz Messengers and a group modestly christened the International Jazz Quartet. There's an extra session on Sundays from four-thirty to seven, but nothing doing Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St.



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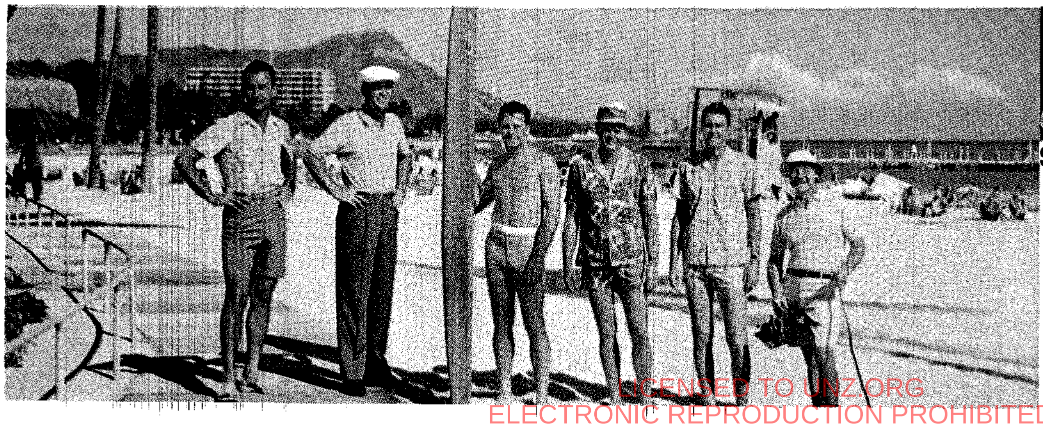

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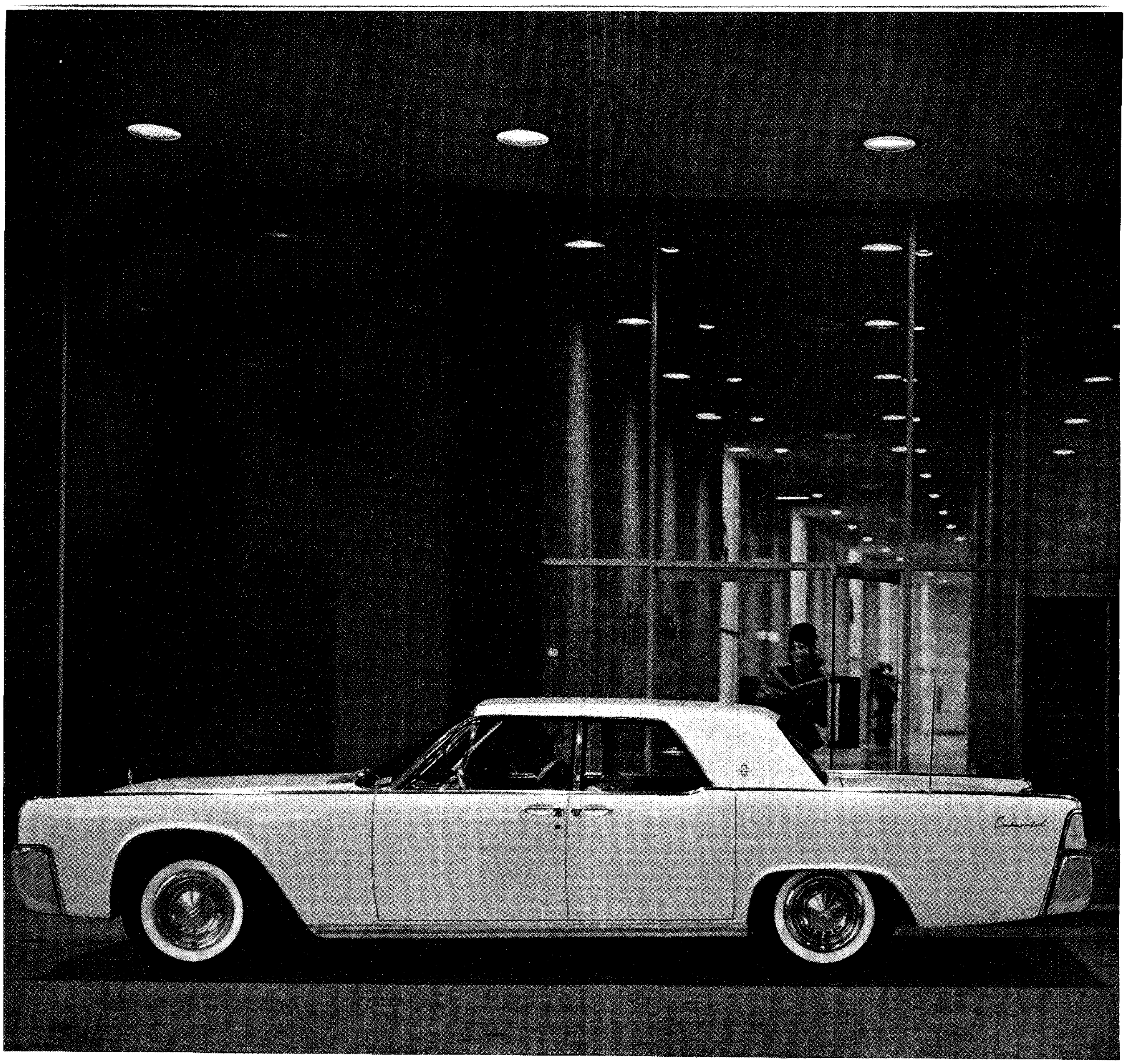

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LINCOLN
CONTINENTAL

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(PL 2-4444): The united music lovers of the world assembled in practically continuous session to hear what rosebuds and what riffs the piano of Erroll Garner has gathered during his years of voluntary exile in the concert halls. Mr. G. has two sidemen. The rest of the sound comes from a sextet corralled by Red Norvo and involving Chuck Israels. Closed Sundays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Almost the only candle in the windows of Fifty-second Street since the strip teasers have been impounded. Wilbur de Paris and his minions—Sidney de Paris, Wilber Kirk, and Russell Procope, a veteran Ellington supporter, among them—are carrying on the traditions (more or less) of yesteryear. Don Frye is the intermission pianist, and every Monday night he, Tony Parenti, and Zutty Singleton sign on to offer counterpoint to the other incumbents. Closed Sundays.... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The Bourbon Street Six is hammering home its message, which is that the South will rise again, on a day as yet unspecified. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons, starting at five; closed Mondays.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor's piano is powerful proof that the music of the future is pleasurable rather than solemn. He comes equipped with a trio. No music Mondays.... **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): The simultaneous falls of the Bastille and Niagara. The Salt City Six (to be followed on Friday, March 31, by Gene Krupa's foursome, which will operate every night but Monday) and Cozy Cole's quintet (off duty Tuesdays) are the mainstays of the evening sessions, which begin at seven-forty-five. Sol Yaged's fivesome helps out on Mondays, Tuesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays. The afternoon shift is manned by the trios of Tony Parenti and Johnny Letman. The music starts at three Mondays through Fridays, and at one-thirty Saturdays and Sundays. Friday and Saturday, March 31-April 1, the upstairs room will also be open, to receive the Krupas, Mickey Sheen's quintet, and friends.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): At close of business on Wednesday, April 5, the octet of Slide Hampton, who used to compose the nervous sets that the Maynard Ferguson horde is so fond of, and the quintet of Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, will turn into pumpkins; next evening's newcomers will be the red-hot drumhead court martial presided over by happy-go-lucky Buddy Rich and a fivesome run by Cat Anderson, lately the squeal trumpeter of the Ellington group. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when the regulars cut out.... **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): A revival of the pioneer days here is being staged by Joe Bushkin and his trio (which involves Jo Jones) and the quartet run by Buck Clayton. The Bushkins occasionally look on the silver side of things, the Claytons are always hard-driving. Both teams check out on Saturday, April 1; on Monday, April 3, Teddy Wilson's trio and Red Allen's quartet move in. Sundays offer potluck bouts between extra hands.... **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Gigi Gryce's modernist sextet, which would take candy from a baby and turn it into music, holds forth in a wholly Village setting. A junior-varsity team on Tuesdays. ... **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A listening post on the fringes of civilization at which rapt attention is the order of the evening. The current reason is the recently reunited quintet headed by Zoot Sims and Al Cohn. Closed Mondays. ... **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): The weekends are devoted to the instruction of the young in the rudiments of rudimentary jazz. On Friday and Saturday, March 31-April 1, the faculty should include Conrad Janis and his Tailgate Jazz Band, Johnny Letman, Gene Sedric, Tony Parenti, Dick Wellstood, and Panama Francis.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

William Baziotes—New abstractions in oils, done with his familiar pale, pastellike skill; through Saturday, April 8. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Ben-Zion—Paintings; through Saturday, April 8. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)...¶ Drawings; through Saturday, April 8. (FAR, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Harry Bertoia—Abstract sculptures in copper, brass, and stainless-steel wire; through Saturday, April 1. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Victor Brauner—Recent Surrealist paintings; through April 15. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.) ...¶ Paintings, encaustics, and drawings (1932-59); through April 15. (Bodley, 223 E. 60th St.)

Byron Browne—Paintings and drawings, all variations on the human figure; through April 15. (Grand Central Moderns, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Doris Caesar—Bronzes, mostly nudes, in her gaunt, attenuated manner; through April 29. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Alexander Calder and Joan Miró—Mobiles by the former and paintings by the latter, in an unusually spirited and colorful exhibition; through Saturday, April 1. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Mary Callery—Sculptures in brass and steel, based on the letters of the alphabet; through April 22. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Claudia Carrel—Non-objective paintings and collages; through Friday, March 31. (Contemporary Arts, 19 E. 71st St.)

Giorgio Cavallon—Abstract paintings; through April 15. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Angelo di Benedetto—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, April 8. (Bianchini, 16 E. 78th St.)

Richard Diebenkorn—Figures, landscapes, and interiors; through Saturday, April 8. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

Guy Pène du Bois (1884-1958)—Genre paintings and drawings; through April 15. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alfred M. Duca—Sculptures in bronze, steel, and iron; through Saturday, April 8. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

Bernard Dufour—Figure paintings, chiefly, by a School of Paris artist; through Saturday, April 8. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

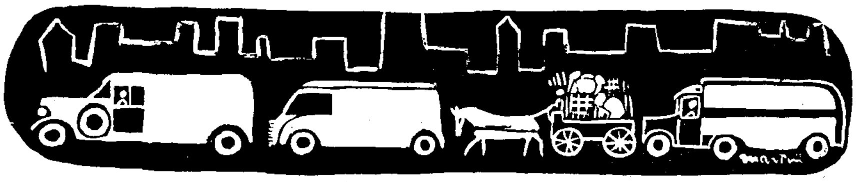
Max Ernst—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures of the twenties and the fifties make up an exhibition that is running simultaneously with his show at the Museum of Modern Art; through Saturday, April 1. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Lyonel Feininger—Oils, water colors, and wood blocks inspired by the architecture of Paris and New York; through Friday, March 31. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

Perle Fine—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, April 8. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Stan Freborg—Abstract Expressionist paintings and sculptures; through April 15. (Grand Central Moderns, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

David Fredenthal (1914-58)—A memorial exhibition of his water colors and drawings (landscapes, cityscapes, and seascapes);



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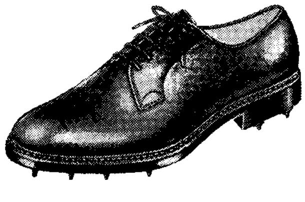

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Saturday, April 8. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

Elias Friedensohn—Paintings; through Saturday, April 1. (Isaacson, 22 E. 66th St.)

Anthony Fry—Paintings by a young Englishman. First one-man show in New York; through April 22. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Leon Golub—Paintings, almost all heads and torsos; through Saturday, April 1. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.)

Arthur Kaufmann—Still-lifes, portraits, and landscapes; through Saturday, April 1. (New Masters, 16 E. 69th St.)

Earl Kerkam—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, April 1. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Benjamin Kopman—Expressionist gouaches; through Saturday, April 1. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Octave Landuyt—Figurative paintings by a Belgian artist; through Saturday, April 1. (Landry, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

Seymour Lipton—Welded-metal sculptures, mainly with organic motifs; through Saturday, April 8. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Ethel Magafan—Semi-abstract, clearly patterned landscapes; through Saturday, April 1. (Jacques Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

George L. K. Morris—Abstractions; through April 15. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Kenneth Noland—Abstractions; through Saturday, April 8. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

John Opper—Abstractions; through Saturday, April 1. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St.)

Stephen Pace—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, April 1. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

I. Rice Pereira—Geometrical abstract oils; through Saturday, April 8. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Weekdays, 10 to 10.)

Henry V. Poor—Landscapes, primarily of Maine, and still-lifes; through April 22. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

Antonio Saura—Paintings by a young Spaniard; through Saturday, April 1. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Edward Seago—Impressionistic landscapes and cityscapes of the English countryside, London, and Venice; through April 26. (Kennedy, 13 E. 58th St.)

Zoltan Sepeshy—Paintings; through April 15. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

Kurt Sonderborg—Abstract paintings and drawings; through Saturday, April 8. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays; open Tuesday evenings, 8 to 10.)

Antonio Tàpies—Large abstract paintings by one of the younger Spanish artists; through Saturday, April 8. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Van Day Truex—Wash drawings of European scenes; through April 22. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.)

Harvey Weiss—Sculptures in welded bronze and brass; through Saturday, April 1. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Sol Wilson—Landscapes, cityscapes, and coastline views; through April 15. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

African Art—Masks and statues (in ivory, wood, and bronze) from thirty African tribes, ranging from the Sudan to Angola; through Friday, March 31. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **CASTELLANE**, 19 E. 76th St., and **HELLER**, 63 E. 57th St.: A joint exhibition of paintings and drawings by, among others, Walt Kuhn, Arthur B. Davies, Everett Shinn, and William Glackens; through Saturday, April 8. (The Castellane Gallery is closed Mondays.) . . . **CITY CENTER GALLERY**, 131 W. 55th St.: The March show consists of paintings chosen by Adja Yunkers, Karl Schrag, and Anthony Toney; through Friday, March 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.) . . . **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Selections from recent and forthcoming shows by (to mention a few) Ben Benn, Jacques Hnizdovsky, and Jules Kirschenbaum; through Saturday, April 8.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **HAHN**, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Paintings by such French artists as Courbet, Chagall, and Rouault; through April 15. . . . **HERBERT**, 14 E. 69th St.: Paintings and other works by Lam, Tàpies, Guerrero, and other Spanish and Latin-American artists; through Saturday, April 1. . . . **ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by four Austrian masters—Schiele, Kokoschka, Klimt, and Kubin; through Saturday, April 8. . . . **E. & A. SILBERMAN**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and drawings by, among others, Gris, Klee, and Miró; through Saturday, April 1. . . . **SLATKIN**, 115 E. 92nd St.: "The Many-Sided Artist," an exhibition of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and/or prints by eight French artists, including Bonnard, Gauguin, and Degas; through Saturday, April 8.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition of fourteenth- to eighteenth-century Italian drawings by, among others, Michelangelo, Pollaiuolo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Canaletto, on loan from major Italian collections; through April 9. . . . ¶ "The Splendid Century," an exhibition of French seventeenth-century paintings, sculptures, drawings, and tapestries (by Poussin, La Tour, Puget, and others) lent by museums and churches throughout France; through April 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings, sculptures, collages, and other works by the School of Paris artist Max Ernst; through May 8. A good complement to this exhibition is the Ernst showing (ending Saturday) at World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. . . . ¶ A retrospective exhibition of about three hundred photographs by Edward Steichen. Dating from 1895 to the present, they include cityscapes, landscapes, nature studies, nudes, abstractions, and portraits. Through May 21. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Masters of Contemporary American Crafts," a display of textiles, ceramics, enamels, silver, and furniture, illustrating the influence on these decorative arts of Lili Blumenau, Kenneth F. Bates, Wharton Esherick, and others; through April 23. . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings of birds, acrobats, people playing games, and so on, by Manfred Schwartz; through May 14. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—About eighty paintings from the Arensberg and Gallatin Collections, lent by the Philadelphia Museum of Art. The artists include de Chirico, Dali, Derain, Renoir, and Rouault. Through April 16. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Sixteenth-century textiles and Torah ornaments on loan from the Jewish Community of Rome, Italy; through April 17. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, except April 2, from 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St.—"Byron, Keats, and Shelley," an exhibition of manuscripts, letters, first editions, and related materials; through April 29. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Modern Mosaics of Ravenna," an exhibit including designs by Afro, Chagall, Campigli, and other European painters; through May 14. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Masks, sculptures, and other ceremonial carvings from the Papuan Gulf area of New Guinea; through May 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—An exhibit of paintings, drawings, and monotypes by Maurice Prendergast, honoring the hundredth anniversary of his birth; through Sunday, April 2. . . . ¶ A single room-filling sculpture by Herbert Ferber, designed to be walked into; through April 23. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the

Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, March 30, at 8: "Wozzeck" (in English), with Eleanor Steber, Margaret Roggero, Hermann Uhde, and Albert Da Costa. . . . ¶ Friday, March 31, at 1: "Parsifal," with Margaret Harshaw, Ramon Vinay, Hermann Uhde, Jerome Hines, and Ralph Herbert. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, April 1, at 2: "La Gioconda," with Zinka Milanov, Nell Rankin, Kurt Baum, Robert Merrill, and William Wildermann. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 1, at 8: "Nabucco," with Leonie Rysanek, Rosalind Elias, Cornell MacNeil, William Olvis, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Monday, April 3, at 8: "Don Carlo," with Mary Curtis-Verna, Nell Rankin, Franco Corelli, Giorgio Tozzi, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 4, at 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Laurel Hurley, Mildred Allen, Dino Formichini, Frank Guarrera, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 5, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Giana D'Angelo, Mignon Dunn, Robert Merrill, Jan Peerce, and William Wildermann. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 6, at 8: "Nabucco," with Leonie Rysanek, Rosalind Elias, Cornell MacNeil, Eugenio Fernandi, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Friday, April 7, at 7:15: "Parsifal," with Irene Dalis, Ramon Vinay, Walter Cassel, Jerome Hines, and Gerhard Pechner. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 8, at 2: "Wozzeck" (in English), with Eleanor Steber, Margaret Roggero, Hermann Uhde, and Kurt Baum. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 8, at 8: "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Licia Albanese, Franco Corelli, and Bonaldo Giaiotti.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Performances of Mahler's Third Symphony on Thursday, March 30, at 8:30; Friday, March 31, at 2:15; Saturday, April 1, at 8:30; and Sunday, April 2 at 3 (all with Martha Lipton, mezzo-soprano; the Women's Chorus from the Schola Cantorum of New York; and a boys' choir). Mixed programs on Thursday, April 6, at 8:30; Friday, April 7, at 2:15; Saturday, April 8, at 8:30; and Sunday, April 9, at 3 (all with Lorin Hollander, piano).

Boston Symphony—Charles Munch conducting the final performances of the season here. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 5, at 8:30, with Byron Janis, piano; and Saturday, April 8, at 2:30, no soloists. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, April 7, at 8:30; no soloists.)

A Birthday Tribute to Fritz Kreisler—Laurence Siegel conducting the Symphony of the Air in a program of compositions and arrangements by Mr. Kreisler, with Ruggiero Ricci, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 2, at 8:30.)

Salute to Jack Benny—A concert honoring Mr. Benny for his charitable activities on behalf of symphony orchestras. Participants will include Isaac Stern (with whom Mr. Benny will play a violin duet); Van Cliburn, piano; Harry Belafonte, ballad singer; and the Philadelphia Orchestra, conducted by Eugene Ormandy. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 3, at 8:45. For information about tickets, call CO 5-7460.)

Schola Cantorum of New York—Hugh Ross directing a performance of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," with the University of Maryland Chapel Choir; members of the New York Philharmonic; Maria Robles, soprano; Mignon Dunn, mezzo-soprano; William Lewis, tenor; and other soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 31, at 7:30.)

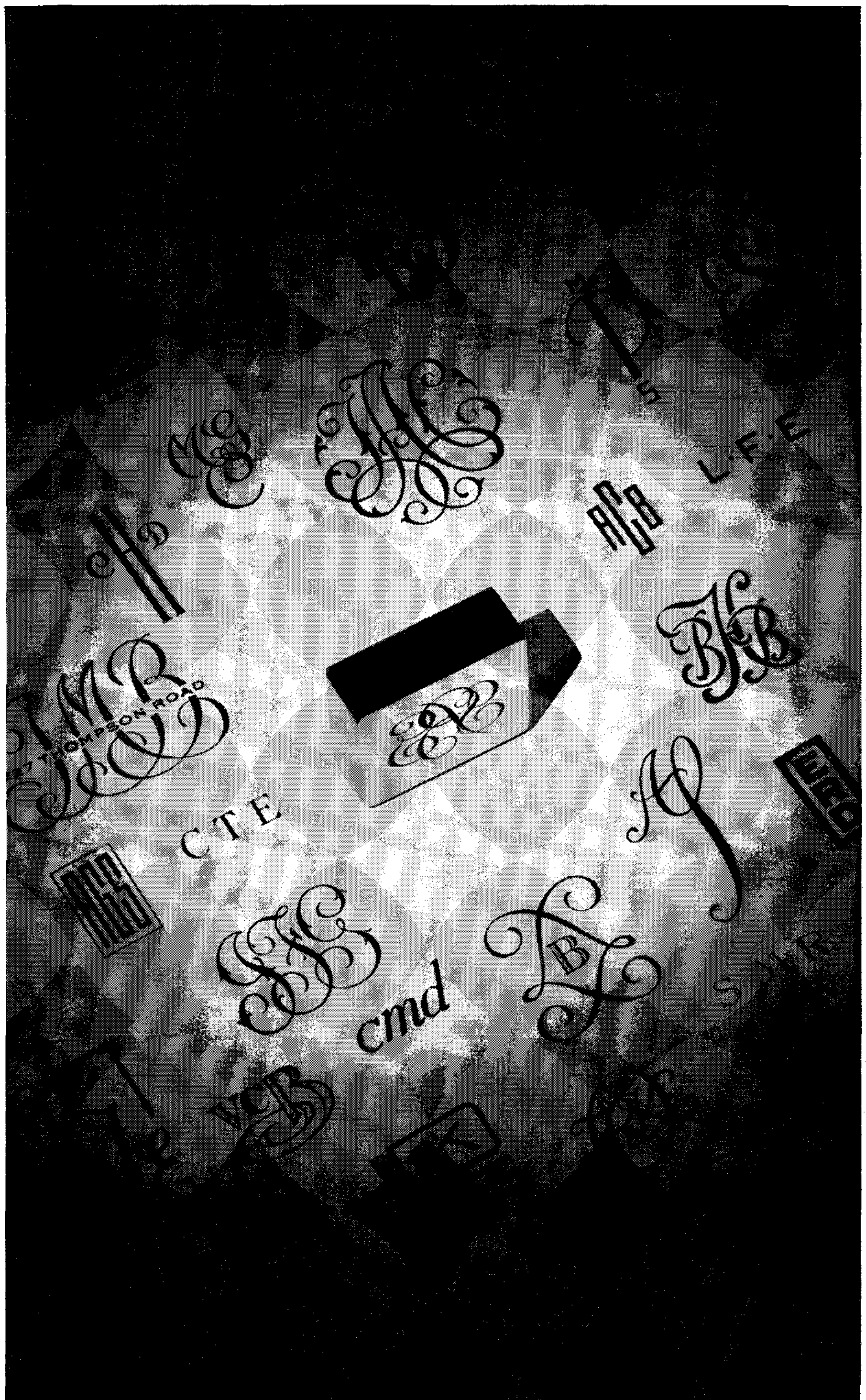
Oberlin College Choir—Robert Fountain directing. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 8, at 2:15.)

Helvetia Maennerchor—A Swiss male chorus, directed by Walter Stamm. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 8, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Composers' Showcase—A program of works by Walter Piston, performed by Lillian Fuchs, viola; Luigi Silva, cello; the Curtis String Quartet; and the New York Chamber Soloists, conducted by Mr. Piston. The concert will be followed by a discussion period in which the composer will take part. (Museum of Modern Art Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Thursday, March 30, at 8:30.)

Music in Our Time: 1900-61—The fifth in a series



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of seven concerts, each followed by a discussion period, generally with several composers present. This one will involve, among others, Benny Goodman, clarinet; Charles Bressler, tenor; and composers Charles Ives, Hugh Aitken, Yehudi Wyner, and Morton Gould. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, April 2, at 8.)

Michael Tree and Heida Hermanns—Violin and piano, in the last in a series of recitals. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, April 5, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Horse Show—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien. Saturday, April 8.)

Hunt Racing—Deep Run Hunt Race Association. (Richmond, Va. Saturday, April 8.)

Indoor Polo—Two games (plus a spot of Rugby) every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Wednesday, May 31. The Gotham, Saturday, April 8. . . . **LAUREL**, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Saturday, April 1, through Wednesday, May 3.

Trapshooting—Thomas H. Lawrence Memorial Shoot. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Saturday, April 8, at 11, and Sunday, April 9, at 9:30.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:25; through Saturday, May 20.

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—Final children's concert of the season by the New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein conducting. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, April 8, at noon.)

Stage Shows—By the **PEGGY BRIDGE MARIONETTES**: "Little Brave Sambo," plus Leroy the Magician. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. Saturday, April 1, and Monday through Saturday, April 3-8, at 3. For tickets, call AC 2-3831.)... **LITTLE GOLDEN THEATRE**: "Young Abe Lincoln." (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. Monday through Saturday, April 3-8, at 11, 1:30, and 3:30. For tickets, call JU 2-4090.)... **MERRI-MIMES**: "The Firebird," Saturday, April 1, and Monday through Friday, April 3-7. . . . ¶ "The Littlest Tailor," Saturday, April 8. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Afternoons at 1, 2:30, and 4.)... **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN**: "The Willie Tree." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Saturdays and Monday through Friday, April 3-7, at 2:30, and Sundays at 1.)... **PACE-DUNHAM PRODUCTIONS**: "Hiawatha." (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Saturdays and Friday, April 7, at 12:30, 2, and 3:30.)... **PAPER BAG PLAYERS**: "Scraps." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, April 1, at 3. Tickets at the box-office only, after 2:15 on the day of the performance. Children under four not admitted. . . . ¶ Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. Monday through Saturday, April 3-8, at 11 and 1. For tickets, call WA 4-0917.)... **PENNYWHISTLE PLAYERS**: "The Wonderful Wheel." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. Saturdays at 12:30, 2, and 3:30, and Tuesday through Friday, April 4-7, at 1 and 2:30. For tickets, call UN 1-5770.)... **PEPPERMINT PLAYERS**: "Pinocchio." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays and Monday through Friday, April 3-7, at 12:30, 2, and 3:30, and Sundays at 1.)... **PICCOLO PUPPET THEATRE**: "Rumpelstiltskin," Saturday through Tuesday, April 1-4. . . . ¶ "Sleeping Beauty," Wednesday through Saturday, April 5-8. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Weekdays at 10:30, 12, 1:30, and 3:10, and Sunday at 12 and 1.)... **PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS**: "Heidi." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday through Thursday, April 4-6, at 3.)... ¶ "Pinocchio." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, April 8, at 11.)... **SUZARI MARIONETTES**: "Mr. Puss in Boots." (Mayfair Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180. Saturday, April 1, at 10 and 11:30; Sunday, April 2, at 10:15, 11:30, and 12:45; and Monday, April 3, at 10, 11:45, 1:30, and 3.)... **THEATRE EAST**: "Peter Rabbit." (211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30; Sundays at 12:30, 2, and 3:30; and Monday through Friday, April 3-7, at 12, 1:30, and 3.)... **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE**: "Puss in Boots," Monday, April 3. . . . ¶ "The Emperor's New Clothes," Wednesday, April 5. . . . ¶ "Greensleeves," Thursday, April 6. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Performances at 11 and 2.)

Children's Zoo—George the Crow will be the official welcomer at the opening of the Zoo on Saturday, April 1. Also present will be Gretchen the Angora Goat, Punchy the Bantam Rooster, and some new spring arrivals. (Bronx Zoo. Open, weather permitting, weekdays 10:30 to 4:30 and Sundays 10:30 to 5. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Our World and the Moon." (Special holiday schedule: Thursday, March 30, at 12, 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Good Friday at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30; Saturday, April 1, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Easter at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Monday, April 3, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4; Tuesday through Friday, April 4-7, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30; and Saturday, April 8, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30.)... ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every weekday, starting on Good Friday, from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3 Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

International Automobile Show—Sports cars, compacts, and luxury models, including French Simcas, Italian Lancias, American Chryslers, and English Austins. All in all, ten countries will be represented. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Saturday, April 1, through Sunday, April 9. Weekdays, 11 to 11; Sundays, 1 to 8.)

New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park—The annual Easter display of tulips, azaleas, narcissi, hyacinths, lilies, and other spring flowers in the conservatory. (Daily, 10 to 4:30; through Sunday, April 30.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, April 1, at 1:45: English and other furniture, Chinese decorative art, paintings, and rugs, the property of various collectors. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, April 7-8, at 1:45: Eighteenth-century English and French furniture; paintings by such artists as Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Lawrence; porcelains, bronze *doré*, and other objects of art; Georgian silver; linens; and Oriental rugs. From the estate of Lillian S. Whitmarsh. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 1.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium: First league games here, April 11, 13, 15-16, 18-20, and 27-29, and May 12-14.

Boxing—Paul Pender vs. Carmen Basilio, middleweights, 15 rounds. (Boston Garden, Boston. April 22.)

CREW—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Philadelphia. April 29.) . . . ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Cambridge, Mass. May 6.) . . . ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Harlem River. May 6.) . . . ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Annapolis. May 6.) . . . ¶ Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Cambridge, Mass. May 13.)

GOLF—Long Island Golf Association Richardson Memorial Tournament. (Seawane Harbor Club, Hewlett, L.I. May 5-7.)

HORSE SHOWS—Boulder Brook Club Horse Show. (Scarsdale. April 29-30.) . . . ¶ Sugartown Horse Show. (Newtown Square, Pa. May 6.) . . . ¶ Keswick Hunt Club Horse Show. (Keswick, Va. May 12-14.)

HUNT RACING—Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. April 15 and 22.) . . . ¶ My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. April 15.) . . . ¶ Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. April 22.) . . . ¶ Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. April 29.) . . . ¶ Virgina Gold Cup Association. (Warrenton, Va. May 6.) . . . ¶ Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. May 13.)

RACING—At GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N. J.: April 29-May 30. . . . CHURCHILL DOWNS, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, May 6.

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: April 22.

TRACK—Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. April 28-29.)

TRAPSHOOTING—Amateur Championships of America, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. May 12-14.)

MUSIC—METROPOLITAN OPERA (PE 6-1210): The season continues through April 15. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7460): The New York Philharmonic season continues through April 16. . . . ¶ Cantata Singers, April 10. . . . ¶ Oratorio Society of New York, April 12. . . . ¶ Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, April 15 and 19. . . . ¶ Final performance here of the Philadelphia Orchestra, April 18. . . . ¶ Dessoff Choirs, May 3. . . . ¶ The Weavers, folk singers, May 6. . . . ¶ Symphony of the Air, May 9. . . . TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): City Symphony Orchestra, April 9. . . . ¶ Mary Bothwell, soprano, April 10. . . . ¶ Friendly Sons of St. Patrick Glee Club, April 14. . . . ¶ Collegiate Chorale, April 20. . . . ¶ Ethel Barrymore Colt, soprano, April 21. . . . ¶ Columbia University Glee Club, April 21. . . . ¶ Joseph Wolman, piano, April 22. . . . ¶ Bowdoin College Glee Club, April 22. . . . ¶ Theodore Bikel, folk singer, April 23. . . . ¶ Andres Segovia, guitar, April 29. . . . ¶ Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano, May 2. . . . ¶ University of Pennsylvania Glee Club, May 4. . . . ¶ Interracial Fellowship Chorus, May 7. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (TR 9-5512): Zino Francescatti, violin, April 21.

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS—Martha Graham and her dance company, at the 54th Street Theatre, April 16-30. . . . ¶ Moiseyev Dance Company, at the Metropolitan Opera House, April 18-May 6. . . . ¶ American Ballet Theatre, at the Broadway Theatre. April 24-May 6.

THEATRE—Scheduled to open during the next several weeks: Anna Maria Alberghetti in "Carnival," a musical with a book by Michael Stewart and music and lyrics by Bob Merrill. . . . ¶ Revivals of "Show Boat" and "South Pacific" will be the first two offerings in the City Center Light Opera Company's spring season. . . . ¶ "Mandingo," a play by Jack Kirkland, taken from Kyle Onstott's novel, with Franchot Tone and Brooke Hayward.

OTHER DATES—Federal and New York State income-tax returns for 1960 and estimates for 1961 are due Saturday, April 15, but you can squeeze by on Monday, April 17. . . . ¶ New York Antiques Fair, at the 71st Regiment Armory, April 17-22. . . . ¶ April Garden Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, April 26. . . . ¶ Daylight-saving time starts April 30. . . . ¶ United States World Trade Fair, at the Coliseum, May 3-7 and 10-13.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

The Absent-Minded Professor—Fred MacMurray, as a bemused science teacher, is the leading actor in this wild farce in which gravity, in both senses of the word, takes a beating. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

Ballad of a Soldier—This Soviet film tells the simplest of tales about a young soldier on leave from the front, but Grigori Chukhrai's direction and brilliant camera work, coupled with the lovely youthfulness of his two principals, Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko, supply a procession of remarkable and sometimes heartbreaking visual delights. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

Ben-Hur—Large, expensive, and lengthy, this latest version of the old chariot-racing classic has Charlton Heston as its lead driver. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Breathless—The most glittering and memorable example of the French New Wave films follows the last few hours in the life of a cool, self-destructive Parisian car thief, and succeeds, by the style of its camera and the intelligence of its script, in conveying all the compelling modern delusions to which he is victim. Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this undoubted masterwork, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg distinguish themselves as the hoodlum and his American girl friend. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Don Quixote—The Knight of the Woeful Figure here is a Russian, Nikolai Cherkasov, who gives a strong and touching performance in this doggedly faithful Soviet version of Cervantes' classic. He and director Grigory Kozintsev's astonishing color compositions save the tale from its own broad sentimentalities. Dubbed (and poorly dubbed) into English. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

Exodus—Time moves slowly in the Middle East, and Otto Preminger has made no attempt to hurry it along in his almost everlasting film about the founding of Israel. Occasional gunfire fails to interrupt the gabfest among Paul Newman, Ralph Richardson, Eva Marie Saint, Lee J. Cobb, and several dozen other chatterboxes. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

The Misfits—Modern-day mustangs and lonely ladies are some of the too obvious symbols in this Western parable written by Arthur Miller, but the performances of Marilyn Monroe and the late Clark Gable almost compensate for all the sugar candy. Montgomery Clift, Eli Wallach, and Thelma Ritter are other members of a fine cast, which was directed by John Huston. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through April 4, tentative. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting April 5.)

Shadows—An original exercise in improvisation by a group of hitherto unknown players, who do their ad-libbing, sometimes to great effect, in a scattering of places around this city. John Cassavetes's direction is also effective and self-effacing. Charles Mingus and Shafi Hadi are responsible for the beautiful jazz accompaniment. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408.)

The Threepenny Opera—A German film made in 1931 under the direction of G. B. Pabst and later on banned by the Nazis, who tried to destroy every print of the work but failed. As might be expected, the sound track is occasionally shrill and scratchy, but Bertolt Brecht's dialogue still has its bite, and the music of Kurt Weill is lined out in style by Lotte Lenya and the others in the cast. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting March 31.)

Tunes of Glory—Bagpipes, kilts, and gallons of Scotch whiskey are the stage props behind one of the great performances of the year, in which Sir Alec Guinness brings all his brilliance and intelligence to the part of a Scottish regimental colonel battling for his selfish life. John Mills is his formidable but luckless adversary, and Dennis Price, Kay Walsh, and Gordon Jackson are notable members of an entirely satisfactory cast. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

Two-Way Stretch—A short, happy romp behind the pleasant walls of a progressive British prison. Peter Sellers, Wilfrid Hyde White, David Lodge, and Bernard Cribbins are all perfectly smashing in this farce that pokes lively fun at penology and at the usual dreary run of crime movies. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

REVIVALS

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall in the Raymond Chandler tale of blackmail and murder. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 3.)

Bringing Up Baby (1938)—Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards (leopards). (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 1.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 4.)

Casque d'Or (1952)—Love and crime in apache Paris, circa 1900. A French film, with Simone Signoret and Serge Reggiani. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 4.)

The Cranes Are Flying (1960)—A Russian picture dealing with a family caught up in the horrors of the Second World War. With Tatyana Samoilova. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 5.)

The Forgotten Village (1941)—John Steinbeck's semi-documentary film about a Mexican hamlet. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting March 31.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—A German military prison during the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 30.)

He Who Must Die (1958)—A French picture about some Greek villagers who, in the course of staging a Passion play, unwittingly revert to the original roles. With Pierre Vaneck and Melina Mercouri. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting March 31.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1960)—A French film that describes the doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Directed by Alain Resnais, and with Emmanuelle Riva and Eiji Okada in the leading roles. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting April 5. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting April 5, tentative.)

I'm All Right, Jack (1960)—An English film in which the dizzy operations of a missile plant, mismanaged by capitalists and slowed down by workers, are described. With Peter Sellers, Margaret Rutherford, and Ian Carmichael. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through April 4.)

The King and I (1956)—Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner in the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday through Wednesday, April 1-5, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Magnificent Ambersons (1942)—Orson Welles' treatment of the Tarkington novel. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 30.)

Meet John Doe (1941)—Gary Cooper as Frank Capra's plain American citizen. Barbara Stanwyck and Edward Arnold. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 2.)

Outcast of the Islands (1952)—Conrad's novel about a wandering wastrel of the South Seas. An English film, with Trevor Howard and Robert Morley. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 5.)

Tiger Bay (1959)—Hayley Mills as a lively small fry who witnesses a murder in Cardiff. An English film. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting April 5, tentative.)

To Live in Peace (1947)—Aldo Fabrizi plays an Italian peasant who befriends a couple of G.I.s, one of them colored, during the war. Made in Italy. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through April 4.)

We Are All Murderers (1957)—Raymond Pellegrin and Marcel Mouloudji in a French film that inveighs against capital punishment. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 1.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "The Western Film"—Through April 1: "Riders of the Purple Sage" (1925), with Tom Mix. . . . ¶ Starting April 2: "The Covered Wagon" (1923), with J. Warren Kerrigan. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Facts of Life," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"One-Eyed Jacks," Marlon Brando, Karl Malden.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Pepe," Cantinflas, Dan Dailey, Shirley Jones. (March 30 at 8:15. Reserved seats only. . . . ¶ Starting March 31, continuous showings.)

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Spartacus," Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Friday through Wednesday, March 31-April 5, at 2:30. Extra performances Monday through Wednesday, April 3-5, at 10 A.M. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"A Raisin in the Sun," Sidney Poitier, Claudia McNeil.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
SHADOWS.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"The Great Impostor," Tony Curtis, Edmond O'Brien.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
March 30: "Sanctuary," Lee Remick, Yves Montand.
From March 31: "All Hands on Deck," Pat Boone, Barbara Eden.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
THE KING AND I, revival.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
BEN-HUR.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"All in a Night's Work," Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
EXODUS.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through April 4 (tentative): "Make Mine Mink," Terry-Thomas, Athene Seyler.
From April 5 (tentative): **TIGER BAY,** revival.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through April 5 (last showing at about 3): "101 Dalmatians," a full-length Walt Disney cartoon; and "Third Man on the Mountain," revival, Michael Rennie, James MacArthur.
From April 5, at 6: "The Sins of Rachel Cade," Angie Dickinson, Peter Finch; and "Gold of Seven Saints," Clint Walker.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 4 (tentative): **THE MISFITS.**
From April 5 (tentative): **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (in French), revival.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
BALLAD OF A SOLDIER (in Russian).

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"A Raisin in the Sun," Sidney Poitier, Claudia McNeil.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The League of Gentlemen," Jack Hawkins, Nigel Patrick.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through April 1: "Gorgo," Bill Travers, William Sylvester; and "The Amazing Transparent Man," Marguerite Chapman.
April 2-5 (last showing at about 3): "101 Dalmatians," a full-length Walt Disney cartoon; and "Third Man on the Mountain," revival, Michael Rennie, James MacArthur.
From April 5, at 6: "The Sins of Rachel Cade," Angie Dickinson, Peter Finch; and "Gold of Seven Saints," Clint Walker.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
BREATHLESS (in French).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through April 2: "Modigliani of Montparnasse" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Lilli Palmer.
From April 3: "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning," Albert Finney, Rachel Roberts.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through April 3: "The Facts of Life," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball.
From April 4: "L'Avventura" (in Italian), Monica Vitti, Gabriele Ferzetti.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Days of Thrills and Laughter," a film made up of excerpts from silent movies featuring Buster Keaton, Charlie Chaplin, Laurel and Hardy, and such.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through April 4 (tentative): "Carry On Nurse," Wilfrid Hyde White, Shirley Eaton.
From April 5 (tentative): "Can-Can," revival, Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Great Impostor," Tony Curtis, Edmond O'Brien.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through April 5 (last showing at about 3): "101 Dalmatians," a full-length Walt Disney cartoon; and "Third Man on the Mountain," revival, Michael Rennie, James MacArthur.
From April 5, at 6: "The Sins of Rachel Cade," Angie Dickinson, Peter Finch; and "Gold of Seven Saints," Clint Walker.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through April 4: "Gorgo," Bill Travers, William Sylvester; and "The Amazing Transparent Man," Marguerite Chapman.
From April 5: "Cimarron," Glenn Ford, Maria Schell.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
March 30: "Crime and Punishment, U.S.A.," revival, George Hamilton.
From March 31: **THE THREEPENNY OPERA** (in German).

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through April 2: "The Grass Is Greener," Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr; and "Jazz on a Summer's Day," revival, a documentary of the 1958 Newport Jazz Festival and the America's Cup observation trials.
April 3-4: "A Summer Place," revival, Richard Egan, Dorothy McGuire; and "The Wild One," revival, Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy.
From April 5: **THE MISFITS;** and "Secrets of the Reef," revival, a nature film on marine life.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Flesh and the Devil" (silent), Greta Garbo, John Gilbert.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through April 4: "Gorgo," Bill Travers, William Sylvester; and "The Amazing Transparent Man," Marguerite Chapman.
From April 5: "Cimarron," Glenn Ford, Maria Schell.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through April 1: "Carry on Nurse," Wilfrid Hyde White, Shirley Eaton; and "Conspiracy of Hearts," revival, Lilli Palmer, Sylvia Syms.
April 2-4: "The Grass Is Greener," Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr; and "Between Time and Eternity," Lilli Palmer.
From April 5: **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (in French), revival; and "Panic in the Parlor," revival, Peggy Mount.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
TWO-WAY STRETCH.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
DON QUIXOTE.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"All in a Night's Work," Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
TUNES OF GLORY.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"Love and the Frenchwoman" (in French), Martine Carol, Dany Robin.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through April 4: "Gorgo," Bill Travers, William Sylvester; and "The Amazing Transparent Man," Marguerite Chapman.
From April 5: "Cimarron," Glenn Ford, Maria Schell.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
March 30: **GRAND ILLUSION** (in French), revival; and **THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS,** revival.
March 31: "Smiles of a Summer Night" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck; and "The Last Ten Days" (in German), revival, Albin Skoda, Oskar Werner.
April 1: **BRINGING UP BABY,** revival; and **WE ARE ALL MURDERERS** (in French), revival.
April 2: **MEET JOHN DOE,** revival; and "The Old Man and the Sea," revival, Spencer Tracy.
April 3: **THE BIG SLEEP,** revival; and "The Grand Maneuver" (in French), revival, Michèle Morgan, Gérard Philipe.
April 4: **CASABLANCA,** revival; and **CASQUE D'OR** (in French), revival.
April 5: **THE CRANES ARE FLYING** (in Russian), revival; and **OUTCAST OF THE ISLANDS,** revival.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through April 4: **I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK,** revival; and "The Silent Enemy," revival, Laurence Harvey, Dawn Addams.
From April 5: "Where the Boys Are," Dolores Hart, George Hamilton; and another feature, to be announced.

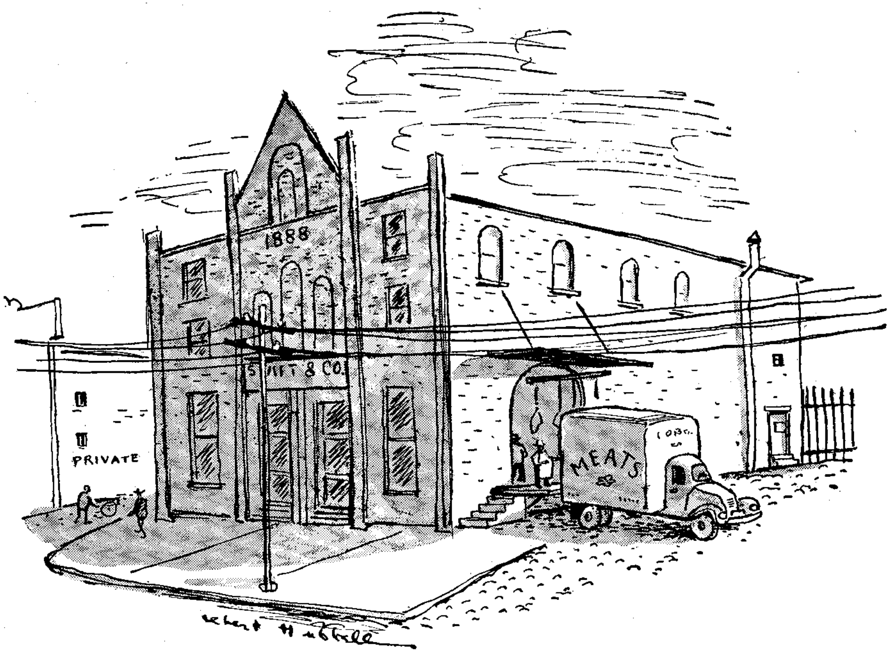
THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
March 30: "Illicit Interlude" (in Swedish), revival, May Britt; and "The Naked Night" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson.
From March 31: **HE WHO MUST DIE** (in French), revival; and **THE FORGOTTEN VILLAGE,** revival.

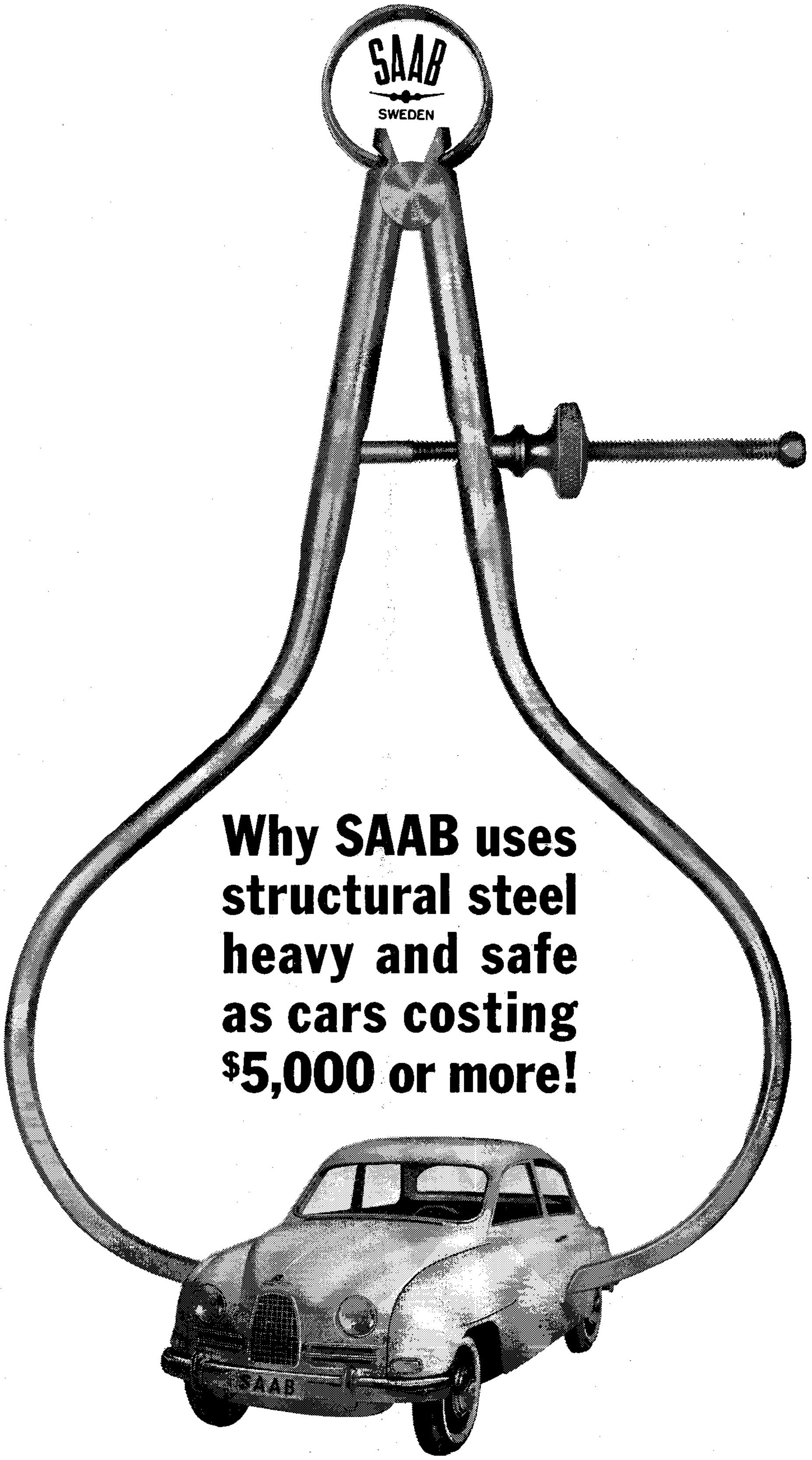
RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through April 5 (last showing at about 3): "Swiss Family Robinson," John Mills, Dorothy McGuire; and "Desert Attack," John Mills.
From April 5, at 6: "The Sins of Rachel Cade," Angie Dickinson, Peter Finch; and "Gold of Seven Saints," Clint Walker.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through April 4: **TO LIVE IN PEACE** (in Italian), revival; and "One Summer of Happiness" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Folke Sundquist.
From April 5: **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (in French), revival.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through April 4: "Gorgo," Bill Travers, William Sylvester; and "The Amazing Transparent Man," Marguerite Chapman.
From April 5: "Cimarron," Glenn Ford, Maria Schell.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through April 5 (last showing at about 3): "101 Dalmatians," a full-length Walt Disney cartoon; and "Third Man on the Mountain," revival, Michael Rennie, James MacArthur.
From April 5, at 6: "The Sins of Rachel Cade," Angie Dickinson, Peter Finch; and "Gold of Seven Saints," Clint Walker.





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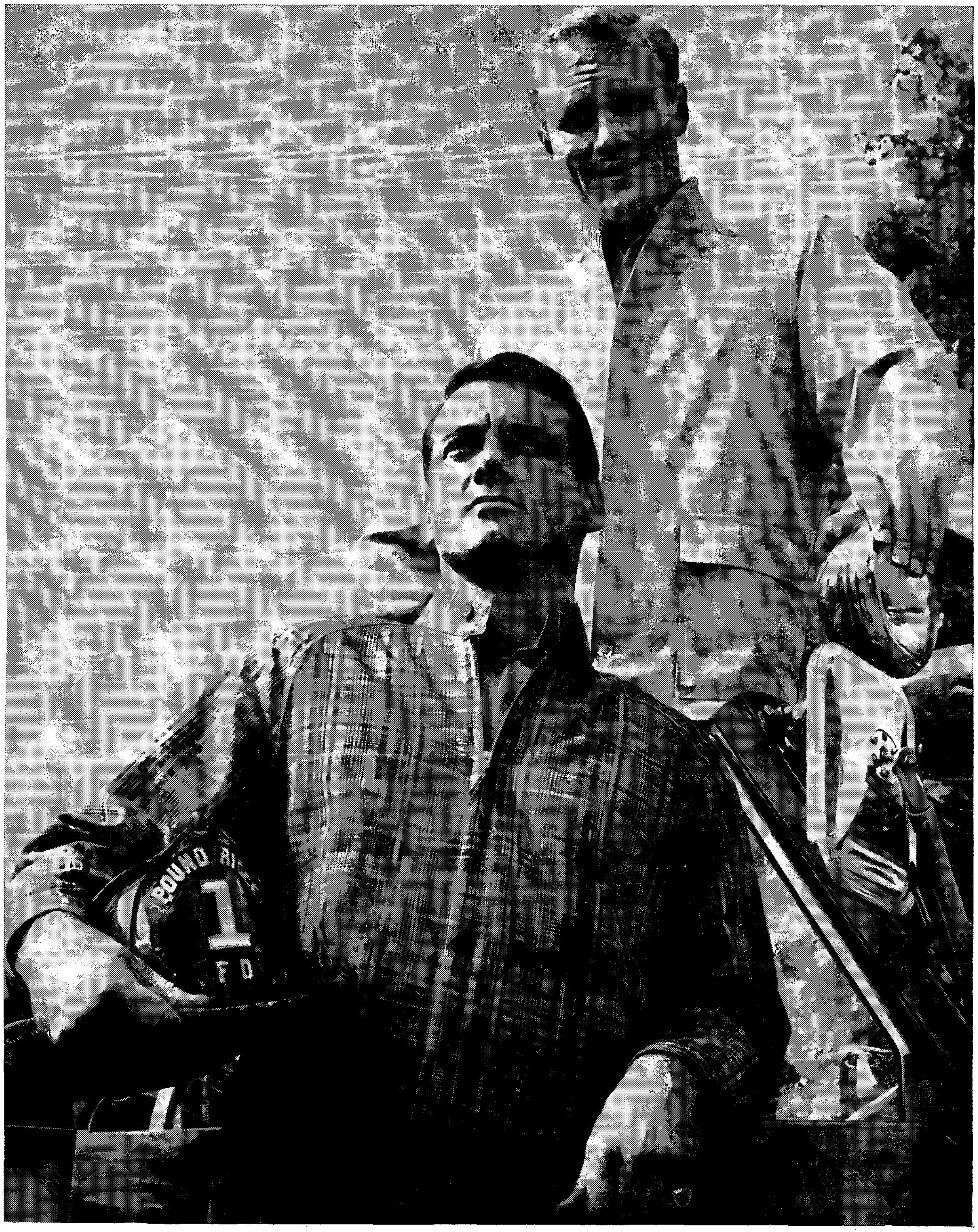

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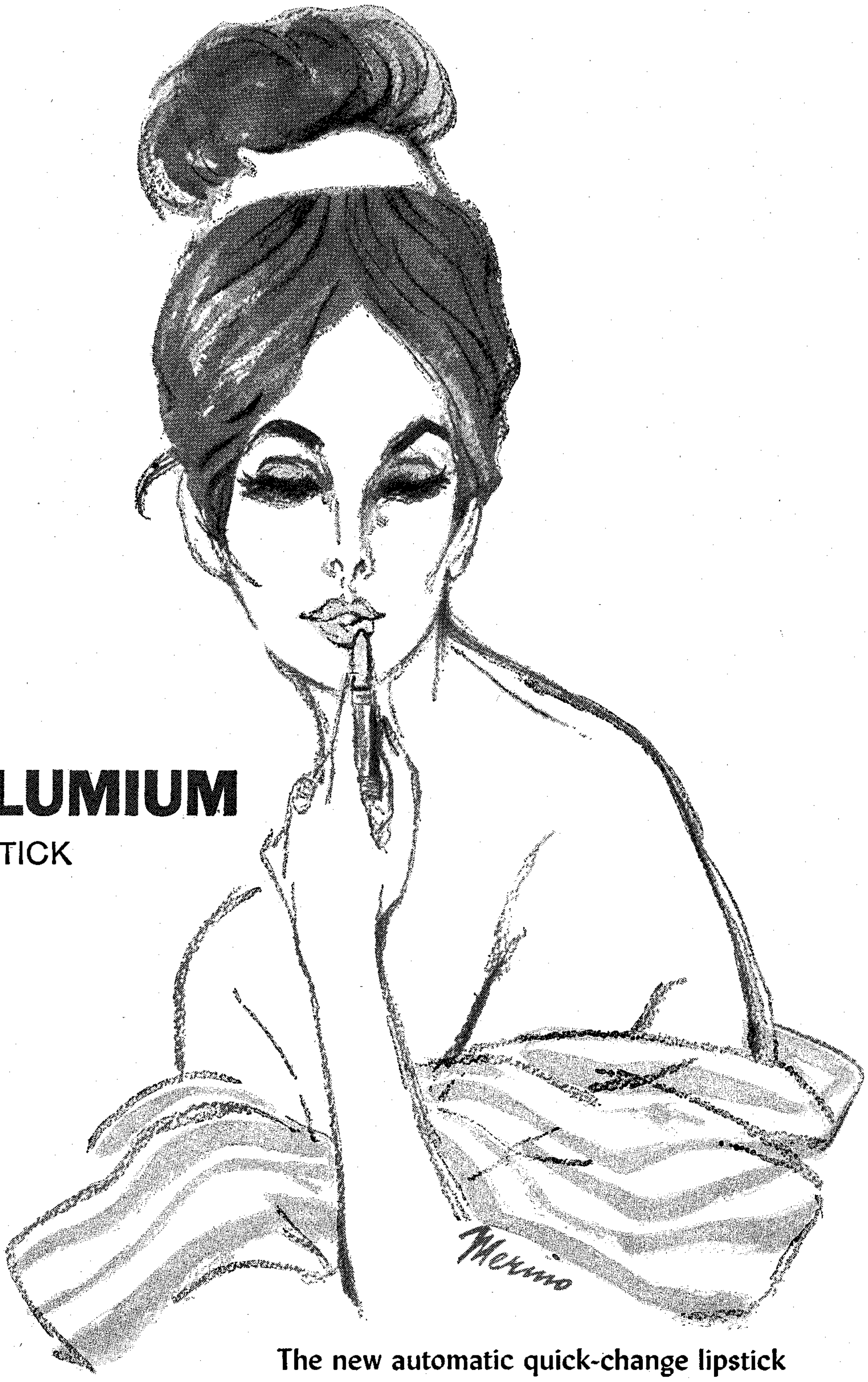

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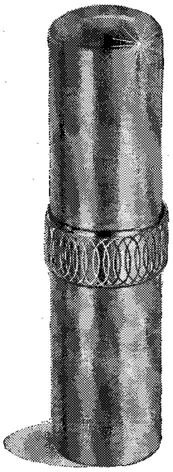

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In a beautiful range of new colors including Monteil's already famous ones.

Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

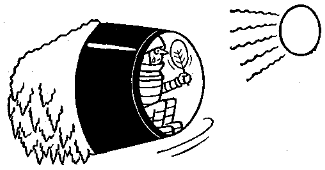
Notes and Comment

WE had a pleasant experience one rainy evening last week. We were journeying uptown on a Fifth Avenue bus—one of those new, shimmering silver-and-green affairs so amply illuminated by fluorescent floodlights as to instill in even the hardiest extrovert an acute sense of overexposure. Having closed our eyes and feigned somnolence, we soon became aware of a slight shift in the light intensity, as when, on a summer day, a cloud crosses the sun. Guardedly, we opened one eye, and observed overhead the fluorescent tubing engaged in a playful flurry of intricate, nervous flashes, like the face of a pinball machine. An ominous electrical crackle worried our ears, and, with a concluding burst of brilliance, the illumination foundered; the bus became rather dark. A low murmur of anticipation, almost of awe, arose among the passengers, and cautious, intimate reassurances were exchanged. Then, resigned to darkness, they grew quiet. Through the window, now clear of our own jagged reflection, we fell to studying, in grateful objectivity and repose, the descent of the mad March rain. It seemed a ceremonious, almost festive occasion, and we wished we'd brought a small sandwich aboard to munch on, a picnic apple or plum. The bus, its driver unaware of or indifferent to the mechanical mishap, kept its course. Even after it had reached our stop, we stayed aboard for a few blocks, staring out.

In Orbit

LAST week, at the Coliseum, the Institute of Radio Engineers held its annual International Convention, but it was hard to find a single radio on any of the Coliseum's four floors. Instead, the place was turned into a veritable supermarket of the latest in space equipment. Anybody with half a mind to do so could have picked up enough components for a full-scale rocket launching. No sooner had we pinned on our blue identification badge, which admitted us to the Electronic Club, than we were faced with a triple threat in the form of a representative of the Bendix Corporation, who tried to sell us, in sequence, a reaction wheel for adjusting the direction of rockets, which are given to yawing, pitching, and rolling; a series of miniature motors, the size of flashlight batteries, which, he said, would power instruments inside the missile; and, finally, a whole line of synchros for coördinating a series of radar machines so we could track our missile without moving from our concrete blockhouse. Next door, at Dale Electronics, the salesman immediately offered us a choice of T-pots—not the kind with spouts but tiny wire ones pinned to a tray, like butterflies, and more formally called Trimmer Potentiometers, which are used to vary resistance inside satellites. Our own resistance remained unvaried, and, thinking of pots, we gravitated to the U. S. Stoneware Company's booth, which advertised ceramics. Clay, we learned, was out, and alumina, an aluminum oxide, in; right off, the salesman showed us a Dewar flask, a miniature thermos bottle made of alumina and containing liquid nitrogen chilled to 450 degrees below zero. If we sheathed our nose cone in alumina, he said, it would withstand heat up to 3,000 degrees.

With nothing but contracts between us and a rocket, the next phase, obviously, was testing, and to that end we turned to Tenney Engineering, makers of environmental testing chambers. They looked for all the world like giant cement mixers. A minuscule satellite was set up in a model chamber, which, said the Tenney man, could duplicate conditions of space between here and Mars with respect to temperature and pressure. "We can vary heat from two hundred and eighty-five to four hundred and forty B.T.U.s per hour per square foot," he said, "and we can lower pressure to one times ten to the minus seven millimetres of mercury. Anything lower than that is impracticable. We can also duplicate turning in orbit, so that the side facing the sun is in great heat and the side in shadow is subject to temperatures three hundred and twenty degrees below zero. We're working on the simulation of cosmic dust storms and conditions of high radiation, too. When we get them all together, we'll have a chamber able to duplicate almost any environment in the solar system."



We thanked him and moved on to Varian Associates, mongers of power tubes for generating microwaves. "Just name it in microwaves, and the tube'll do it," the operative said aggressively. "Depending on the model, it'll cost you up to forty kilobucks." Not having so much as a millibuck about us, we turned to the booth of James Cunningham Son & Co., whose representative demonstrated a Cunningham Sophisticated Switching System. In electronics, he said, "sophisticated" means complex. This particular item is used in missile-checkout systems for keeping an eye on all components at once. In addition, it can turn an electric light on and off a hundred times a second—a feat that makes this switch, for a switch, downright cultured.

We looked up the Reeves Instrument Corporation, purveyors of radar apparatus. The Reeves man assured us that the government, for the Discoverer and Mercury programs, had bought twelve of the firm's Verlort systems, used for long-range tracking of satellites. He also said the government had bought three 60-AET-2T-10s, which are accurate to fifteen seconds of arc and capable of tracking missiles up to five thousand miles away, and added that for a quarter of a million dollars we could have one, too. We passed to the next booth, belonging to Radio Engineering Laboratories, and examined a radio transmitter capable of bouncing two hundred and forty telephone calls off the troposphere to a receiving set five hundred miles away—also bought by the government, for the Distant Early Warning System. At Space Technology Laboratories, down the aisle, we found the world's fastest camera clicking away at a high-speed chemical reaction that was taking place between two plates of glass. The salesman assured us it had a range of infinity and could certainly shoot a rocket in motion. To prove his point, he produced a picture of himself, snapped at five-billionths of a second. "The camera's as easy to operate as a baby Brownie," he said. "It can shoot three pictures in a row exposed fifty-billionths of a second apart. That's quick enough to get three pictures of our fastest jet plane in the time it travels half the thickness of a piece of paper."

At the International Rectifier Corporation's booth, we found a chimpanzee. His name was Jerry, and he was dressed in a space suit and enclosed in a glass capsule. An electrode the size of a dime was attached to his chest and radioed his heartbeat to nearby oscilloscopes, as it would if he were aloft. Jerry's heart, we noted, was staunch and steady, and so was the salesman's, who wore an electrode, too. "Jerry's an actor, and not a space chimp at all," he told us, his heart nervously skipping a beat. "He was in the movie of 'Inherit the Wind,' and we have trained him to vary his pulse by alternately exercising and relaxing. He's the first chimp to eat at '21.' We took him there last week, and his pulse jumped from a hundred to a hundred and eighty." Thirty-five pounds is the present weight limit for orbiting monkeys. Jerry, we learned, is well over that, and would never get off the ground.

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SIGN in a residential section of Montreal: "PLEASE AVOID TIRE SQUEAL AT CORNER."

C.A.R.

OF the new African nations that we've decided to tell you about from time to time, the Central African Republic has one of the most resounding names and some of the gravest problems. Formerly a part of French Equatorial Africa, it covers two hundred and thirty-eight thousand square miles, nearly all of them empty, in the middle of the continent and has a population of a million two hundred thousand, whose average income is less than a hundred dollars a year. The nation's proud name reflects the aspirations of a proud politician, the late Barthélémy Boganda, who represented it in the French National Assembly when it was a territory known as Ubangi-Shari, and who hoped to make it the core of a United States of Latin Africa. Upon the formation of the French Community, in 1958, it turned out that none of the leaders of the adjacent territories cared to go along with Boganda, so the C.A.R. has wound up as just one state among many, and a fairly miserable one at that. Boganda was a colorful character. A Catholic priest when he entered the Assembly, he used to enjoy trying to shock his colleagues there by boasting that his father had been both a sorcerer and a cannibal; he really did give them a jolt when he married his French secretary, was defrocked, and returned home to found the Mouvement d'Evolution Sociale en Afrique Noire—a highly efficient political machine, known as MESAN for short, which is today in absolute control of the country.

Boganda was killed in a plane crash in 1959, and thus failed to see his country gain its independence, on August 13th of the following year. Boganda's MESAN won forty-eight of the fifty seats in the new Assembly, and his cousin David Dacko, a former teacher, was chosen to be the first Premier. Another Boganda adherent, Michel Gallin-Douathe, a former elementary-school principal and district administrator, is the present Ambassador to the United Nations. A charming man of forty, M. Gallin-Douathe is one of the few citizens of the Republic to have been trained by the French for administrative work; he graduated in 1958 from L'Ecole Nationale de la France d'Outre Mer, near Paris. Boganda, some months before his death, persuaded the Territorial Assembly to pass two remarkable laws. One provides a prison sentence of from three to six months for "all idlers and vagabonds eighteen years of age and over," and the other outlaws nudity. Since many equatorial tribes consider it dishonorable for any man over fifteen to do manual labor, and since it was estimated as late as 1949 that five-sixths of the population went about pretty thoroughly unclothed, these laws are proving a bit difficult to enforce.

STOP
NO PARKING
NO BATHING
NO FISHING
STOP

The C.A.R. is bounded by the Republics of Chad and Sudan, the two Congos, and the Cameroun Republic. Except for a small patch of rain forest in the south and a few deep river valleys, the country is a rolling plateau that averages a couple of thousand feet above sea level and forms a watershed between two of the great drainage systems of Africa—the Congo basin, to the south, and the Chad basin, to the north. The southern boundary of the Republic follows the Bomu and the Ubangi Rivers, which together flow twelve hundred miles to join the Congo, and its northern boundary follows the Shari, which is the continent's longest inland river, rising in central Africa and emptying into Lake Chad. Most of the country is open savanna and has a hot and fairly arid climate; the rainy season, which lasts from June to November, is usually ushered in by tornadoes. The capital and chief port of the Republic is Bangui, a city of eighty thousand people built on the banks of the Ubangi, seven hundred miles in from the coast. Until recently, passengers and cargo coming upriver to Bangui had to disembark and be carried by rail around the Zinga Reef, a formidable obstruction in the lower Ubangi. French engineers have cut a channel through the reef, and a navigable water highway now runs all the way from Pointe Noire, on the coast, to Bangui. Bangui has a radio station, three thousand radios, several hundred telephones, and a mimeographed daily newspaper.

Eighty-five per cent of the population of the C.A.R. is illiterate, and only a quarter of the children of school age attend school. There's one doctor for every forty-four thousand people, which explains why sleeping sickness, malaria, and leprosy are still major health problems throughout the country. Most citizens of the Republic are animists, but there are a few Moslems up around the Shari, and a few Christians can always be found in the immediate vicinity of Protestant and Catholic missions. In the north, the staple food is millet, a small-seeded grass; in the south, it's manioc, a starchy root. Most of the food is raised by women, the men being by tradition warriors, hunters, and idlers. The country is short of meat, because much of it is infested with the tsetse fly, which destroys cattle. The government hopes to put protein in the national diet by encouraging the cultivation and catching of fish. In the old days, the people took care of the protein problem by eating caterpillars, termites, palm rats, and, as often as not, each other. "In 1883," wrote an early traveller, "man as an article of food was the dominating idea of the Negro population east of Stanley Pool and west of Tanganyika." A celebrated case of cannibalism occurred as late as 1904, at a village called Ibenga. Four French business agents who sponsored a fête on Bastille Day, in order to inspire the local population with love for La Belle France, were themselves killed and eaten in honor of the occasion.

"And then we have another son—a radical—who's joined Barry Goldwater's conservatives."

The C.A.R. contains an immense variety of tribes, including a lot of pygmies. The platter-lipped maidens made famous by the Ringling Brothers Circus and known to us as Ubangis were in fact natives of the Sara-Djingé tribe, of Fort Archambault, in Chad; they were misnamed on purpose by a Ringling Brothers press agent, who thought "Ubangi" sounded more exotic than "Sara" (and he was right). The original settlers of the country may well have been the pygmies, dwelling in the depths of the rain forest. The Banziri, who live along the upper reaches of the Ubangi, have light complexions, aquiline noses, and thin lips, and are thought by some anthropologists to be of Hamitic origin and to be related to the fellahin of ancient Egypt. The language of the Banziri—Sangho—is the lingua franca of the Republic; the official language is French.

For thousands of years, the territory of Ubangi-Shari supplied slaves for most of the Middle East. After slaves, the most important commodities were ivory and a spice/drug/cosmetic derived from the koumba tree and known to medieval Europe as malaguette and to the Middle East as "the grains of Selim." It was thought to cure coughs, heal sores, promote fertility in women, and purify water. The first European to enter the Ubangi-Shari country was an English Baptist missionary named George Grenfell, who discovered the Ubangi River in 1884 and explored it a year later in a small yacht called the Peace. French and Belgian explorers followed Grenfell, and in 1887 the French, having begun to think about putting together a vast empire centered on Lake Chad, signed a treaty with the Belgians establishing their claim to the territory. The town of Bangui was founded two years later. Incorporated into French Equatorial Africa in 1910, the country remained until 1946 an isolated, disease-ridden, and poverty-stricken area known as the Cinderella of the French Empire. Despite various injustices of the French rule, Ubangi-Shari was one of the first territories to declare for the Free French in 1940, and thousands of its citizens fought under de Gaulle.

The French early introduced a system of forced labor that was, in practice, indistinguishable from slavery. This was abandoned in 1946, but the natives had by then acquired an invincible aversion to work, even for their own gain. In 1948, Bangui had a population of forty-five thousand, of whom eight thousand were employed. Nine years later, the population had risen to seventy-five thousand and the number of employed had dropped to six thousand. Ninety per cent of the country's limited export trade is in three crops—coffee, cotton, and diamonds. The few industries include a cotton-textile plant, a brewery, a soap factory, and a scattering of sawmills and tanneries. That busy man Barthélémy Boganda undertook a campaign to preach "the dignity and grandeur of manual labor," but it didn't catch on. It still hasn't. The hopeful motto of the Republic, composed by Boganda, is "*Unité, Dignité, Travail,*" and the national anthem, again by Boganda, is entitled "La Renaissance" and begins, "*O Centraf-*

rique, ô berceau des Bantous!" As nice a national anthem as you could ask for.

Wet Thumb

WE love the letters we get vicariously, and here is another, this one from a perceptive gardener in Baltimore to his employer (a chum of ours): "The white spots on the leaves of your split-leaf philodendron are probably mealy bugs. Dip or saturate some medicated cotton in rubbing alcohol and rub the mealy bugs off with it. The alcohol will kill them without harming the plant. You can use gin."

Pre-Presidential

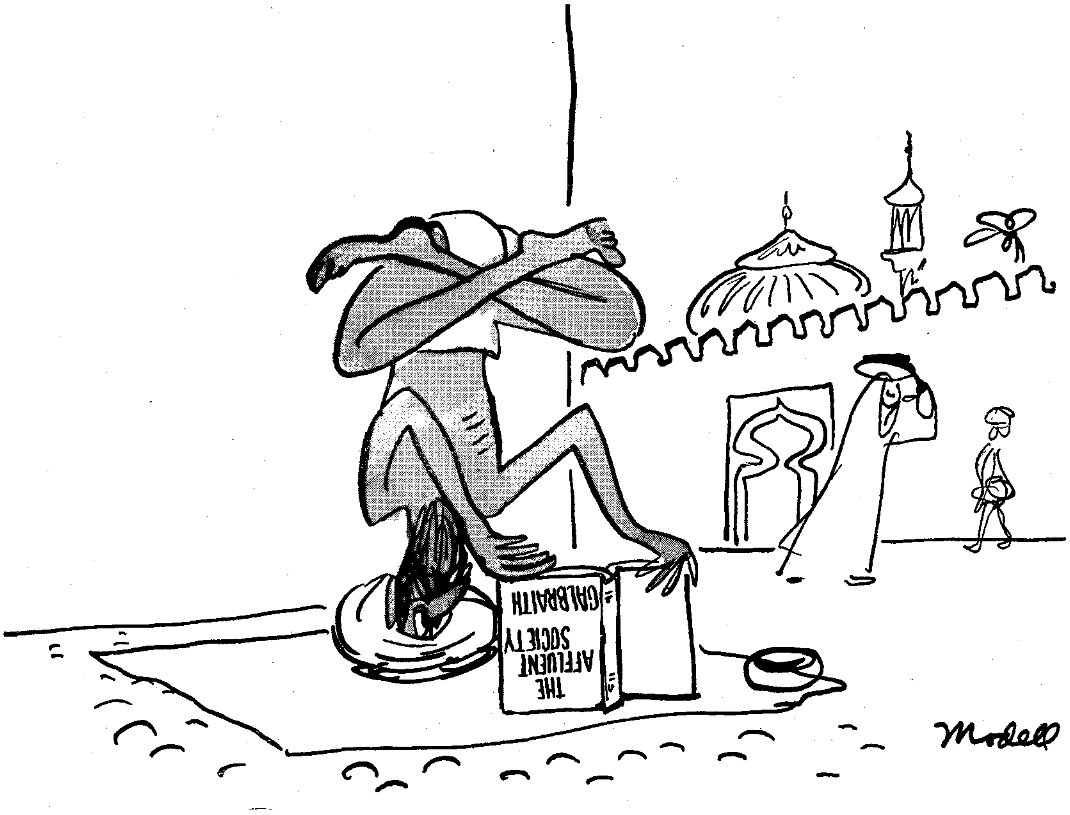
WE'VE had a pleasant and informative chat with Mr. K. LeMoyne Billings, a vice-president of the advertising agency of Lennen & Newell, who roomed with President Kennedy at Choate and, briefly, at Princeton. "I came to Choate from Shady Side Academy, in Pittsburgh, in the fall of 1931—the same time the President did—and we were both there four years," he said when we asked him for pre-Presidential recollections. "I didn't know him the first year—there were five hundred and thirty boys at the school then, and I guess there are more now—but I met him the second, through *The Brief*, the school yearbook. We were both on the board. He ended up as business manager and I ended up as advertising manager. We roomed together sixth-form year, and I remember him as being very thin; he probably weighed only a hundred and forty pounds. He played in the house football leagues, not on the varsity; he was well coördinated, but, like many people, he developed into a better athlete at college. He was on the junior varsity at Harvard. Even when he was fifteen or sixteen, I think, he had something the rest of us didn't have; his powers of concentration were always exceedingly good. It was hard to get his attention when he was reading. He subscribed to the *Times* at school and read it thoroughly every morning."

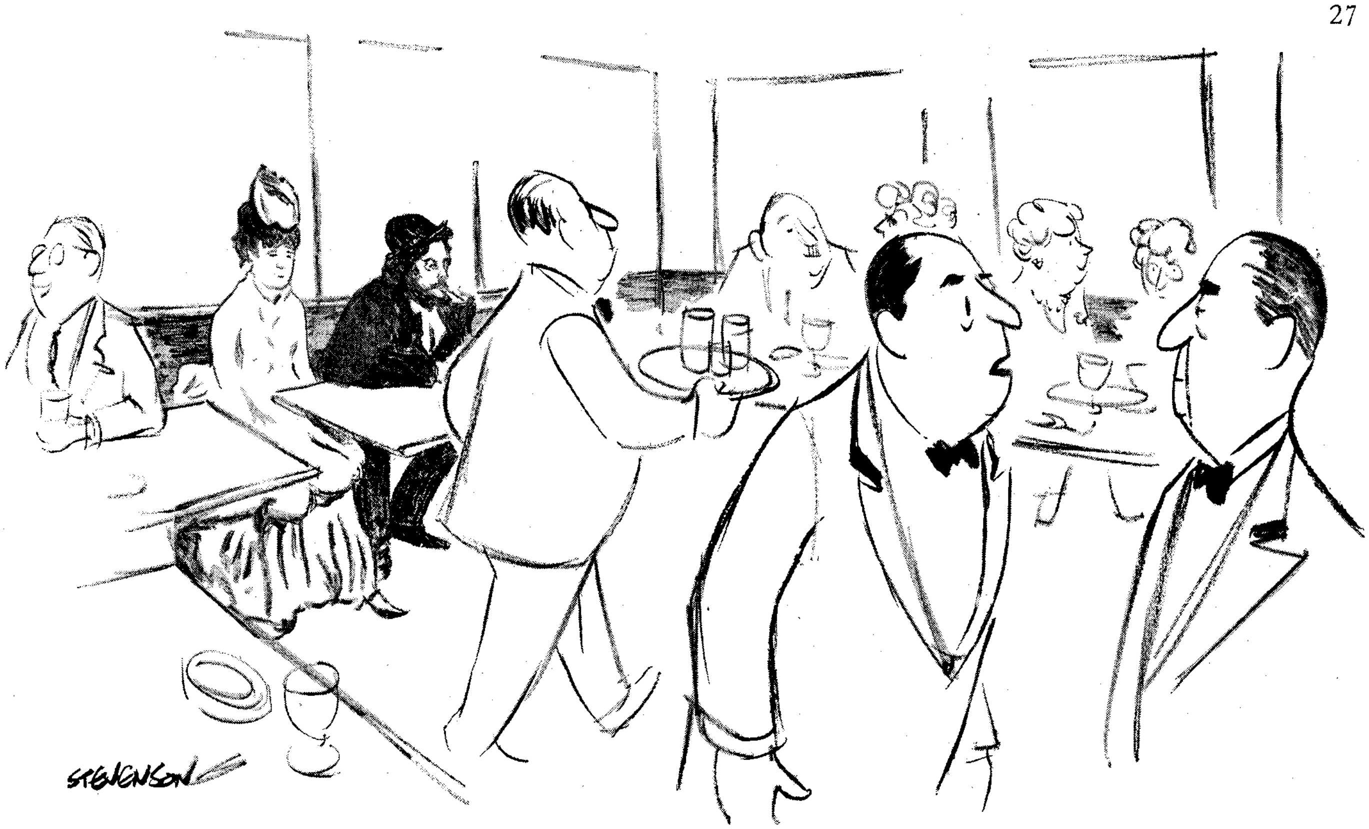
Mr. Billings, who, as a schoolboy and later, frequently visited the Kennedys in Bronxville, Palm Beach, and Hyannis Port, believes that his roommate, whose nickname was Ken as well as Jack, took the *Times* largely to keep up with his father conversationally. "The father maintained a conversation on a very high level," he said. "If you couldn't join in, you remained quiet. At meals, it was mainly Joe and Jack talking to their father—about what was happening in Europe, and so on. Jack was always very much interested in history. Everyone knows about Joe Kennedy, Sr.'s, successful career, but I think his big success has been with his children. He exposed them to a great variety of activities but always allowed them to make their own choices. He kept their love and admiration and respect. Jack didn't agree with his father about a lot of things; they argued constantly about current political events. It was wonderful training for a boy."

According to Mr. Billings, Kennedy never threw his weight around financially. "He'd do what his friends did," he said, "and most of them didn't have much money. *I* didn't—my father was a doctor, chief of staff at West Penn Hospital, in Pittsburgh, and he died during my second year at Choate—and at Princeton Jack joined me in one of the least expensive rooms. It was in South Reunion, a very old dormitory that is no longer used. The bathroom was in the cellar, and we had to walk seventy-five steps up to get to our bedroom. We had a third roommate—Ralph Horton, Jr., formerly with Liggett & Myers and now in the Defense Department. Jack left after two months to go to Arizona for his health; he lost a year, and then went to Harvard. I think he'd gone to Princeton to be with some of his friends, and then, when he was in another class, that was no longer an inducement."

The Kennedy-Billings friendship survived this change of campus. In the summer of 1937, at the end of Kennedy's freshman and Billings' sophomore year, they spent two and a half months in Europe together. "We went over on the Washington, landed at Le Havre, and drove through the cathedral country in the north of France," Mr. B. said. "Jack had brought his car with him, a Ford. We visited churches and museums, and spent a lot of time interviewing French peasants in schoolboy French. We wanted to see what they thought of the Germans. They were so confident of the Maginot Line! Jack wrote down his thoughts and ideas about everything; he sent his father long letters. We based our living on what I could afford to spend, which wasn't much. In Paris, we stayed at a small hotel near the Gare du Nord; we paid eighty cents for a walkup room for two. We covered all the museums and sightseeing spots, and then went on to the château country in the Loire Valley."

We asked Mr. Billings how he and his friend ate, and he said, "Very poorly. Jack sometimes looks back at our meals and wonders how we got through them. In Biarritz, we went to a bullfight, which we thought was extremely cruel. We stayed a week in Saint-Jean-de-Luz with a





"Do we have any absinthe?"

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Harvard classmate of Jack's whose family had a house there, and met a lot of refugees from Spain. They had some terrible stories to tell. Then we drove to the Riviera. In Monte Carlo, we found a small hotel on the side of the hill, where we paid sixty cents for a double room. We were turned away from the main Casino; we were both under twenty-one."

Milan, Pisa, Florence, and Venice followed. In Venice, where the lads were frugally domiciled in a back-street *pensione*, they took a ferry to the Lido one day, and then a streetcar to the Excelsior, a spectacularly fashionable hotel. "We had our bathing trunks on underneath our suits," Mr. Billings said, "and we undressed on this fancy beach without taking a cabaña. A lot of people like Barbara Hutton were there. In Rome, we visited the Vatican and had a smallish interview—six to ten people—with Cardinal Pacelli, who had met Mr. Kennedy, Sr. We also had an interview with the Pope, along with five thousand people." Next, they visited Capri, climbed Vesuvius, and toured Germany and Holland. "We picked up hitchhikers in Germany, so that we could compare their way of life with ours," Mr. Billings said. "We slept in youth hostels, at ten cents a night. Most of the Germans we met were students and could speak some English. They were very sure of themselves. We spent a lot of time in museums and churches there. I'd taken some architectural courses in college, and Jack was interested in art. He has, as you know, an inquisitive and acquisitive mind. He has a wealth of information and a fund of quotations. He's very easy to get along with."

Mr. Billings still sees a lot of the President; he took a leave of absence from Lennen & Newell to help him in the primaries, and he visits him at the White House frequently. "I'm trying to help him in this outflow-of-gold business," he said. "I'm working for a bill to offset the tremendous imbalance of tourism. The President has terrific mental and physical energy; he works at least twelve hours a day. I'm sure he worked harder to become President than any other man in history. In business circles, we'd say that he was a very salable product. All you have to do is to expose him." We asked for a word on the President's dress. "In clothes, he's always been conservative," he said. "He has a large wardrobe, but you wouldn't necessarily know it; so many of his suits are so much alike. Three or four blacks, three or four blues, three or four grays, three or four pin-stripes, a couple of sharkskins, and that's it."

We rose to leave, and Mr. Billings commented on the fact that his friend is a natural speaker. "During the early part of the war," he said, "I saw him in South Carolina, where he was stationed in Naval Intelligence before going into PT training school at Portsmouth, Rhode Island. I went to what may have been his first speech—on the subject of how to tell the difference between two types of incendiary bombs. He delivered it before several groups of three or four hundred factory people. You know how apprehensive you feel when a friend of yours is making a speech, but I needn't have worried. He made a very good presentation of those bombs. But he then made a goof." Mr. Billings smiled. "He asked, 'Are there any questions?' A man in the audience asked a technical question that he was unable to answer. 'I'm glad you asked that,' he said. 'We have a man coming to talk to you in a few weeks who will be able to answer it.' You can see he was always able to think on his feet."

The Arts

BEFORE a class in soap sculpture was set up at a public school in upper Manhattan, we've been told, a couple of instructors were ordered by the principal to look the situation over and lay down some rules. They came up with a sensible set, as follows:

1. Must bring own soap.
2. Must bring own knife.
3. Must bring Band-Aids.
4. If child is careless and cuts himself, he is out.
5. If child accidentally cuts himself, he will stop and not do any more carving until cut is healed.
6. If child cuts another child, he is out.

THE ASTRONOMER

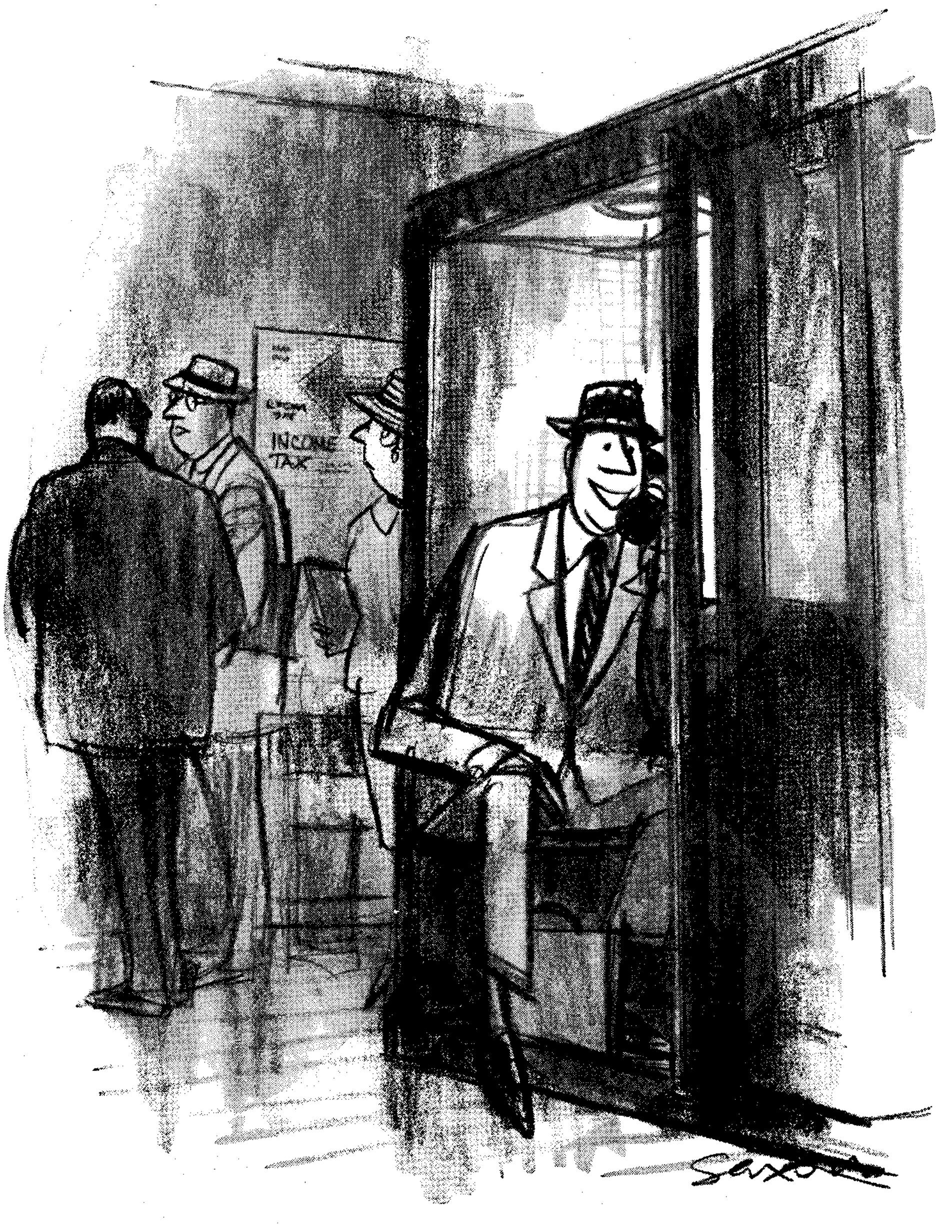
I FEARED his visit. I was twenty-four, and the religious revival within myself was at its height. Earlier that summer, I had discovered Kierkegaard, and each week I brought back to the apartment one more of the Princeton University Press's elegant and expensive editions of his works. They were beautiful books, sometimes very thick, sometimes very thin, always typographically exhilarating, with their welter of title pages, subheads, epigraphs, emphatic italics, italicized catchwords taken from German philosophy and too subtle for translation, translator's prefaces and footnotes, and Kierkegaard's own endless footnotes, blanketing pages at a time as, crippled, agonized by distinctions, he scribbled on and on, heaping irony on irony, curse on curse, gnashing, sneering, praising Jehovah in the privacy of his empty home in Copenhagen. The demons with which he wrestled—Hegel and his avatars—were unknown to me, so Kierkegaard at his desk seemed to me to be writhing in the clutch of phantoms, slapping at silent mosquitoes, twisting furiously to confront presences that were not there. It was a spectacle unlike any I had ever seen in print before, and it brought me much comfort during those August and September evenings, while the traffic on the West Side Highway swished tirelessly and my wife tinkled the supper dishes in our tiny kitchenette.

We lived at the time on the sixth floor of a building on Riverside Drive, and overlooked the Hudson. The river would become black before the sky, and the little Jersey towns on the far bank would be pinched between two massive tongs of darkness until only a row of sparks remained. These embers were reflected in the black water, and when a boat went dragging its wake up the river the reflections would tremble, double, fragment, and not until long after the shadow of the boat passed reconstruct themselves.

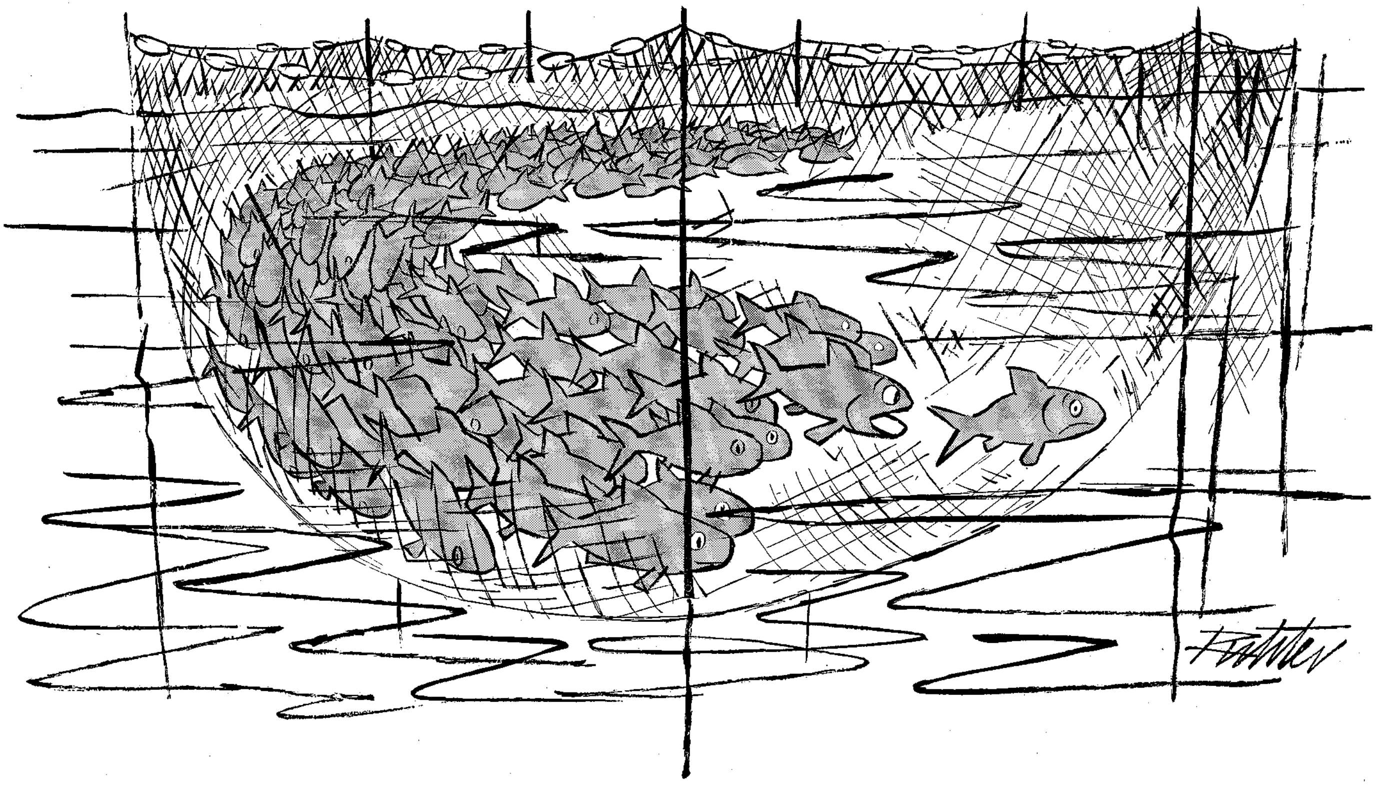
The astronomer was a remnant of our college days. Two years had passed since we had seen him. When Harriet and I were both undergraduates, another couple, a married couple, had introduced him to us. The wife of this couple had gone to school with Harriet, and the husband was a teaching associate of the astronomer; so Bela and I were the opposite ends of a chain. He was a Hungarian, whose parents had fled the terror of Kun's regime; they were well-to-do. From Vienna they had come to London; from there Bela had gone to Oxford, and from there come to this country, years ago. He was forty, a short, thickset man with a wealth of stiff black hair combed straight back without a parting, like a Slav bicyclist. Only a few individual hairs had turned white. He gave an impression of abnormal density; his anatomical parts seemed set one on top of the other without any loose space between for leeway or accommodation of his innards. A motion in his foot instantly jerked his head. The Magyar cheekbones gave his face a blunt, aggressive breadth; he wore steel-rimmed glasses that seemed several sizes too small. He was now teaching at Columbia. Brilliant, he rarely deigned to publish papers, so that his brilliance was carried around with him as undiminished potency. He liked my wife. Like Kierkegaard, he was a bachelor, and in the old days his flirtatious compliments, rolled out with a rich, slow British accent and a broad-mouthed, thoughtful smile across a cafeteria table or after dinner in our friends' living-room, made me feel foolish and incapable; she was not my wife then. "Ah, Harri-et, Harri-et," he would call, giving the last syllable of her name a full, French, roguish weight, "come and sit by me on this Hide-a-bed." And then he would pat the cushion beside him, which his own weight had caused to lift invitingly. Somewhat more than a joke, it was nevertheless not rude to me; I did not have enough existence in his eyes to receive rudeness.

He had an air of seeing beyond me, of seeing into the interstellar structure of things, of having transcended, except perhaps in the niggling matter of lust, the clouds of human subjectivity—vaporous hopes supported by immaterial rationalizations. It was his vigorous, clear vision that I feared.

When he came into our apartment,



"Good news, sweetheart! Termites are deductible."



"Know any more short cuts?"

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directing warmth into all its corners with brisk handshakes and abrupt pivotings of his whole frame, he spotted the paperback "Meno" that I had been reading, back and forth on the subway, two pages per stop. It is the dialogue in which Socrates, to demonstrate the existence of indwelling knowledge, elicits some geometrical truths from a small boy. "My Lord, Walter," Bela said, "why are you reading this? Is this the one where he proves two and two equals four?" And thus quickly, at a mere wink from this atheist, Platonism and all its attendant cathedrals came tumbling down.

We ate dinner by the window, from which the Hudson appeared a massive rent opened in a tenuous web of light. Though we talked trivially, about friends and events, I felt the structure I had painstakingly built up within myself wasting away; my faith (existentialism padded out with Chesterton), my prayers, my churchgoing (to a Methodist edifice where the spiritual void of the inner city reigned above the fragile hats of a dozen old ladies and the minister shook my hand at the door with a look of surprise on his face) all dwindled to the thinnest filaments of illusion, and in one flash, I knew, they would burn to nothing. I felt behind his eyes immensities of space and gas, seemed to see with him through my own evanescent body into gigantic systems of dead but furious matter, suns like match heads, planets like cinders, galaxies that were whirls of ash, and beyond them, more galaxies, and more, fleeing with sickening speed beyond the rim that our most powerful telescopes could reach. I had once heard him explain, in a cafeteria, how the white dwarf star Sirius is so dense that light radiating from it is tugged back by gravitation toward the red end of the spectrum.

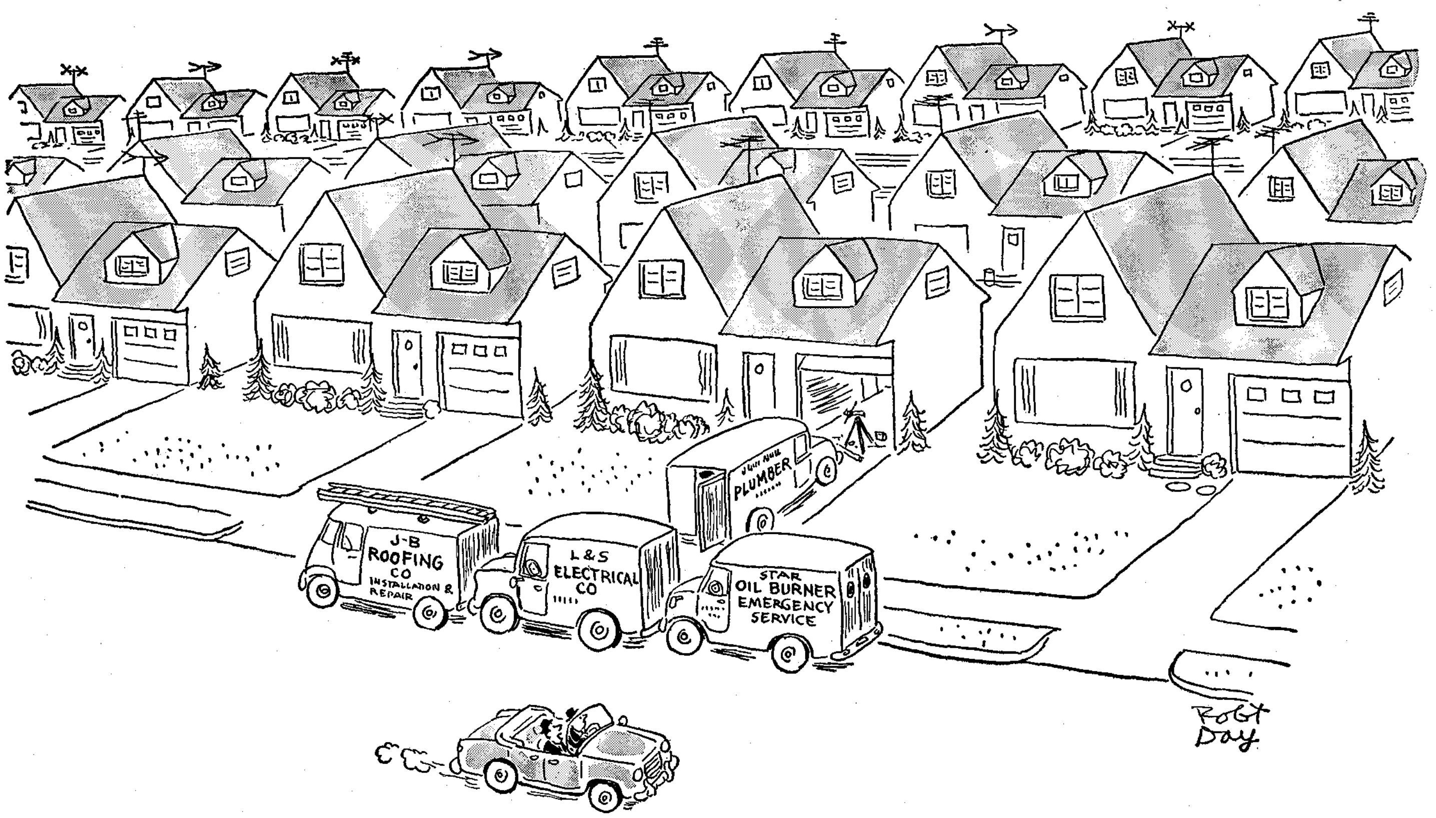
My wife took our dessert dishes away; before she brought coffee, I emptied the last of the red wine into our glasses. Bela lit a cigar and, managing its fresh length and the wineglass with his electric certainty of touch, talked. Knowing that, since the principal business of my employment was to invent the plots of television commercials, I was to some extent a humorist, he told me of a parody he had seen of the B.B.C. Third Programme. It involved Bertrand Russell reading the first five hundred decimal places of π, followed by twenty minutes of silent meditation led by Mr. T. S. Eliot, and then Bertrand Russell reading the *next* five hundred places of π.

If my laughter burst out excessively, it was because his acknowledgment, though minimal and oblique, that Bertrand Russell might by some conception be laughable and that meditation and the author of "Little Gidding" did at least *exist* relieved me momentarily of the strain of maintaining against the pressure of his latent opinions my own superstitious, fainthearted identity. This small remission of his field of force admitted worlds of white light; my wife, returning to the room holding with bare arms, at the level of our eyes, a tray on which an old tin pot and three china demitasse cups stated their rectangular silhouettes, seemed a creature of intense beauty.

"Ah, Harri-et, Harri-et," Bela said, lowering his cigar, "married life has not dimmed thy lustre."

My wife blushed, rather too readily—her skin had always been discomfitingly quick to answer his praise—and set the tray on the table and took her chair and served us. Mixing wine and coffee in our mouths, we listened to Bela tell of when he first came to this country. He was an instructor in general science at a university in Michigan. The thermometer stayed at zero for months, the students carved elaborate snow sculptures on the campus, everyone wore ear muffs and unbuckled galoshes. At first, he couldn't believe in the ear muffs; they looked like something you would find among the most secluded peasantry of Central Europe. It had taken him months to muster the courage to go into a shop and ask for such childish things. But at last he had, and had been very happy in them. They were very sensible. He continued to wear them, though in the East they did not seem to be the fashion.

"I know," Harriet said. "In the win-


J-B ROOFING CO INSTALLATION & REPAIR
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"It's like everything else, I suppose. There's bound to be one lemon."

• •

ter here, you see all these poor Madison Avenue men—"

"Such as Walter," Bela smoothly interceded, shaping his cigar ash on the edge of his saucer.

"Well, yes, except it doesn't look so bad with him because he never cuts his hair. But all these other men with their tight little hats on the top of their haircuts right in the dead of this damp, windy winter—their ears are bright red in the subway."

"And the girls," Bela said, "the girls in the Midwest wear *immense puffs*, as big around as—" He cupped his hands, fingers spread, over his ears and, hunching his head down on his thick brief neck, darted glances at us in a startled way. He had retained, between two fingers, the cigar, so his head seemed to have sprouted, rather low, one smoking horn. His hands darted away, his chest expanded and became rigid as he tried to embrace, for us, the sense of these remote pompons. "White, woolly," he said sharply, giving each adjective a lecturer's force, then the words gliding as he suddenly exhaled, "they're like the snowballs that girls in your ice shows wear on their breasts." He pronounced the two s's in "breasts" so distinctly it seemed the radiator had hissed.

It surprised us that he had ever seen an ice show. We had not thought of him as a sightseer. But it turned out that in those first years he had inspected the country thoroughly. He had bought an old Dodge one summer and driven all around the West by himself. With incongruous piety, he had visited the Grand Canyon, Yosemite, a Sioux reservation. He described a long stretch of highway in New Mexico. "There are these black hills. Utterly without vegetation. Great, heavy, almost purplish folds, unimaginably ugly, mile after mile after mile. Not a gas station, not a sign of green. Nothing." And his face, turning rapidly from one to the other of us, underwent an expression I had never before seen him wear. His black eyebrows shot up in two arches stretching his eyelids smooth, and his upper lip tightened over his lower, which was retracted in a way that indicated it was being delicately pinched between his teeth. This expression, bestowed in silence and swiftly erased, confessed what he could not pronounce: He had been frightened.

On the table, below our faces, the cups and glasses broken into shards by shadows, the brown dregs of coffee and wine, the ashtrays and the ashes were hastily swept together into a little heap of warm dark tones distinct from the universal debris.

THAT is all I remember. The mingle on the table was only part of the greater confusion as in the heat of rapport our unrelated spirits and pasts scrambled together, bringing everything in the room with them, including the rubble of footnotes bound into Kierkegaard. In memory, perhaps because we lived on the sixth floor, this scene—this invisible scene—seems to take place at a great height, as if we were the residents of a star suspended against the darkness of the city and the river. What is the past, after all, but a vast sheet of darkness in which a few moments, pricked apparently at random, shine?

—JOHN UPDIKE

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Readers become non-readers when faced with modern journalism. Fast communications, blanket coverage, education and background of today's specialist reporters mean nothing when tone and style are trite and tired.

Yet this is what is printed mostly... and asked for increasingly by editors.

Nobody in the business today, it appears, wants hard-hitting writing, reporting, editorial leadership. Underplay is the password.

From the publishers through the editors to the reporters comes the pressure to soft-pedal. Don't antagonize a soul is the slogan.

It's about time now, right now, for us younger newspapermen to take that soft, mushy red pencil out of the limpid hands which control it and shave it into kindling.

M. DAVID LEVIN
New York, N. Y.

—Editor & Publisher.

And tighten up that vivid writing!

HELP! HELP! MY SON THE DOCTOR IS DROWNING!

THE main reason Annie Melvin said yes when Dr. Spencer Fifield asked her to join him and his parents in their Passover Festival dinner was that she didn't have the courage to say no. She didn't want to hurt the feelings of any of them. Spencer's mother had a kind of wistfulness about her that made Annie want to be nice to her. And Spencer's father—a gentle, gloomy man who had been conditioned over a period of four decades to a you-first attitude toward his father-in-law, even with the latter dead—always made a big effort to be a joke-telling entertainer, in a way that made Annie's heart go out to him. So here she was pretending to be pleased, flattered, and happy about an invitation that she hardly had the strength to contemplate. But she couldn't stand the idea of Spencer's thinking that it was his *parents* she didn't want to be with.

Annie's own parents were dead, and it was such a little thing to do, to be nice to Mr. and Mrs. Fifield, in a sort of inverted *in loco parentis*. It was a little thing to do for Spencer, too, who had been hanging around for a long time without much encouragement—a situation she felt guilty about. Spencer's face, on rare occasions, gave Annie some slight sign of wanting to be brought alive. But she knew that she was not the one to do it. Spencer's psychoanalyst, Dr. Al Blauberman, had decreed that she was suitable wife material, and Annie received, via Spencer, intermittent directives along these lines from Dr. Blauberman. After one particularly stimulating session with Dr. Blauberman, in fact, Spencer telephoned Annie early one morning, waking her from sleep, and said he had to see her at once, it was important. When they met, at the corner drugstore, he said, "Let's get married." He was so steamed up with Blauberman thoughts that he didn't see the look of panic on Annie's face. "We're alike—I went to Amherst, you went to Barnard," he said. "I've always wanted to marry a Barnard girl. Did you know that Dr. Blauberman's wife went to Barnard? A doctor should be married. I'm not intellectualizing as much as I used to, frankly. And I'm older than you. I want to be older than you. We'll have a quick, quiet wedding. With only your parents and mine."

"My parents are dead," Annie said. "You know they're dead."

Very often, Spencer did not catch what was being said to him. "Frankly, if it doesn't work, we can always get divorced," he said.

It was Annie's opinion that Dr. Blauberman was trying to unload Spencer on her, but she held her tongue. To herself she remarked that that's what came of having been such a patient listener to Spencer—all those complaints about his parents, his enthusiasm for his eleven years of psychoanalysis with Dr. Blauberman and more to come, his tales of high adventure at Riverdale School, Amherst, the P. & S. medical school, and his three months in World War II on a cruiser in the Navy. In these long-drawn-out sagas, Spencer presented himself cleanly framed against a background of well-heeled, Ivy League, fatuous, socially acceptable types—a group he was detached from and superior to but to which, he made clear, he nevertheless damn well belonged. God knows what qualities Spencer and his analyst had endowed *her* with.

"Spencer, I'm sorry," she said. "But I *told* you. I'm in love with another man."

"Dr. Blauberman doesn't believe you," Spencer said.

"Honest. Cross my heart. Hope to die."

The list of parental crimes against him in Spencer's dossier, compiled and kept up to date with a big assist from his psychoanalyst, was a long one, and Spencer had played the record over and over and over again to Annie. She was bored with the record. What difference did it make at his age, which was thirty-seven? After eleven years of analysis, why not throw the record away?

"For crying out loud, Spencer," she would say, "*every*body's parents did them in, one way or another. Saw it off, man." Annie enjoyed using beat talk. Her brother, who was a doctor also, on the staff of the same hospital as Spencer, found it particularly annoying. Though she was fond of her brother, she saw no reason to let him censor her vocabulary, and she went right on using expressions that she had picked up in the Greenwich Village coffeehouse where she had a part-time job as a waitress. Before that, she had worked at the hospital, too, for a short while, as a laboratory technician, but she could not throw off the sense she felt all around her of an attraction to sickness and death, so she quit her job.

"You don't know," Spencer would say, insisting on playing the record. "Frankly, my mother has powerful masculine drives. *She* wants to be the doctor."

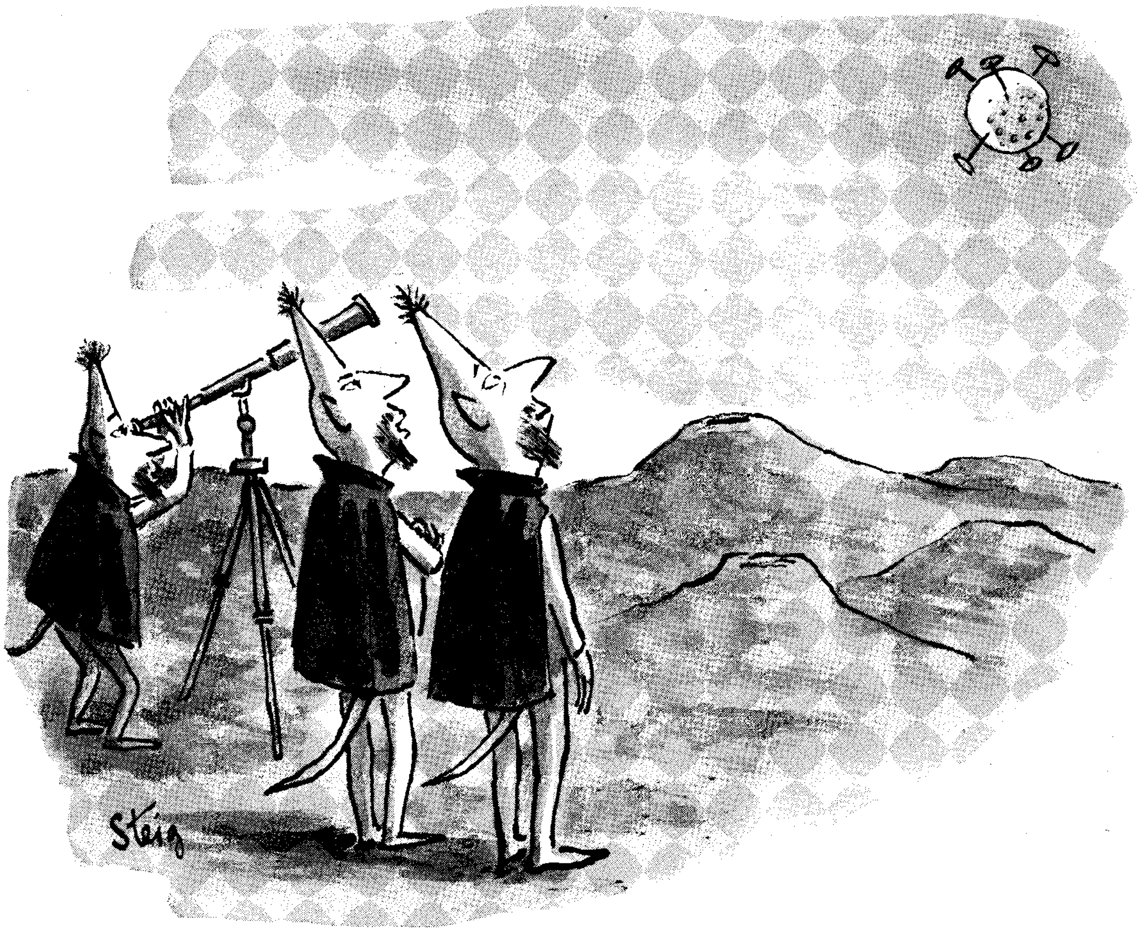
"So what? Give her a job as your receptionist in your office or something."

"Dr. Blauberman wouldn't approve, frankly. He's warned me she'll keep trying to take me over. It took me about ten years after I got out of the Navy to get away from her and move into my own apartment."

Then Spencer would dig into his complaint dossier and put on the record again—his mother had made him stay clean and had kept him from playing with other children; his mother had dominated his father; his mother's father dominated Spencer's mother and father; his father was a big disappointment to Spencer's mother and everybody; his mother telephoned him every time she had a little heart palpitation; his mother used to make him cry when he was a little boy, and only then would she comfort him; his mother and father kept after him to have dinner with them at least once a week; and on and on and on. It was a long-playing record.

Spencer's parents were in their mid-sixties, but their faces were stamped with the expression Annie was sure they had worn in their early teens. Mrs. Fifield was nervous, jittery, a chain smoker, and eager to please. Mr. Fifield was uncertain, mild, still hopeful of winning a word of praise from the spirit of his father-in-law, and eager to please. Annie wanted to tell them not to worry about Spencer. Someday it would all be better. Someday Spencer would like them better than he did now. Their anxiety and general uneasiness with her, and their efforts to show an interest in her that they didn't feel, and their simple overeagerness to please her, Spencer, anybody, made for an oppressive atmosphere. The moment she accepted Spencer's invitation, she began to feel a vaguely familiar downward, dreary pull at her insides. It was not the atmosphere to walk into at a festive time celebrating freedom, deliverance, and joy. But walk into it Annie did.

ANNIE tried dressing up for the occasion in a way she thought Spencer's parents might like. You were supposed to put on new clothes for Passover. She bought new shoes—high-heeled black suède pumps with fashionably pointed toes—to wear instead of the old black ballet slippers that were part of her favorite costume. (With them she wore—day in and day



“In such an advanced civilization, I imagine war is a thing of the past.”

out, when she was working and at other times as well—a dirndl skirt and a black jersey turtleneck blouse.) In a surge of high spirits because it was spring, she bought a décolleté, brightly flowered silk print dress. Décolleté was a big issue with Spencer. Dr. Blauberman had informed him that girls who wore low-cut dresses were girls who were unafraid of being women. Seeing herself in the new dress and in the new shoes made her feel pretty good, just the same, when she looked in her full-length mirror. She gave her oversized tortoise-shell glasses—which were, as usual, blurred with an accumulation of fingerprints—a special, thorough wiping before putting them on. Too bad her brother couldn’t see her now, looking so solidly middle-class, and observing the holiday tradition of new clothes. He would approve so energetically of her going to a home dinner—and a Passover dinner, at that. Her brother put in a good deal of time worrying about her unsettled place in the social scheme. At the age of twenty-eight, she was still unmarried, and was wasting her precious hours, he would point out in regular, pleading lectures—delivered, he explained, because he was her only close relative, and if he didn’t worry, who would?—going around with crazy beatnik jazz musicians. Her brother had his *own* long-playing record. Well, going to the Fifields’ was better than going to a Passover dinner at the home of one of her unclose relatives, all of whom assumed that she smoked marijuana.

“DELMAN’S?” Spencer asked, indicating the shoes, and without waiting for the answer (I. Miller’s) he commented favorably on the dress.

Annie felt herself sinking, and she began to brace herself to face the next hours.

Spencer’s parents lived in a small four-room apartment in a prewar-rental apartment house on the upper East Side. Heading for it in Spencer’s white convertible, Annie noticed that he drove more unevenly than usual, speeding to make lights, then absent-mindedly slowing down. It was a warm, humid evening. A light drizzle was in the air. And Spencer was trying, as he did every once in a while, to persuade her to return to her job at the hospital.

“Coffeehouses!” he said. “What’s in it for you?”

“The Freeplace?” she said. “I love it. It’s the opposite of the hospital. It’s not depressing. I get a *lot* out of it.”

“What?”

“It makes me feel good. It’s wonderful just standing around and listening to jazz records. I love serving *espressos*.”

“Being a *waitress*?” He went through a red light and turned up Park Avenue.

“I love giving people things to eat and drink. I love it. I get a kick out of learning to hold three cups and saucers in one hand. I even love getting tips.” It was the furthest she’d ever gone in trying to tell Spencer anything.

“You’re way out, kid,” he said, with a sniff, in a knowing, beat-talk manner. The car skidded as he sped around to pass a taxi. “I hate all taxi-drivers,” he said. “All taxi-drivers try to push you around if you let them get away with it.” He gave a deep sigh. Keeping one hand on the wheel, he put the other one at the back of Annie’s neck. She stiffened. “I’m glad you’re coming tonight. Frankly, my mother is very mad at me. She called me up at midnight last week. I was dog-tired. She kept me on the phone for half an hour complaining about her heart. I told her she has her own doctor, why call *me*? I had to hang up on her. I haven’t talked to her all week.”

“What about her heart?”

“What do you mean?”

“Does she have heart trouble?”

“Oh, she had mild coronary symptoms a couple of years ago. Frankly, I think she’s strong as a horse. Dr. Blauberman says her complaints are her way of holding on to me. She just won’t let go.” Spencer sniffed again.

“Maybe she just wants sympathy. All you have to do is *talk*.”

“No,” Spencer said. “She keeps making demands. She could learn from you. You don’t make demands.”

“You’re wrong, man! I’m terribly demanding. Really.”

“It’s a very common thing in mothers with masculine drives,” he said, showing no sign of having heard Annie.

“Well, why shouldn’t they look for some satisfaction in their sons? Or in their daughters? After all. Who decided it was such a crime, anyway?”

Spencer was still totally absorbed in

his own theories. "I hung right up on her," he said.

"Gosh, Spencer. You're her only child. Her only son. The doctor. The magician. The anchor. She depends on you. You can fix anything." Sinking, sinking, sinking. Annie tried to keep her tone light.

"That reminds me of a Jewish-doctor joke," Spencer said.

At last. She had connected.

"This old Jewish mother is running frantically along the beach at the ocean. She's got her arms stretched out to the water, and she's yelling, 'Help! Help! My son the doctor is drowning!' "

Annie laughed. Her feeling of oppression deepened.

MR. AND MRS. FIFIELD together met them at the door, barely one second after they had rung the bell. Both kissed Annie with the overenthusiasm of parents trying much too hard to be more than friendly. Annie was touched by the kisses and, even more, by the false enthusiasm. Everybody commented on how well everybody else looked.

"I'm tired," Spencer said. "That damn Mrs. Stone woke me up at three in the morning to ask if it was all right to take an extra sleeping pill."

"Couldn't she sleep?" Mrs. Fifield asked. The Fifields had trouble connecting with each other, as well as with other people.

Mrs. Fifield didn't seem a bit angry about her son's hanging up on her. She and her husband were all dressed up, and smelled of tangy after-shave lotion and freshly applied perfume. Mr. Fifield, in a crisply pressed dark suit and blue-and-white polka-dot bow tie, looked like Spencer's older brother—the same even features, the same shade of brown hair in the same crew-cut style, but with a more receding hairline. He had a mild, apologetic face that faintly suggested the evasiveness and inertness of Spencer's. Mrs. Fifield was short and thin, with dyed blond hair in puffs over her ears—the "cootie-garage" style of the nineteen-twenties. Her face was deeply lined and pale, and her expression conveyed that she was one hundred per cent grateful for Spencer's presence. Her voice was pleasantly hoarse, and she gave a hoarse little giggle, as a kind of end flourish to almost every sentence. She talked fast and too much, and was too ready to say everything the What's Polite book called for. She had on a white lace blouse and narrow purple silk skirt that Spencer had brought her recently as a gift from the Virgin Islands.

They went into the living room, immaculate and homey, with forty-year-old furniture decoratively tacked and topped here and there with white lace doilies. The room was dominated by a large color-television set with a monster-size screen and a panel of twenty-fourth-century dials—also a present from Spencer, who had obtained the set at a considerable discount from his wealthiest patient, Hiram (High Fidelity) Stone, the electronics king. There was an old baby-grand piano in the room, the top crowded with Fifield photographs—the wedding of Mr. and Mrs., forty years ago; the glamour-profile, dreamy-eyed photo of Mrs., forty-one years ago, wearing her hair in the same "cootie-garage" style; Spencer on the occasion of his graduation from college—the mortar board adjusted mathematically to perfect position and resting well up on the top of his head. There were small cut-glass dishes placed here and there—one with peanuts, one with chocolate candies, one with white square mints—and a bowl of walnuts with a complex teakwood nutcracker, a present from Spencer from the days of the war.

"Sit down, sit down, sit down," Mr. Fifield said cordially.

They sat.

"We won't have a drink, because

"He's sort of the elder statesman of the teen-age gang on the block."

we've got wine with the dinner—unless you really want a drink," Mrs. Fifield said.

"I need a drink," Spencer said.

"You want a drink?" his father asked him.

"Let's have a drink," Spencer said.

"Would you like a drink, Annie?" Mrs. Fifield asked.

"I'd just as soon wait for the wine."

"You're like me," Spencer's mother said. "I don't drink. All I take is a tiny sip of wine. Even that makes me dizzy."

"Oh, I like a drink before dinner sometimes," Annie said.

"What is there to drink?" Spencer asked. He cracked a walnut and threw the nut meats into his mouth.

"We've got Manischewitz wine," Spencer's father said. "Very sweet."

"Do you really want a drink?" Spencer's mother asked.

"Manischewitz," Annie said. "What fun. I haven't tasted that dear old sweet, sticky Manischewitz in five years, I'll bet."

"Frankly, I prefer Mogen David to Manischewitz," Spencer said. "You got any Scotch? Annie, Scotch-and-soda?"

"Sure," Annie said, and then added hastily, "that is, if you're having one anyway."

"You're like me," Mrs. Fifield said. "I can't drink, either." Well, what could you do if she just didn't catch what was being said to her?

"We don't have any Scotch," Mr. Fifield said. "I think we've got vodka. Or maybe it's gin."

"Herb never drinks, either," Mrs. Fifield said.

"If you don't have any Scotch, I don't want anything," Spencer said. He scooped up some peanuts and tossed them into his mouth.

"I could run out for some Scotch," his mother said. "Or Daddy could."

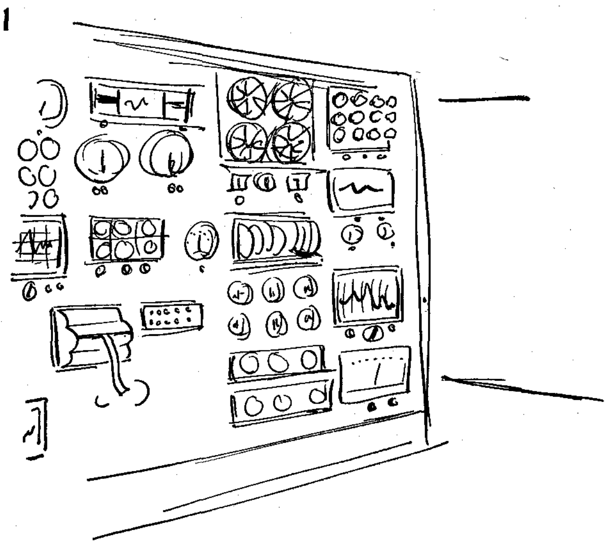
"Naw," Spencer said. "Maybe I'll just have a quick jigger of vodka."

"We don't have time for a drink, anyway. I don't want the soup to get cold," Mrs. Fifield said. After a pause, she lit a cigarette and inhaled deeply. "Spencer tries to get me to stop smoking, but last time I tried I lasted exactly thirty-two hours." She gave a little hoarse giggle, inhaled nervously, and let out a stream of smoke that blurred the piano and its entire set of photographs for several seconds.

"Thirty-two and a half," Mr. Fifield said.

Mrs. Fifield gave another hoarse giggle of self-reproach.

"You smoke too damn much," Spencer said. Abandoning the fancy nutcracker, he cracked two walnuts, one against the other, and said, "I think I'll wait till I can get some decent Scotch."



"Herb, are you sure we don't have a bottle of Scotch?" Mrs. Fifield said, turning to her husband. "From last Christmas? The present from—who was it?"

"They sent the vodka," Mr. Fifield said.

"I'd just as soon have some vodka," Annie said. "If you're having some, Spencer."

"I don't want the soup to get cold," Mrs. Fifield said. "We'd better go in and start. You came a little late. If you want a drink, you can have it at the table, if you really need it that much. Is it raining outside?"

"Frankly, I didn't notice," Spencer said.

They all got up and made for the kitchen.

"It's just starting to drizzle," Annie said.

"I hope it keeps up," Mr. Fifield said. "Ask me why."

"We'll skip the drink," Spencer said. "I'm starved."

"Why?" Annie asked Mr. Fifield.

"So it won't come *down*." He chuckled.

"Herb and his jokes," Mrs. Fifield said. "He always kept Papa in stitches. Remember, Spencer? The way he always kept Grandpa in stitches?"

"Next time, get Mogen David wine," Spencer said.

THE table was set in a small dining nook next to a window in the kitchen. The kitchen was gleaming and spotless. Standing by the stove was a disgruntled middle-aged woman who was wearing a white short-sleeved smock and heavy black oxfords with square, low heels.

"Mrs. Browning offered to stay and give me a hand with the serving," Mrs. Fifield said, throwing a short giggle in the woman's direction. "I get so tired these days, myself. I don't think my heart is what it used to be, Spencer."

"If you really think there's something wrong with your heart, go to see Joey Chankin. He's your doctor," Spencer said.

"The table looks lovely," Annie said, feeling like Pollyanna.

"Very nice," Spencer said.

"I'd never have been able to do it without Mrs. Browning."

Mrs. Browning didn't flick an eye. "Don't let the soup get to you lukewarm," she said.

The table looked better than lovely. A white embroidered cloth—present from Spencer from Puerto Rico. Heavy old-fashioned silver, solid, shining gloriously. Silver salt and pepper shakers—gift from Spencer from Mexico. Silver candelabra, two candles at each end of the table. Centerpiece featuring fresh sweet peas, freesias, and daisies. China decorated with golden threads in a pattern of roses. The candles were burning, and their light flickered against the silver. It was sweet. It was beautiful. Annie's mouth felt dry. She felt a flush of heat rush to her face. Her glasses were steaming. She wanted to cry. Mrs. Fifield must have been planning that table for days. Annie looked at the three Fifield faces, each sunk into a mold of self-concern. If only she could feel something for Spencer. If only she could accept the challenge of his numbness, his coldness, his deadness, his plea. In other words, if only she were someone else. It would be nice to make the Fifields happy.

"Sit down, sit down, sit down," Mr. Fifield was saying.

Annie sat down across from Mrs. Fifield, who had her back to the kitchen, and with Spencer on her left, Mr. Fifield on her right. She looked at the window. A freshly laundered and starched white organdie café curtain blew gently out from the window. On the sill were half a dozen potted plants of various kinds. Spencer had once told Annie that his mother washed the leaves of her house plants morning and night. The plants were so clean they looked shellacked.

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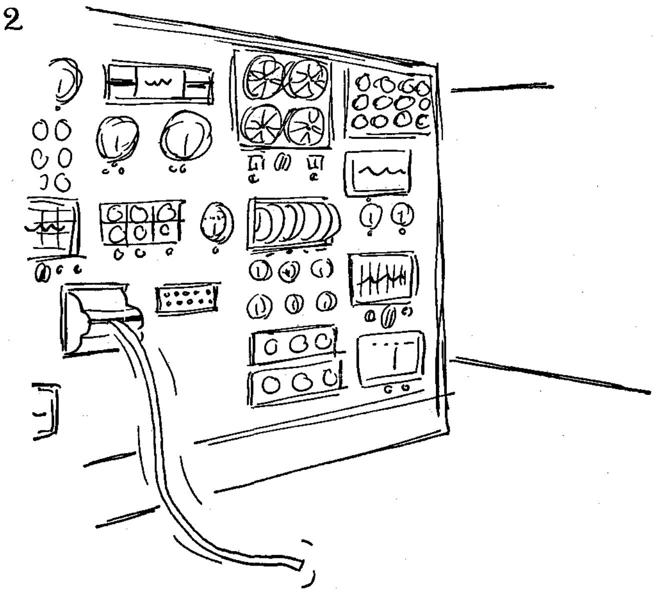

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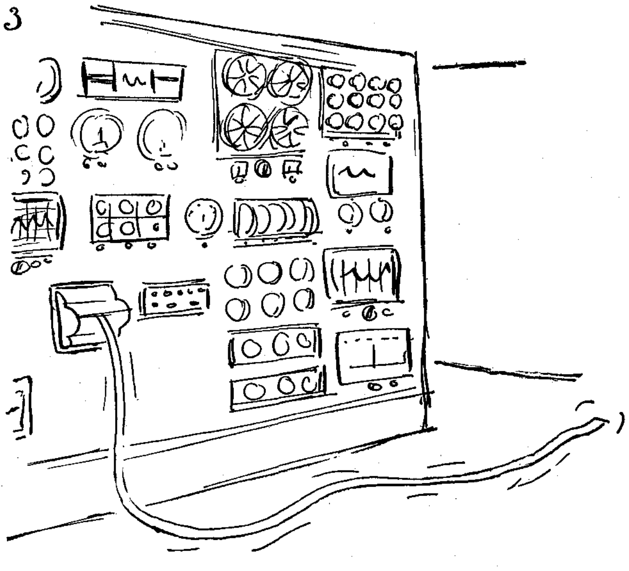

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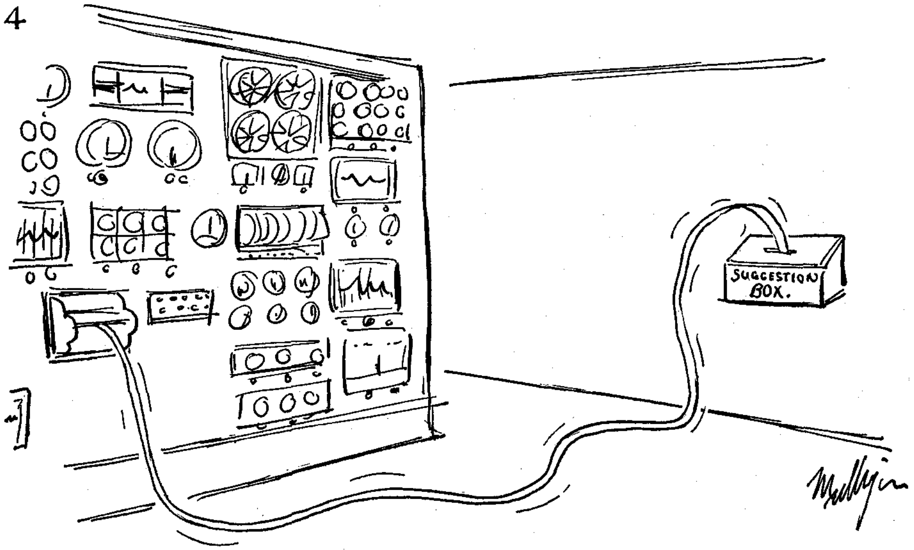

SUGGESTION BOX.

"I love a kitchen with a window," Annie said. "It's unusual in New York."

"They don't build them this way any more," Mr. Fifield said.

"It's worth holding on to, the rent you pay here," Spencer said. "It leaves you free to have it and still do anything else you like in the country."

"We always figured Spencer might take it over someday, because we have the summer house in Jersey," Mrs. Fifield said, giving Annie a significant look.

"I don't want it," Spencer said. "Someday I'm going to have a town house. I've always wanted one of those old town houses on the East Side somewhere. Like Grandpa's."

"I prefer an apartment in the city," Annie said. "I like a house in the country or at the beach."

The others gave no sign of interest in her preferences as to dwellings.

"Here, Herb." Mrs. Fifield handed her husband a round white silk skullcap and another one like it to Spencer. "We're not very Orthodox, but Grandpa always liked to have us observe the holidays," Mrs. Fifield said, with another giggle, to Annie.

Spencer was looking at a tape sewn into the inside of the skullcap, and read aloud, " 'Souvenir of the Marriage of Miss Linda Beth Wasserman to Dr. Stanley Stephen Klippenberg, July 4, 1957, The Plaza, New York City.' " He put the skullcap on the back of his head.

"We all attended Linda Wasserman's wedding," Mrs. Fifield said. "It was a lovely affair."

"It cost a fortune," Mr. Fifield said.

"Frankly, I like S. S. Klippenberg, but I'd rather have the money," Spencer said.

"S. S. goes to a lady psychoanalyst," Annie said. "S. S. told me that's how he learned what makes what he calls 'a real woman.' "

"S. S. has opened up a lot since he went into treatment," Spencer said.

"Linda was a lovely person," Mrs. Fifield said. "She went to Vassar. A Vassar girl. She just had a baby. A boy."

"Old man Wasserman set up a trust fund of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the baby," Mr. Fifield said.

O Linda Wasserman! Why couldn't I have been you? If only another Linda Wasserman would come their way!

"I hate Vassar girls," Spencer was saying. "They all have a mustache."

"Mrs. Fifield," Mrs. Browning said from the stove. "You want the soup?"

"Not yet." Mrs. Fifield stood up, a little paper booklet containing the Passover service in her hand. "We'll read fast," she said, handing similar booklets to the others at the table. "These are put out by the wine company. I don't know what ever happened to those wonderful little books Grandpa used to have—the ones with the red covers. . . . I'm supposed to light the candles and then read over them, but the candles are already lit." She cleared her throat and looked self-consciously at her son and then at her husband. She read the title, " 'The Kindling of the Festival Lights.' " Then she continued, reading fast, " 'This is the festival of Passover, a time of happiness and rejoicing, of celebration and of cheer. Its flame of freedom has never been quenched; its brightness has never been dimmed. As a symbol of God's eternal light, our beacon and our goal, we kindle these festival candles and say—' They have this part in Hebrew, and then they have the way to say the Hebrew words in English letters, lucky for me." Mrs. Fifield giggled and continued, " '*Boruch atto adonoy elohenu melech*—' "

"Isn't that supposed to be read by a man?" Spencer interrupted.

"Grandpa always said a girl is supposed to recite the blessing over the candles," his mother said.

"Annie should read, frankly," Spencer said. "She's the girl."

Annie's hand shook so much she had trouble holding the booklet steady. She felt the new silk print dress clinging damply to her back. "Oh, no," she said to Spencer's suggestion. "I couldn't pronounce the words." Even if she had wanted to read, she couldn't have kept her voice steady. The sound of those ancient ceremonial words—just barely familiar—in that Fifield setting was overwhelming. The way Mrs. Fifield looked as she read! So eager to please the heavens! The face of Albert Schweitzer had probably never shone with more innocence.

"The soup?" Mrs. Browning called out firmly.

"That's enough," Mr. Fifield said, suddenly taking charge. "I'll speed things up." Mrs. Fifield sat down, and Mr. Fifield filled their glasses with the Manischewitz wine. Holding up his glass, he directed them to hold up theirs. Holding the booklet in his other hand, he quickly read from it, " '*Boruch atto adonoy elohenu melech ho'olom bore p'ri haggofen.* Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, Ruler of the world, Creator of the fruit of the vine. (All drink the first cup of wine.)' O.K. Everybody drink."

They drank.

"O.K.?" Mrs. Browning called out.

"At least, let's have the Four Questions," Mrs. Fifield said, looking disappointed. "They're asked by the youngest at the table."

"I'm starved," Spencer said. "Let's ask them later."

"Grandpa always enjoyed your asking the Four Questions," Mrs. Fifield said.

"Annie's the youngest, but I'll make it faster," Spencer said, and, rushing the words, he read, " 'Why is this night different from all other nights? On all other nights we eat either leavened or unleavened bread; on this night, why only unleavened? On all other nights, we eat all kinds of herbs; on this night, why only bitter herbs? On all other nights, we do not dip the herbs even once; why on this night do we dip them twice? On all other nights, we eat either sitting or leaning; on this night why do we eat in a leaning position only?' Now I'll read for all the children who are supposed to give the answers," Spencer went on. " 'This night is different from all other nights because by this Seder service we recall our deliverance from Egypt, the house of bondage. We eat only unleavened bread tonight because when our ancestors left Egypt they were in so great a hurry that there was not time to prepare the ordinary bread out of a dough that has to leaven. So they made a thin bread instead, out of unleavened dough that would bake quickly. We eat only bitter herbs tonight to remind ourselves of the bitter time our people had in Egypt before God delivered us.' I'm skipping here to save time." Spencer turned some pages and read on, " 'Tonight we eat in a leaning position because tonight each Jew is like a king and his house is his palace; because tonight our slavery is ended and we celebrate this Festival of Passover as free men, thanking God for everything that He has done for us.' " Spencer stopped reading and lit a cigarette.

"O.K. *now?*" Mrs. Browning asked.

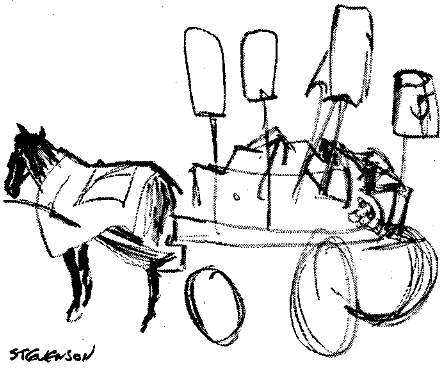
"Now is fine, Mrs. Browning," Mrs. Fifield said stiffly, turning her head in recognition of the stove.

O Lord our God, Ruler of the world, Creator of the fruit of the vine, save me, save me. . . . Annie felt herself slipping toward the Fifields. Something was grabbing at the general area of her heart. And she kept feeling more and more depressed.

"This is a hell of a Seder," Spencer said. He sipped at his second glass of wine. "Wine-company prayer books. Souvenir skullcaps. And frankly, a few other details I won't mention. Grandpa must be turning over in his grave."

"That's no way to talk," his mother said, looking hurt. "It's just the idea of observing the holiday, that's all." She turned to Annie. "Was your family religious?"

"My mother was, rather," Annie



BALLADE FOR THE DUKE OF ORLÉANS

(WHO OFFERED A PRIZE AT BLOIS, CIRCA 1457, FOR THE BEST BALLADE EMPLOYING THE LINE "*Je Meurs de Soif Auprès de la Fontaine.*")

Flailed from the heart of water in a bow,
He took the falling fly; my line went taut;
Foam was in uproar where he drove below;
In spangling air I fought him and was fought.
Then, wearied to the shallows, he was caught,
Gasped in the net, lay still and stony-eyed.
It was no fading iris I had sought.
I die of thirst, here at the fountainside.

Down in the harbor's flow and counter-flow
I left my ships with hopes and heroes fraught.
Ten times more golden than the sun could show,
Calypso gave the darkness I besought.
Oh, but her fleecy touch was dearly bought:
All spent, I wakened by my only bride,
Beside whom every vision is but naught,
And die of thirst, here at the fountainside.

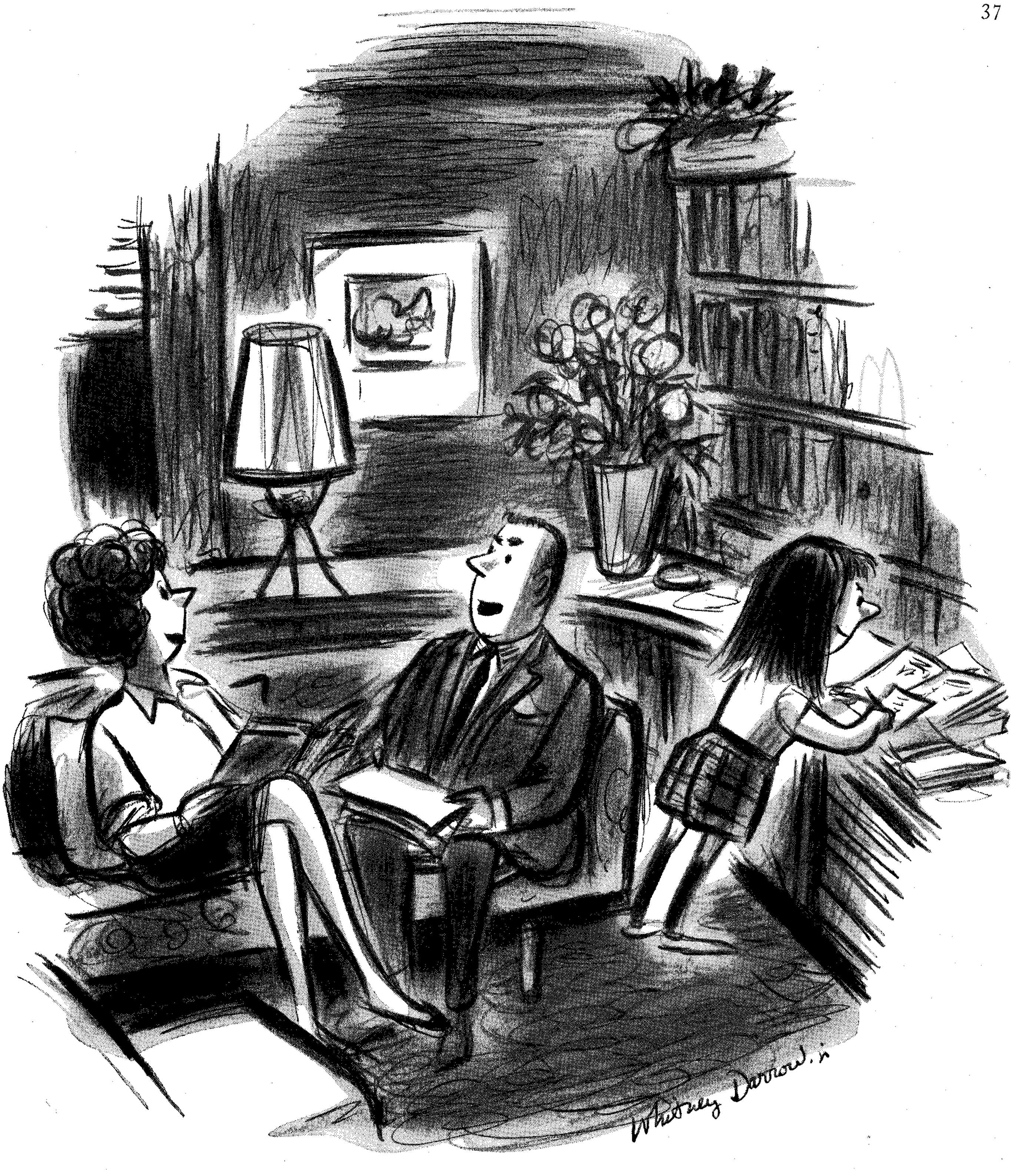
Where does that Plenty dwell, I'd like to know,
Which fathered poor Desire, as Plato taught?
Out on the real and endless waters go
Conquistador and stubborn Argonaut.
Where Buddha bathed, the golden bowl he brought
Gilded the stream, but stalled its living tide.
The sunlight withers as the verse is wrought.
I die of thirst, here at the fountainside.

ENVOI

Duke, keep your coin. All men are born distraught,
And will not for the world be satisfied.
Whether we live in fact or but in thought,
We die of thirst, here at the fountainside.

—RICHARD WILBUR

• •



"Isn't she awfully young to be worrying about soil erosion?"

said. "My father considered himself an agnostic. He—"

Mrs. Fifield interrupted. "Papa and Mama were both very religious. They tried to pass it on to Spencer."

Well, Mrs. Fifield had looked out momentarily, anyway. The family capacity for hearing was limited, and that's all there was to it. Mrs. Fifield's face was still turned toward Annie, however, as though that in itself signified polite interest.

Annie tried hard to think of something, anything in her own history that would tie her to the Fifields. Some nice, juicy atavistic reminiscence. The Passover supper at some shadowy aunt's house, perhaps, where she had sipped red wine and become drunk at the age of seven or eight—or was it nine or ten? That wouldn't do. Her mother working in the kitchen, honey cake baking in the oven, sending out the sweet aroma of home? The spiciness, tantalizing, of fish cooking on the stove? That wouldn't do, either. It had never felt like this. It had more in common with her jazz-playing friends than it had with the Fifields.

The soup was delicious, aromatic—hot chicken soup, with dumplings as light as air. Not like those golf balls you got in restaurants. Fatless chicken soup, the drink of Jewish goddesses. Then the chicken. Perfect. As good as her mother's. Flaky, tender, light, and smelling of the soup, not of chickens. It was classic Jewish cooking of the highest order, all right. Spencer was very subdued during the meal, concentrating on his food and saying little. The wine was friendly and sweet to the tongue. Passover wine—the sweetest wine, most ridiculous wine of all wines. Spencer and his father refilled their glasses with it several times. Annie's eyes grew heavy after her second glass. Mrs. Fifield, true to her word, controlled her drinking to abstinence after the first sip. Mrs. Browning, deadpan and disdainful, filled the plates and replenished them. It grew warm in the kitchen. The breeze that had been coming in through the window had died down, and the white organdie curtain now hung still. Spencer suggested that he and his father take off their jackets. Mrs. Fifield said it was all right with her, if Annie didn't mind, and gave a furtive glance in the direction of Mrs. Browning. The men took off their jackets and sat down again in their shirtsleeves. They looked touching—both slightly round-shouldered, human, their shirts smelling of laundry starch. Mrs. Fifield lit a cigarette. Mr. Fifield got up to get her an ashtray and swayed with the wine.

"Herb always gets drunk on Passover wine," Mrs. Fifield said. "Remember the way Grandpa used to kid him?"

"I saw a house in the East Sixties the other day that looked just like Grandpa's house," Spencer said.

"I'm all right, Sonny," Mr. Fifield said to Spencer, and gave a weak smile. He handed his wife the ashtray. "Fella came into my office yesterday and told me a new Jewish joke," he said, taking his seat again. "This rabbi's wife dies, and the day of the funeral the rabbi keeps crying and beating his breast and wailing and refusing to be consoled or comforted. When all the relatives come back from the cemetery to the rabbi's house, they look all over for him. All over the house. He's gone. The relatives run all over the neighborhood hysterically, searching for him. Finally, they come back to the rabbi's house and go up to the attic, and there, on an old bed, hidden under quilts, they find the rabbi, with the maid. 'Rabbi! What's the matter with you? Rabbi!' they cry to him. And the rabbi gives a shrug and asks, 'In my grief, do I know what I'm *do*ing?' "

There was a round of self-conscious laughter.

"That's an old one," Spencer said. "I heard that one way back at Riverdale. I heard a funny one the other day. About three Jewish mothers. They meet on Fifth Avenue, and they're boasting to each other about their sons. One mother says that her son is a very successful lawyer who does everything for her—bought her a mink coat, gave her a new co-op apartment, sent her to Palm Beach for the whole winter, and comes to see her every Saturday night. The second mother says, 'That's nothing. *My* son owns a chain of shoe stores and a lot of real estate, and he gave me a limousine with a chauffeur to drive me all around, wherever I want to go, and he takes me to lunch at the Four Seasons twice a week.' The third mother says, 'That's nothing. Listen. Have *I* got a son? Five times a week, you know what he does? He goes to a doctor, lies down on a couch, and he talks only about *me*.' "

This one got a fair laugh, and Spencer seemed to feel better. "I wish I didn't have to go back to the hospital tonight," he said as Mrs. Browning placed cut-glass dishes of cooked prunes and apricots before them.

"Tonight?" Mrs. Fifield looked from Spencer to Annie. "Can't you take tonight off and stay here?"

"Impossible. I've got to see a patient. Very sick. Got to make some tests." He lit a cigarette, inhaled deeply, and let out a thick stream of smoke.

"Can't you do it tomorrow?"

"Tonight," Spencer said. "I don't know how long it'll take."

"I'll come with you," Annie said quickly.

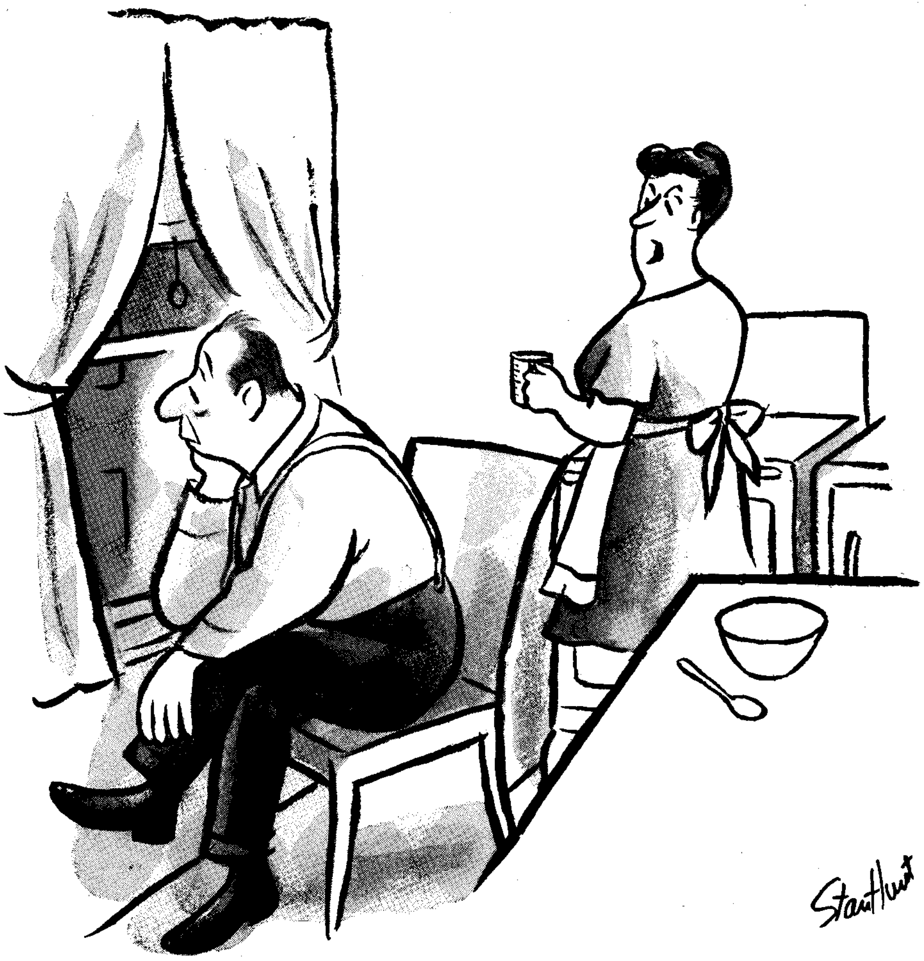
There was a brief, smoky silence at the table. Mrs. Browning poured the coffee, and then served up slices of frothy-looking spongecake.

"We promised to call up Cousin Bonnie," Mrs. Fifield said finally, putting out her cigarette.

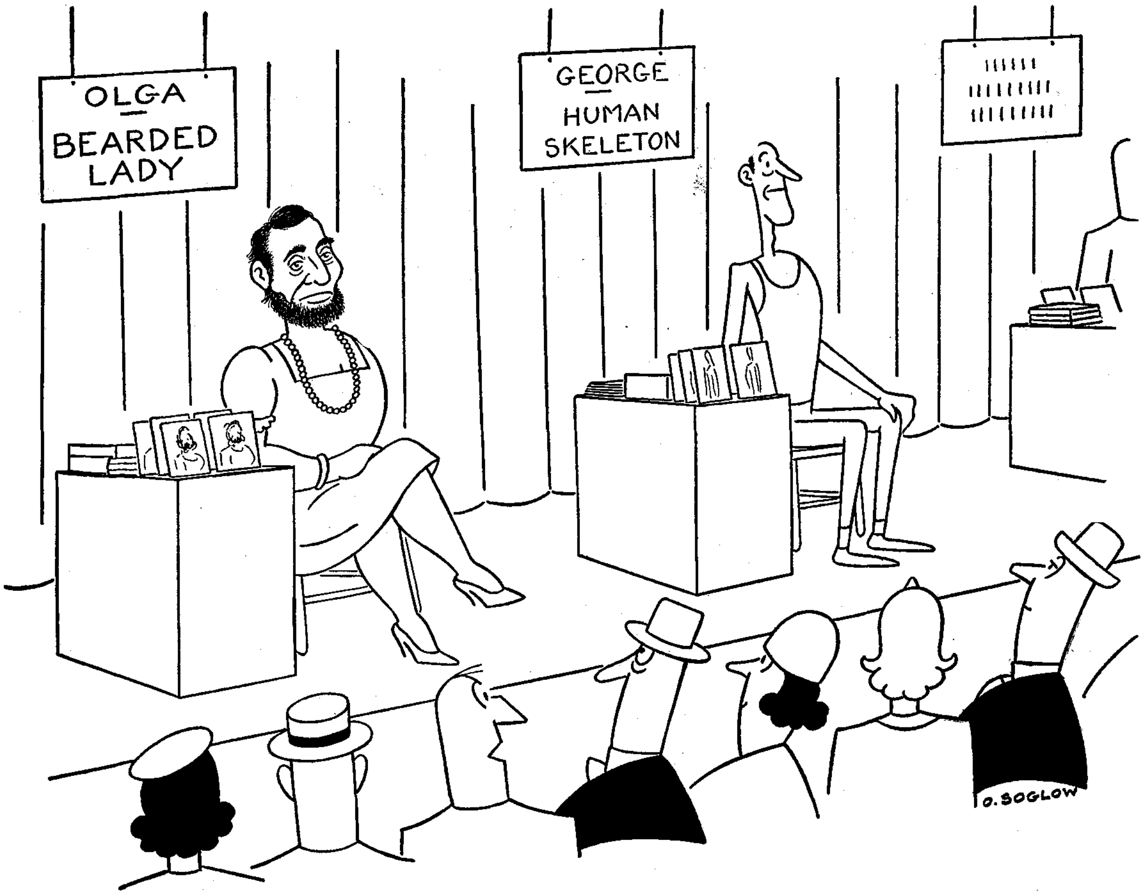
"My cousin in Bridgeport," Spencer said to Annie. "She just got into Bennington. Well," he said, reconsidering his decision to leave, "I'll hang around for a while, and we'll call her."

"We're supposed to congratulate her," Mrs. Fifield said, with her giggle. "Can you believe it, little Bonnie now a Bennington girl? She's Spencer's first cousin," she said to Annie. "My sister's girl. A beautiful child. She was the most beautiful child you've ever seen. Last month, she won the 'Miss Brass Hardware of Bridgeport' beauty contest. I'm so relieved, Spencer. Uncle Harry thought Bennington would hold it against her."

Spencer drank a fresh glass of wine. "My mother is nuts about Cousin Bonnie."



"Good heavens, you're not the only person who didn't win the Irish Sweepstakes!"



"There's something reminiscent about that woman."

Mr. Fifield started from a semi-doze. "Bonnie's a beautiful girl," he said, and yawned. He took another glass of wine.

"I feel toward Bonnie as I would toward my own daughter," Mrs. Fifield said. "I take pride and joy in everything she does."

"When Cousin Bonnie is on the scene, we all take a back seat," Mr. Fifield said.

"Especially me," Spencer said, and sniffed. He continued to pay tribute, excitedly, to Bonnie. "She's the smartest and toughest kid I've ever known," he said. "She gets anything out of anybody. Anything she wants. And she knows exactly what she wants."

"'Miss Brass Hardware of Bridgeport.' Pretty good, eh, Sonny?" Mr. Fifield asked.

Spencer sniffed.

"The way she handled Bennington—their admissions officer!" Mrs. Fifield said. "Her mother told me she had them eating out of her hand."

"The way she handles her boy friends!" Mr. Fifield put in.

"All her boy friends are either Princeton or Yale, and some Amherst Jeffs, I'm glad to say," Spencer said. "The way she handles those Jeffs!" He shook his head in wonder and admiration. He looked miserable.

Cousin Bonnie was giving Annie a swift pain. "Why does she have to *han*dle everybody?" she asked. "Does everybody need handling?"

None of the Fifields heard her question.

"She's coming to New York next week," Mrs. Fifield said. "I'm taking her shopping."

Spencer stood up from the table.

"Spencer has always been a little jealous of Bonnie," Mr. Fifield said.

"I love to take her shopping with me," Mrs. Fifield said. "She's so beautiful, everybody turns to look at us. . . . Where are you going, Spencer?"

"To the hospital."

"But you said you'd wait till we called up Bonnie."

"Can't wait," Spencer said. "I've got a coronary to look in on. A sixty-one-year-old woman. Never had a bit of trouble. Suddenly she calls me in the middle of the night. Upset stomach. Chest pains. Bam! A massive coronary," he said, putting on his jacket. "She probably won't last the week." He looked at Annie. "Coming? You can wait in the waiting room. I can come out every now and then to see you."

Mrs. Fifield's face was gray. She sat with her hands at her sides. She was abstracted. "Why not stay?" she asked, without energy, of Annie.

Annie looked at Mr. Fifield. He smiled at her blearily. "Stay with us," he said.

Annie felt trapped. Her new shoes with the too-pointed toes were pinching her feet. It was hot and stuffy here. She couldn't draw a deep breath. She told the Fifields she'd love to stay and help call up Cousin Bonnie.

Spencer headed for the door. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Fifield looked up to see him go.

"Got a cigarette, Herb?" Mrs. Fifield asked her husband in a low voice.

Mr. Fifield took a fresh package of cigarettes, and, fumbling to undo the red band of cellophane tape, called out, "Take care, Sonny," into space.

O Linda Beth Wasserman, why couldn't you have been me?

—LILLIAN ROSS

• •

A LOST WORLD

"Dear love, why should you weep
For time's remorseless way?
Though today die in sleep
And be called yesterday,
We love, we stay."

"I weep for days that died
With former love that shone
On a world true and wide
Before this newer one,
Which yours shines on."

"Is this world not as true
As that one ever was,
Which now has fled from you
Like shadows from the grass
When the clouds pass?"

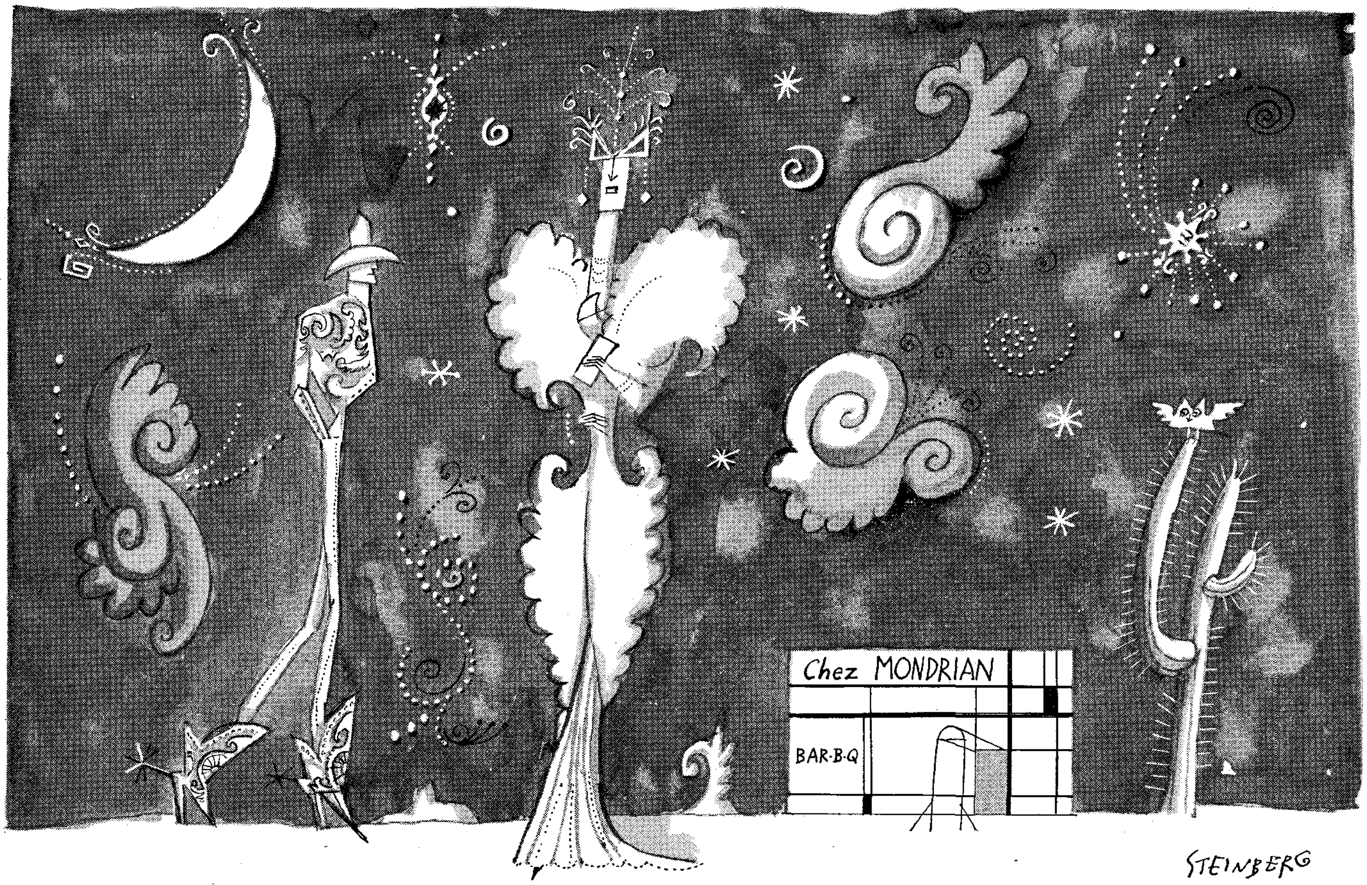
"Yet for that world I weep
Kindly, before we kiss;
Love has a faith to keep
With past felicities
That weep for this."

—ROBERT GRAVES

PROFILES

THE SUPER-AMERICAN STATE

III—GO-GO-GO

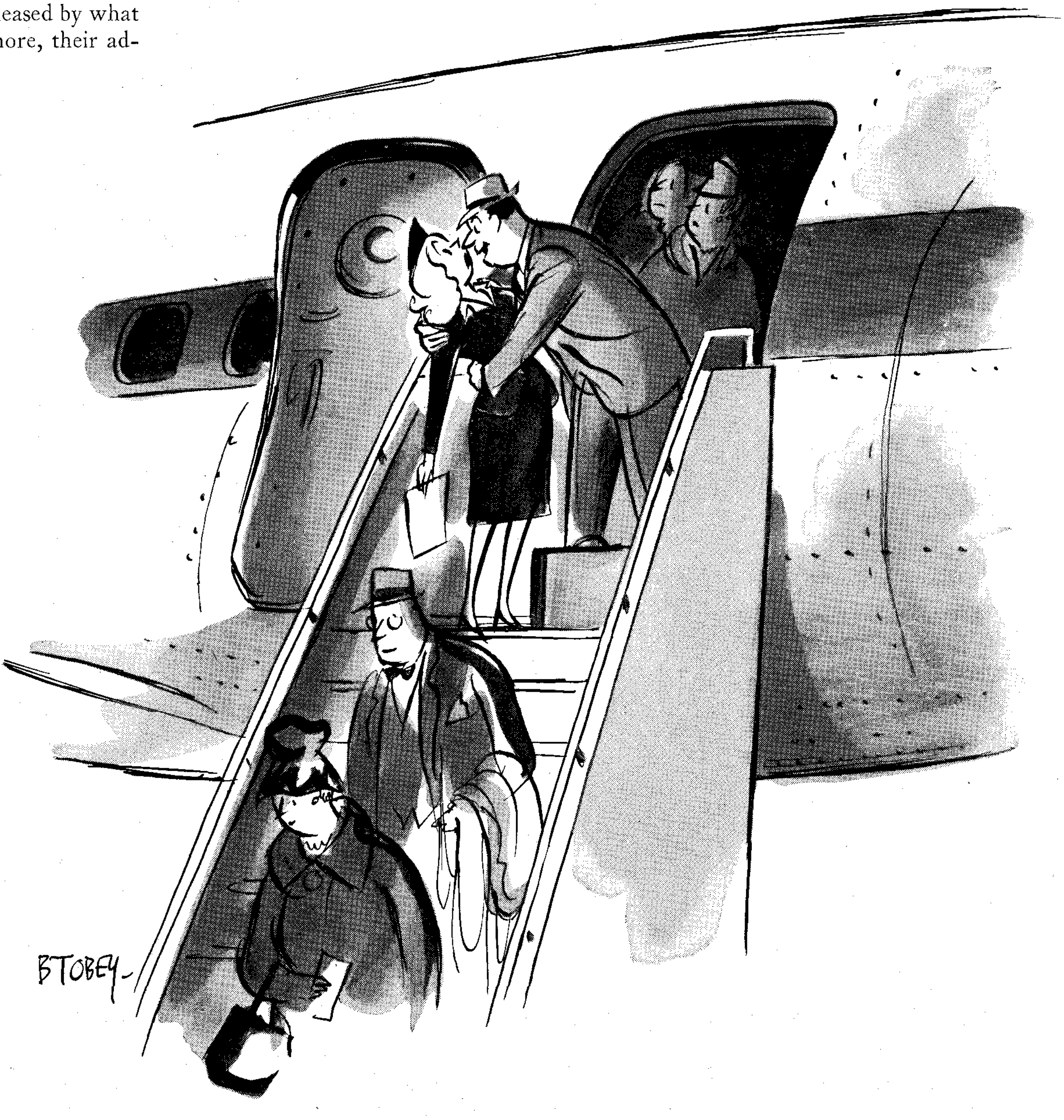


FEW documents since the Emancipation Proclamation have stirred as much commotion in Texas as Edna Ferber's novel "Giant," whose protagonists are a pair of Texas millionaires. Ever since the work was published, in 1952, Texans have been denouncing it like sin. The book, they think, slanders not only their millionaires but their state. For an outsider to find a fault in either is, according to the Texas code of conduct, bad form; to knock both is practically an extraditable offense. So it is that, even today, a sojourner in Texas can expect to hear philippics on the evils of ednaferberism. The most heinous, to judge by the frequency with which it is voiced, is that, by way of becoming acquainted with her subject, Miss Ferber spent less than a month in Texas. In the natives' view, her visit was so brief that it amounted to a breach of etiquette, like not removing one's hat in the Alamo, and they keep the memory of the alleged discourtesy green. "Frank Wardlaw, of the University of Texas Press, has just heard how Edna Ferber managed to get material for her novel 'Giant,' " George Fuermann wrote in his Houston *Post* column a while ago. "As Mr. W. heard it, Miss Ferber, while flying across the Southwest in an airliner, sent a note to the pilot: 'Please fly a little lower. I want to write a book about Texas.' " People in the state she wrote about still take pleasure in repeating to visitors, sometimes before they've had a chance to unpack their bags, the observation that William Kittrell, a Dallas philosopher and student of Texas millionaires, made upon discovering that the characters in "Giant" were flying about in private DC-6s months before those planes had been put into use. "If Miss Ferber had favored us with her company for a more extended period of time," Kittrell remarked, "she would have learned that while some of our more successful millionaires do indeed own DC-3s, it is not true that two DC-3s make one DC-6." Putting jokes aside, a member of the Houston Board of Education recently made an effort to ban an economics textbook from the city's public schools because it contained a reference to Edna Ferber. In such ways the anti-Ferber campaign goes on and on, having now reached the point where it might begin to seem somewhat absurd, if it were not being waged by Texans. They are impelled to overdo this, like everything else. For if Americans are sensitive ("They are more than this; they are oversensitive," wrote the Scotsman Alexander Mackay. "They are touchy in the highest degree," wrote the Hungarians Francis and Therese Pulszky. "No nation is equally sensitive and impatient of criticism," wrote the Pole Count Gurowski), it is in the nature of things that Super-Americans, which is what Texans are, should be supersensitive. It can therefore be expected that the communal irritation over "Giant" will be perpetuated, possibly unto the third and fourth generation.

Meanwhile, injured feelings have not kept Texans from doing far more than their share to make "Giant" one of the greatest best-sellers of all Miss Ferber's novels. Though Texans constitute only five per cent of the country's population, they have bought approximately twenty per cent of the copies of "Giant" sold in the United States.

They have also done yeoman service in making the movie version a smashing financial success. "Again, Texans flocked out for their beating in the guise of entertainment," Jim Mathis, of the Houston *Post*, noted in 1957. "They even laughed as the knife operated. Exhibitors made it all but impossible to see another show, booking the movie into all second-run theatres and drive-ins at the same time. Last week, exhibitors said, a million seven hundred and fifty thousand Texans had paid their way inside to see the movie." Mathis, who thought the picture "openly dishonest," though "not as incredibly malicious as the book," attributed his fellow-citizens' all-out support of both to "a facet of character peculiar to Texas: an almost masochistic interest in that which slashes deep."

Actually, the explanation is less complicated; it is simply that Texans delight in looking in the mirror, regardless of whether they are pleased by what they see there. Furthermore, their addiction to the looking glass is hardly peculiar to them. Mirror-gazing is second nature to all Americans, and has been for so long that we take it for granted, like happy endings. Foreigners have never ceased to be impressed, or amused, by how perfectly fascinated we are with ourselves. "One thing in him is noteworthy—he is always willing to discuss America," the English novelist W. L. George remarked. "He will state her, explain her, defend her, and the subject never wearies him." Nor does it seem to weary others, considering the multitude of non-Americans who have also been willing to discuss the subject. "No other people, it is safe to say, was ever so besieged by interpreters," Henry Steele Commager has pointed out. "None has had its portrait painted, its habits described, its character analyzed, its soul probed so incessantly. The practice started before Independence and has continued unabated to the present day." Since 1947, when that observation was made, efforts to feel the nation's head have sharply increased. Not only has the output of foreign commentaries, like that of foreign cars, been stepped up to satisfy the burgeoning American market but the native industry has boomed to the point where many economists believe that full employment has now been reached in the production of books by Americans about Americans. Among the recent works aimed at anatomizing the species are "The Affluent Society," "The Lonely Crowd," "The Organization Man," "The Man Who Feels Left Behind," "The Status Seekers," "The Exurbanites," "The Waist-High Culture," "As Others See Us," "America as a Civilization," "America the Vincible," and "Only in America," to name but a few. Finishing these, Americans can turn to the magazines and go right on reading about themselves. In this vast and expanding literature, there is something for everyone; for example, the ladies will find, in *Look*, the noted literary critic Diana Trilling discussing "The Case for the American Woman," while at the same time the gentlemen will discover, in *Esquire*, the distinguished historian Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., pondering "The Crisis of American Masculinity." As for American children, their dissection in print (not to mention in private conversation) has become a national mania, like dieting, and as interesting. Americans are infatuated not only with America Past and America Present but even with America Future. Recently, the *Times Magazine* published an article in which three eminent American historians told us what we will be like in 1970. "There will be less need for the 'rugged individualist' and more for the social-



"Thank you so much! It was a wonderful flight!"

"It's the pot that scares me stiff."

minded civil servant," said the first. "Intellectuals will still take an unrealistic view of non-intellectuals," said the second. "The intellectual level will be higher, but we will lack a super-culture," said the third. It all really matters to Americans. (Imagine the French caring about how their national character may change in the next decade—or, for that matter, the next century—or the Italians paying respectful attention to what tourists say about them.) "One of the few features of American civilization about which all observers are agreed is its intense self-consciousness," William A. Orton has observed. "There was probably never a great people so eager to hear itself talked about. The Greeks, according to the Apostle Paul, had a similar fondness for visiting lecturers, but they do not seem to have been equally avid for comments on the value of Greek civilization." The Americans heed everybody's comments, for the obvious reason that they are not sure they *are* a great people. Indeed, they do not yet know what they are. Compared, say, to the British, who have had a few centuries to get up in their part, the Americans were handed a script only yesterday.

Behind the Americans' big talk, of course, is a youthful uncertainty stemming from an anxious search for identity. As John Wain put it recently in the London *Observer*, "Self-discovery, if necessary by means of violence and sacrifice: that is the American preoccupation. Having discovered their land, they now face the discovery of themselves." The Super-Americans, similarly confronted, have reacted according to form by developing what Sawnie Aldredge, a Dallas bibliophile and the proprietor of the bookstore bearing his name, has termed "an insatiable lust to read about Texas and Texans." The potency of the urge is indicated by the imposing array of books aimed at slaking it on display in Texas bookstores. Cokesbury's, the largest in the state, devotes a separate room to indigenous belles-lettres, a genre that has never been in short supply. Since the days of the Republic, Texans have been apt and diligent recorders, if not interpreters, of themselves. As a result, they have already produced what amounts to a domestic five-foot (or, perhaps more precisely, five-hundred-foot) shelf, and it is substantially extended every year with works like "I'll Take Texas," "13 Days to Glory," "Reluctant Empire," "Home from the Hill," "Spindletop," "The Staked Plain," "Home to Texas," and "The Lusty Texans of Dallas," to name a recent few that Texans have bought by the thousand. Their passion finds another outlet in the devouring of old and esoteric books about Texas. The Aldredge Book Store, for example, does a brisk business in lively volumes like "The History and Geography of Texas As Told in County Names" ($20) and "The History of Dallas County, 1837 to 1887" ($50), as well as in hundreds of less expensive items with a somewhat limited appeal, such as "Orators and Oratory of Texas," "A History of the Texas Baptists," and "My Texas 'Tis of Thee." Indicative though these signs may be, the most telling evidence of the Texans' voracious appetite for reading about themselves is the fact that for more than a quarter of a century they have, in effect, subsidized their own publishing house. This is the Naylor Company, of San Antonio, which annually publishes some forty new titles, mainly by and about Texans. While the company has begun publishing Southwestern authors who are not Texans in the last few years, it is "still Texas-minded to the core," as an officer of the firm said recently, and there is not much in the Naylor list to contradict him; to wit, "When God Made Texas," "Early Days in Texas," "Texas in 1848," "Texas in the Confederacy," "Texas and the Fair Deal," "A Hundred Years of Comfort in Texas," "Those Texans," "Towering Texans," "Texans with Guns," "You Can Always Tell a Texan," "I Give You Texas," "My State: Texas," "Texas Laughs," "Texas Wildcatter," "Texas Wild Flowers," "Texas-broke," "Texas—Proud and Loud," "Texas Treasure Chest," "Texas Rhythm and Other Poems," "Poet Laureates of Texas," "The New Texas Reader," "The Texas Democrat," "The Texas Indians," "Night Fishing in Texas," "Deer Hunting in Texas," "Texas Lion Hunter," "Cavalier in Texas," "Turkeys in Texas," and enough others in this vein to satisfy everybody ex-

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BON VOYAGE: A DAZZLING NEW PERFUME IMPORTED FROM FRANCE.

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cept, apparently, Texans. Unsated, they spur their writers on to ever-higher peaks of production, not only with legal tender—Hugh Roy Cullen once bought to give to friends fifty thousand copies of a book that, even though it was not written by a Texan, had struck his fancy—but also with laurel. Excellence in the literary line is honored by Super-Americans with their version of the Pulitzer Prize; in other words, they offer three Pulitzer-type prizes. Each is worth a thousand dollars—fittingly, double the Pulitzer.

TAKEN as a whole, the native writings, though high in volume, are low in revelation of the nature of the people. This is inevitable. Like other Americans, Texans have small talent for self-portraiture, and it may be partly for this reason that they pay uncommon attention to pictures of them done by outsiders. These have not been uniformly fortunate, having tended either toward flattery or—much more often—toward superciliousness. With some reason, therefore, Texans believe that they are currently suffering the lot common a century ago to all Americans, whose feelings, Alexander Mackay wrote in 1849 upon returning to England, "have been wantonly and unnecessarily wounded by successive travelers who have undertaken to depict them, nationally and individually, and who, to pander to a prevailing taste in this country, have generally viewed them on the ludicrous side." One explanation for the fanciful air that distinguishes the bulk of the commentaries on Texas is the fact that successive travellers who have undertaken to depict Texans have, more often than not, been the kind described by Henry James as sentimental tourists. "The sentimental tourist," James said, "makes images in advance; they grow up in his mind by a logic of their own. He finds himself thinking of an unknown, unseen place as having such and such a shape and figure than such another. It assumes in his mind a certain complexion, a certain color, which infrequently turns out to be singularly at variance with reality." Thanks to the observations of sentimental tourists, anybody setting out for Texas knows beforehand, among many other things, what the people there will look like. He has been advised by Paul Gallico in the *Reader's Digest* that "the men *are* taller, tougher, handsomer, fightin'er than most. The girls *are* prettier, slimmer, more sparkling." He has been further benefited by the undigested remarks on the Texas male offered by

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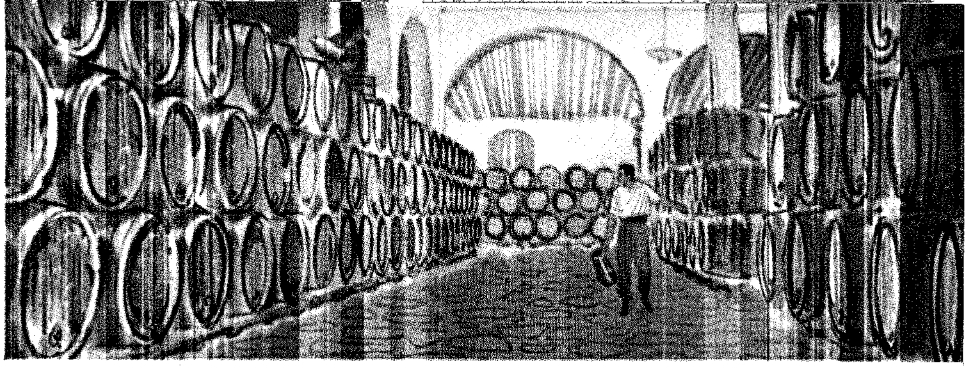
Time is endless in Spain's solera system, where sherry lies mellowing year after year. Every harvest, the new vintage is added to the topmost casks. At years-long intervals, a few liters at a time are drawn... never more than half or two-thirds of any cask... and poured into the senior wines below. Thus each vintage will commingle with countless predecessors. Some day, in the far future, the wines in the lowest casks will be adjudged mature enough for shipping to Bristol, to Harvey's for blending and bottling.



Spain sends you true Sherry

HARVEY'S
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The sea lanes lead from the Spanish town of Jerez to the English city of Bristol. Like her proud galleons of old, Spain sends to Bristol cask-laden ships bearing her choicest oloroso sherries.

In Bristol, John Harvey & Sons, Ltd. blend these aged, mellowed wines... by arts perfected here over centuries... into the most luxurious of true sherries, Harvey's Bristol Cream.

What years of patient, painstaking preparation are reflected in each precious, golden bottle! First the Jerez grapes, drying under the Andalusian sun. Then the sun-kissed bunches pressed and their juice poured into great casks lying in quiet rows in lofty-pillared *bodegas*.

Just one thing more remains to be done. Cream sherry must be given *sweetness*. This is done by adding wine made from highly sweet "Pedro Ximénez" grapes that have been sun-dried for a fortnight after picking.

That is all that man can do. Now time itself must work the magic... as the years pass over the shaded casks.

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
WINE MERCHANTS, JOHN HARVEY & SONS, LTD
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HARVEY'S
BRISTOL CREAM
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SHERRY
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BRISTOL DRY
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BRISTOL CREAM®. Vintner's skill and blender's art produce a sweet, golden, after-dinner wine.
HARVEY'S COCKTAIL SHERRY. An amber Amontillado, a *light* cocktail, chilled or "on the rocks".
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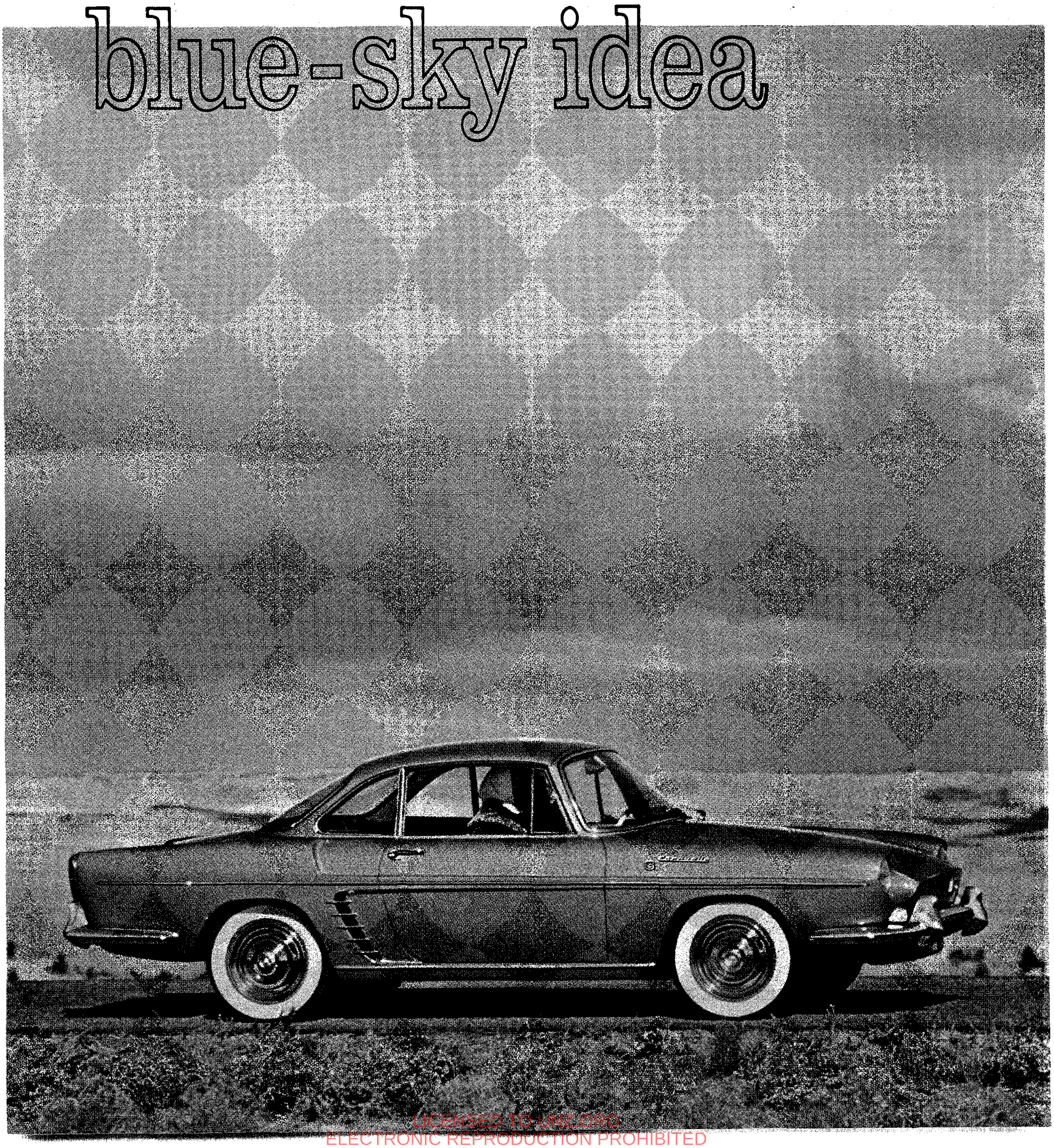
SOLE IMPORTERS FOR THE U. S. A.

Blue-sky idea number 1: design a sporty-looking car that has comfort, room, luxury and a low price tag ($2295*). Here it is. Look at those sleek, uncluttered lines. Wait till you see the straight-from-Paris interiors & colors. / Idea number 2: You can buy this car the way you see it here, a permanent hard top coupe; or you can buy the convertible model with a detachable hard top for just a little more. Gives you two sporty-looking cars in one. / Idea number 3, which has probably occurred to you already: call on your nearest Renault dealer for a trial drive. Bet you like it enough to make the idea a reality for you. *Suggested retail price for the coupe, POE, East Coast. Renault, Inc., 750 Third Ave., N.Y. 17, N.Y.

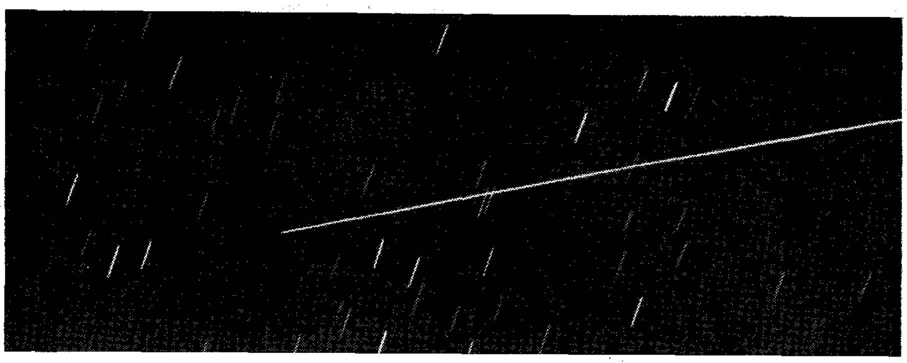
RENAULT
caravelle



Cecil Beaton in his book "I Take Great Pleasure," written after a recent lecture tour. "Many of the men, lithe and lanky, with their long slender waists, looked like thoroughbred horses," Beaton noted. "Their hips so narrow, their legs so innocuously elegant and lean in cowboy disguise, would make a paunchy Northern businessman green with envy." The female in Texas, the traveller has been assured, will appear no less remarkable than the male. "Texas women," Robert Ruark declared in *Coronet*, "grow taller and stand straighter and their lips are redder and their eyes are brighter than any other women's in the world. Their hair piles higher and their legs sprout slimmer and their sweaters stick out farther." Ruark was teasing when he wrote that (Texans by the score nevertheless congratulated him on his perspicacity), but Bettina Ballard was not when she wrote in *Town & Country* of "the pretty, blond, long-legged women for which Texas is so famous." Thus briefed, the traveller attends his first big party given by a Texas millionaire and, to his delight, has no trouble at all finding what he is unconsciously looking for. There they are—any number, it seems, of pretty, blond, long-legged women and tall, lean, handsome men. "It's true what they say," the visitor is apt to murmur to himself. Such is the effect of his conditioning and of the shock of recognition that it may be some little while before he begins to notice among the guests a considerable—perhaps even equal—number of short-legged brunettes and squat businessmen as paunchy as any up North. His vision cleared, the unsentimental tourist is at length forced to conclude that for every Texas millionaire as tall, dark, and handsome as Angus Wynne, Jr., there are quite a number as short, round, and balding as Stanley Marcus, and, further, that in spite of an abundance of lovely women, not all Texas millionaires walk with beauties.

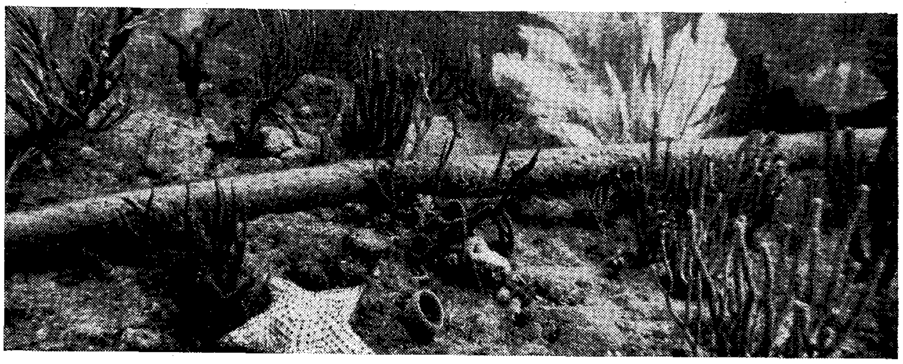
While the sentimental tourists are demonstrably wrong about the way Texans are constructed, there is no use disputing the proposition that Super-Americans collectively present a more colorful aspect than people of other states. This is because of the way some of them dress. A foreigner set down in, say, Buffalo or St. Louis or Portland or San Diego would have a hard time telling, from the appearance of people on the street, one region from another. Not so in Texas. A stranger set down in any Texas city—even Dallas, sometimes called "the best Northern city in the South"—would see

from the reaches of space



Unretouched time exposure shows Echo I communications satellite (long line) crossing heavens right to left. Shorter lines are stars "in motion."

to the depths of the sea



Actual undersea photo of telephone cable off coast of Florida.

*we use **all** of the arts of communication to serve you better*

Our job is providing communications of all kinds, wherever needed—whether in the northern snows to flash word of possible enemy missile attack, or in the nation's business, or in your home.

If we can't fill your needs off the shelf, then we'll start fresh and create the answer to your problem. We've done that hundreds of times.

We began transatlantic radio telephone service in 1927.

We developed the world's first undersea telephone cables to speed large numbers of calls between continents.

We recently handled the world's first telephone conversation *via satellite*. And we have started development of world-wide communications employing satellites.

When industry and government needed a way of gathering huge amounts of coded information from distant points, we were ready with our vast telephone network and Data-Phone, which transmits at extremely high speeds.

And so it goes—Long Distance service, Direct Distance Dialing, the Transistor, the Solar Battery—a succession of firsts in science and communication which goes back to the invention of the telephone itself.

Universal communications—the finest, most dependable anywhere—are what we deliver. Inside, for home or office or plant. Outside, on land, or under the sea, or through the air, or into space.

We invite inquiries.

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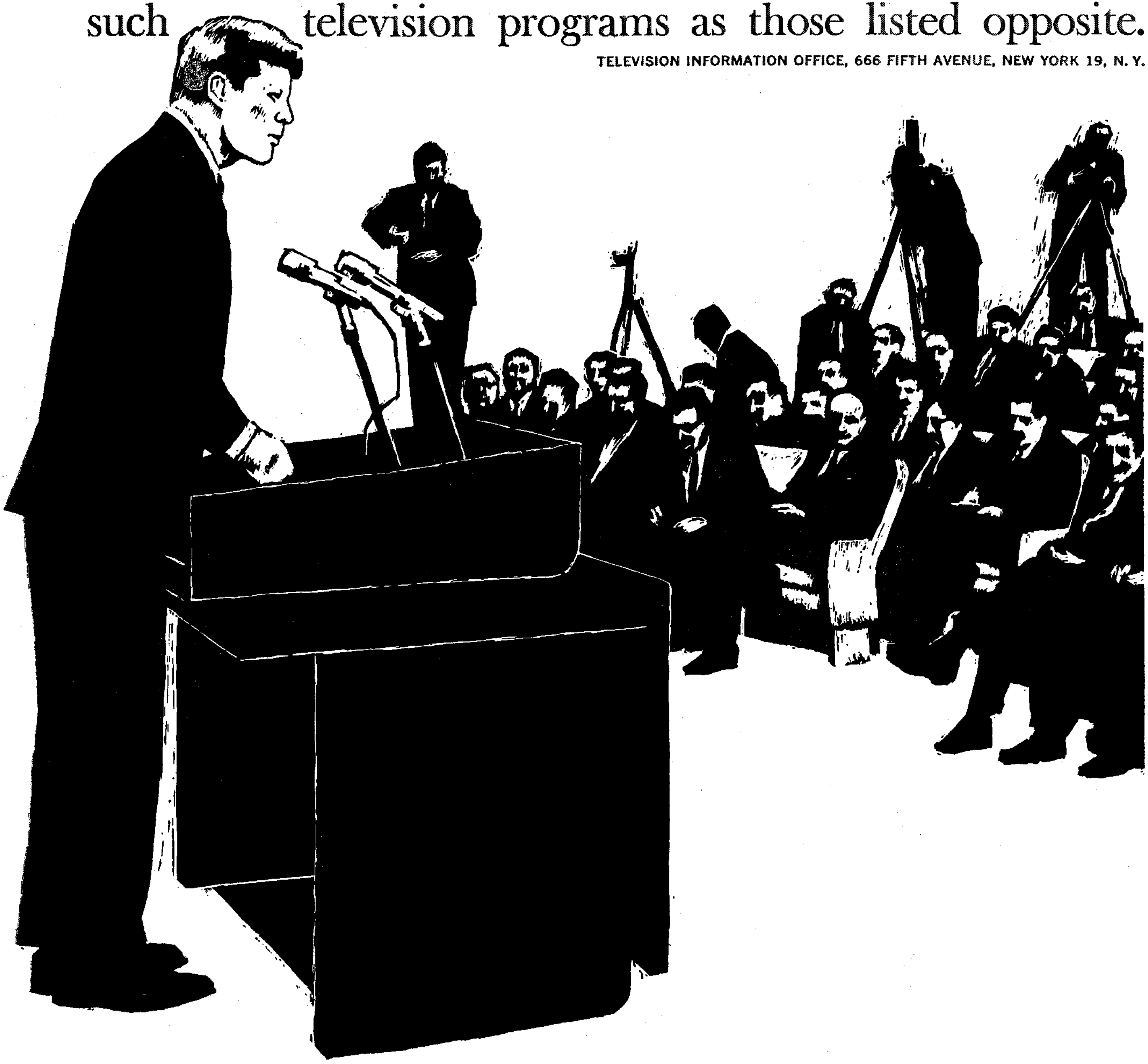

In April . . .
Some Television Programs of Special Interest
(*Times indicated are current N. Y. Time*)

"Not in Vain"
Lincoln's wartime decisions leading to Gettysburg. Raymond Massey stars.
Saturday, April 1 (9:30-10 PM)

"ABC News Specials"
Eichmann pre-trial reports.
Sunday, April 2, 9 (3:30-4 PM)

"The Red Balloon"
Story of a boy and his balloon in Paris.
Sunday, April 2 (9-9:30 PM)

"Invisible World of the Deep"
Russian films of oceanic life.
Tuesday, April 4 (7-7:30 PM)

"Young People's Concert"
Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic in this season's finale.
Sunday, April 9 (3-4 PM)

"Battle for Survival"
Animal, insect, and plant life seen through time-lapse photography.
Sunday, April 9 (6:30-7:30 PM)

"Engineer of Death: The Eichmann Story"
Dramatization of the life and capture of Adolf Eichmann.
Wednesday, April 12 (10-11 PM)

"Change of Life"
Recent medical advances aid women's adjustment to the "middle years."
Thursday, April 13 (4-5 PM)

"Omnibus"
An appraisal of the Monroe Doctrine's effects on South America today.
Sunday, April 16 (5-6 PM)

"NBC White Paper"
A probing examination of hospitals and medicine today. Chet Huntley narrates.
Sunday, April 16 (10-11 PM)

"D-Day"
World War II: Invasion of Normandy.
Sunday, April 16 (10:30-11 PM)

"Gentleman's Decision"
General Lee's surrender at Appomattox.
Saturday, April 22 (9:30-10 PM)

"Jane Eyre"
Charlotte Brontë's novel dramatized.
Thursday, April 27 (9-10 PM)

"Alert! Defense in the Missile Age"
Latest U.S. developments in guarding against a missile attack.
Sunday, April 30 (6:30-7 PM)

Regularly Scheduled
Sundays: Meet the Professor
Washington Conversation
Accent
Issues and Answers
Roundup USA
Ask Washington
Meet the Press
The Twentieth Century
Winston Churchill: The Valiant Years
Tuesdays: Expedition!
Thursdays: CBS Reports/Face the Nation
Fridays: Eyewitness to History
Saturdays: The Nation's Future
Mon.-Fri.: Continental Classroom

NOTE: *Times, programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Consult local listings for times and programming details.*

Television Information Office
666 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y.

enough men wearing broad-brimmed light-colored hats, sharp-pointed high-heeled boots, wide belts, tight-fitting pants, and other distinctive accoutrements to let him know he had arrived in Texas. The number of people in the cities who are turned out in the traditional Texas garb is small, and growing smaller, but it is this minority that gives a painterly quality to the scene and provides what is usually thought of as the Texas style. As for the majority of Texas millionaires, their dress varies, in part according to where they live. The city dwellers, as a rule, are indistinguishable from other well-tailored American men of means. There is nothing, for example, about the appearance of William or Andrew Fuller or Tom Slick or John Blaffer or H. H. Dewar or Jay Simmons or Jake Hamon (who was once listed among the country's ten best-dressed men) or scores of others that would mark them as Texas millionaires when seen in the lobby of the Pierre, the Mark Hopkins, the George V, the Excelsior, the Nile Hilton, or anywhere else they are likely to turn up. Since the end of the Second World War, graduates of Eastern universities have flocked to Texas, bringing their alien costume, which has found increasing favor with the natives. Aiding this trend away from regional attire, Neiman-Marcus a few years ago established a men's-clothing section called the Ivy Shop, where, according to the advertisements, "authentic Ivy wares" are sold by "authentic Ivy men." Texans in authentic Ivy wares become increasingly scarce as one travels west from Dallas, and are quite a rarity even in Fort Worth. An oil millionaire in Odessa or San Angelo, for instance, customarily dresses for work in slacks and a sports shirt, while a cattle millionaire puts on a pair of worn trousers, a faded shirt, a Western hat, and dusty boots. For church or a social occasion, the cattleman dresses up in a ranch suit, which is generally made of gray or tan whipcord or gabardine and consists of narrow trousers and a coat with a pleated back. This outfit is almost always made to order, as are his boots. So plain, however, are the everyday clothes of West Texas millionaires that they serve as a kind of protective coloration. Strangers have been known to offer tips to West Texas millionaires for performing small courtesies, such as helping push a car out of a ditch, and West Texas millionaires have been known to accept them.

Though it is far from easy, in the normal course of events, to run across

Peck and Peck

with wrapped attention to summer
...the carefree ease of our dashing little rayon day dress. Washes in a wink—opens flat for ironing. Sailor blue, kelly green or city black.
8 to 18, 29⁹⁵

New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia • Detroit
Baltimore • Cleveland • St. Louis • Atlanta • St. Paul
Minneapolis • Indianapolis • Buffalo • Kansas City
Cincinnati • Washington, D. C. • Hartford • Providence

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BERRY BROS & RUDD LONDON
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CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
100% Scotch Whiskies from Scotland's best Distilleries
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SCOTLAND'S BEST DISTILLERIES PRODUCE

CUTTY SARK

THIS QUALITY SCOTCH WHISKY

IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86 PROOF

Countess Mara...obviously

"MARA STRIPES," Light-warp Silk Tie, predominantly black with tan, cardinal, Bahama blue or mint, 8.50. *"DOG HOUSE"* Traditional Tie in black or brown, 15.00. *CROCODILE BELT* in black or brown with gold or silver-finished buckle, 36.50. All carry the distinguished CM coronet.

COUNTESS MARA 110 EAST 57TH ST., AT PARK AVENUE
designs for one man in a million

a Texas millionaire got up the way a sentimental tourist expects, it can, with luck, still be done. A recent sojourner in Texas had been in residence half a year before encountering such a specimen, and then only by chance while he was lunching with an investment broker in the Blackamoor Room (so named, the guest was told, because of two ebony statues at the entrance, not because the waiters are colored) of the Fort Worth Club. "There's our only surviving indigenous boot-and-jewelry man—my friend Sam Lard," the broker said, nodding in the direction of a gray-haired man seated at a nearby table. "Came down here from Kansas without a dime, made a fortune in the creamery business, sold out to Borden's in 1929—Sam had one of the biggest creamery businesses in the country by then—went into ranching, found oil, and Sam had it made, but good. A few years back, he sold one of his ranches in New Mexico—the Ladder Ranch, a famous name—for an even million. Been taking it sort of easy since then. His son Bobby—a boy who won a lot of decorations in the war—lives out in California, and Sam spends a good deal of time out there now himself."

On his way out of the Blackamoor Room, Lard stopped to shake hands with the broker.

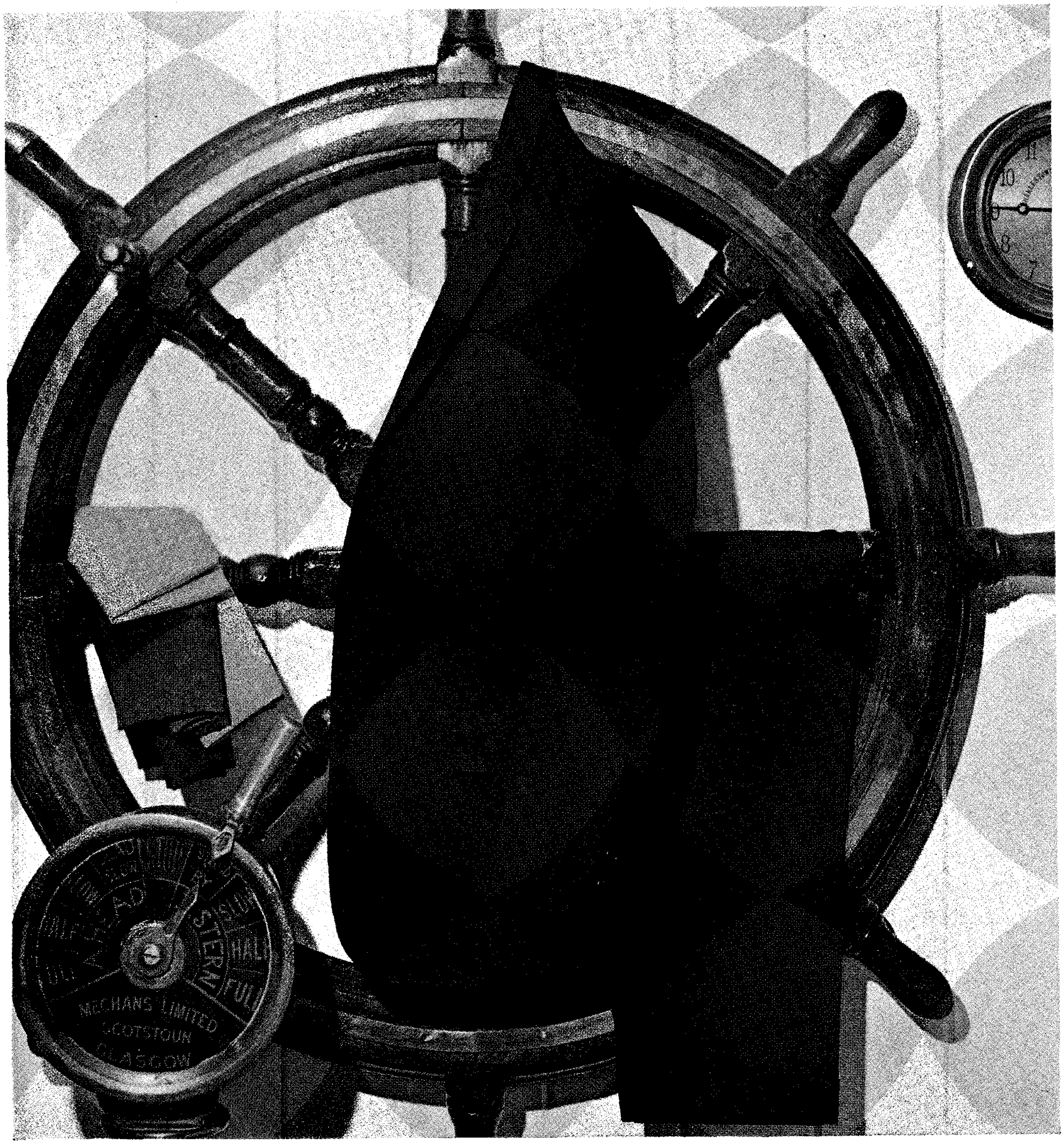
"How you doin', Sam?" the broker said.

"Not a goddam thing," Lard said, chewing on an unlighted cigar. "Hardest goddam job in the world, doin' nothin'."

Tall, slim, and ramrod straight, his silvery hair parted in the middle and plastered down at the sides, Lard was wearing a light-tan gabardine ranch suit, boots made of pink-and-blue leather stitched with gold thread, and acres of diamonds. His tiepin was adorned with a diamond at each end, and his tie clip with two diamonds and a ruby. He was also wearing a diamond ring of noble proportions, as well as a Masonic emblem encrusted with diamonds on his left lapel, and, on his right lapel, a rather massive cluster of sparklers.

"That something new, Sam?" the broker asked.

"Yes, sir, just got it last week," Lard said, putting his thumb under the lapel to display the new acquisition. "That's what I call my crest. Designed it myself. See, it's a shield. Got my initials on it. All diamonds. It sorta matches the belt." Lard opened his coat to reveal a glistening belt buckle, about three inches long and two inches wide. "All diamonds," he said. "Sixty-four big and lit-

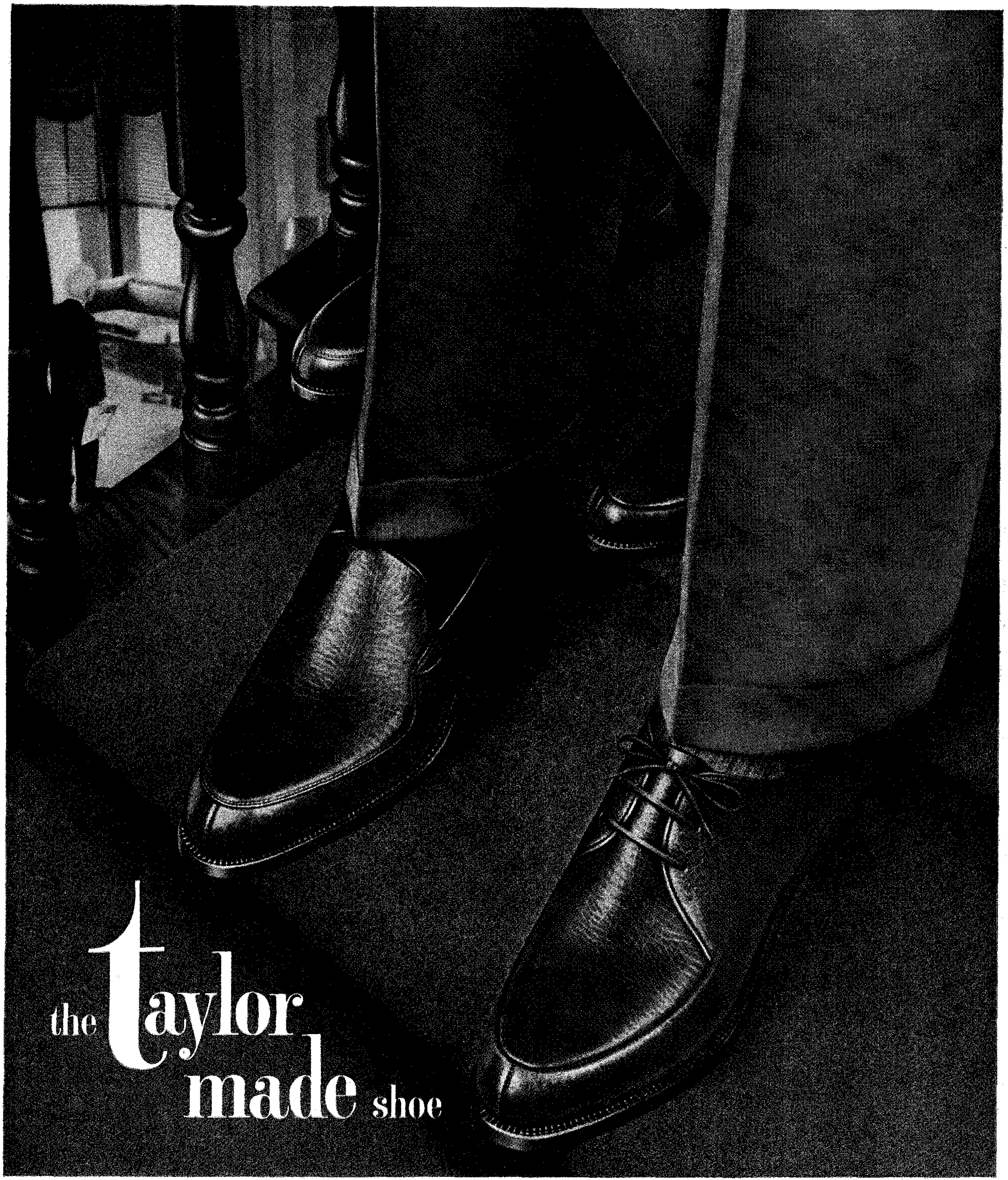


FOR "OFFICE CRUISING"

This crisp Gordon-Ford dark navy suit is handsome light weight equipment for warm days in town. The fabric, called Cambri Cloth® is also comfortable and proper for Spring wearing. 50% Dacron polyester fiber and 50% cotton, Cambri Cloth is impervious to lint and wrinkles. It drip dries. Note the quiet elegance of the color selection. Note too, our new Shepherd Checks. Like all Gordon-Ford clothes, the cut is unobtrusive. It focuses attention on the wearer rather than the maker. About $42.50. Sold at fine stores right in your own backyard. For example: Lord & Taylor (Alumni Shop); Marshall Field & Company (Young Chicagoan); Atkinson's, Los Angeles; L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis; Dayton's, Minneapolis; Robert Kirk Ltd., San Francisco.

Prices slightly higher in west.

GORDON-FORD
Empire State Building, New York, N. Y.



Gordon-Ford's Kenya Trousers

Join the select company of men who know the look, the feel and the luxury of lustrous Llama calf . . . the clear distinction of its natural shrunken grain, the smart simplicity of its styling. Contoured for comfort on a custom last in rich brown, black-olive or jet black, at much less than you'd expect to pay. *Left: Style #1106. Right: Style #2676.*

Most Taylor-Made Llama styles $19.95

At these and other fine stores:
Ashland, Ohio, Helbert & Shenberger Shoes
Bakersfield, Calif., Seilers Men's Store
Bay City, Mich., Penrod's Shoe Store
Bergenfield, N. J., Fasano's Shoes
Boise, Idaho, Riley's Store for Men
Boston, Mass., Rogers Peet Co.
Bound Brook, N. J., Archie's Men's Shop
Buffalo, N. Y., Johnsons Amherst Bootery
Caldwell, Idaho, Garber Shoe Store, Inc.
Charleroi, Pa., Haas Shoes
Chicago, Ill., Carson Pirie Scott
Cincinnati, Ohio, H. & S. Pogue Co.
Clarksburg, W. Va., Parson-Souders
Clinton, Iowa, Brown's Shoe Fit Co.
Denver, Colo., The May D & F
Detroit, Mich., R. H. Fyfe & Co.
Erie, Pa., Taylors Shoe Store
Geneva, N. Y., Di Duro's Shoe Store
Grand Rapids, Mich., Anderson Shoe Co.
Haverhill, Mass., Elrich Shoe Company
Hickory, N. C., West-Deal Co.
Kansas City, Mo., Woolf Bros.
Los Angeles, Calif., J. W. Robinson & Co.
Midland, Mich., Heisman's
Milwaukee, Wisc., T. A. Chapman Co.
Ogden, Utah, Buehler & Bingham
Oxford, Mich., Coulter & Conley
Philadelphia, Pa., Jerry Finn
Pontiac, Mich., Osmun's Town & Country
Provo, Utah, Hoovers Clothing Company
Reno, Nev., Sunderlands
Richmond, Va., Marshall & Gregory
Rochester, N. Y., Peters Shoe Store
Saginaw, Mich., Heavenrich & Co.
St. Louis, Mo., Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney
Salt Lake City, Utah, Oxford Shop
Sanford, N. C., The Bootery
Savannah, Ga., Alan Barry's
Scottsdale, Ariz., The Wigwam
Seneca Falls, N. Y., Seneca Boot Shop
Spokane, Wash., Jack Winston Men's Shoes
State College, Pa., Jack Harper, Inc.
Syracuse, N. Y., Park-Brannock
Terre Haute, Ind., Hornung & Hahn, Inc.
Topeka, Kan., Lyle's Shoes
Twin Falls, Idaho, Van Engelen, Inc.
Westfield, N. J., Andrews Shoe Store
Williamsport, Pa., The Hub Young Men's Shop
Yonkers, N. Y., Barnetts Shoes

E. E. TAYLOR CORP., Dept. T2, Freeport, Maine • also Manufacturers of British Walker Shoes for Men

tle ones. Designed that, too. Had it custom-made in California."

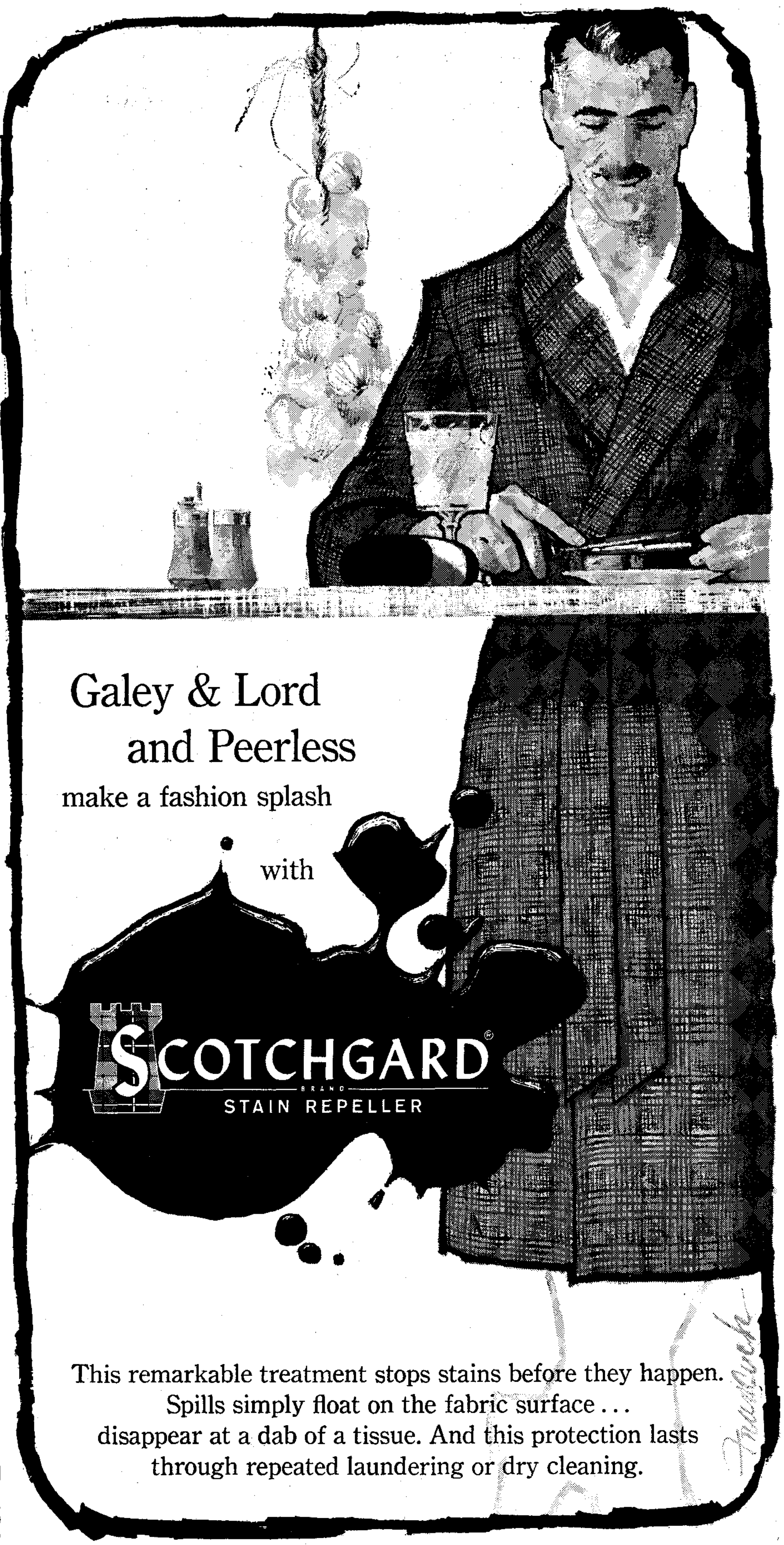
"Right smart-looking boots you got on there, Sam," the broker said.

"God-damned if they ain't," Lard said, hitching up a trouser leg. "Designed 'em myself. Had 'em made in San Antone. Little lady that was with me when I went in to order these boots, why, she thought I was plumb crazy because I said I wanted a pair of pink-and-blue boots. Said they'd be too loud. What the hell. They ain't too loud. All that gold thread and all that pink-and-blue inlaid leather—hell, they're *quiet.* Cost two hundred and fifty a pair, and worth every penny of it. Got eight or ten more pairs like it. Gonna have a pair made for Bobby."

"How's he doin' in California?" the broker asked.

"Bobby, he's ranchin' in a Cadillac," Lard replied. "He's levellin' that land, pushin' it around till it'll be flat as a pancake, and he's goin' to charge the whole goddam thing off. I'm goin' to get me some land out there and do the same thing. Got a deal for three hundred and twenty acres. I'm goin' to level it all and charge the whole goddam thing off. Then I'm goin' to take a hundred acres and soil-bank it, and I'm goin' to take a hundred dollars an acre for raisin' nothin'. If ya can't lick 'em, goddam it, join 'em. That's what I say. Well, be seein' ya." Lard exited, glittering.

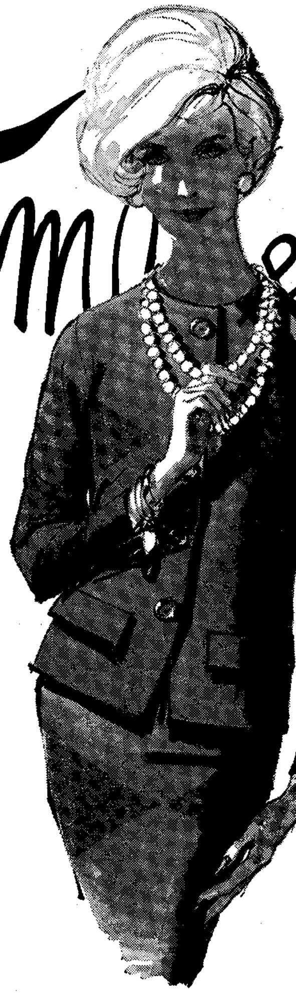
THE wives of Texas millionaires, taken together, are not only very well dressed but noticeably very well dressed. Their clothes are expensive, and they show it. Even their casual outfits look costly, as indeed they generally are. The rich costuming of the wives is the rule whether they live in Dallas or Nacogdoches, San Antonio or Muleshoe. It is probably safe to say, for example, that Mrs. Dudley Dougherty, of Beeville (pop. 15,000), has a wardrobe as fashionable as that of any millionaire's wife in Houston (pop. 925,000). This is due in part to Mrs. Dougherty's habit of flying to Paris every once in a while for a clothes-shopping visit of three or four days. Because of their penchant for elegant clothes, the millionaires' wives, according to some observers, appear to their best advantage at formal parties, where the guests can dress about as elaborately as they wish without any risk of seeming to be overdressed. "There's no middle to anything," a French visitor once said of the fashions she saw in Texas. No matter what the time of day, the millionaires' wives usually look as if they were headed for a



This remarkable treatment stops stains before they happen. Spills simply float on the fabric surface . . . disappear at a dab of a tissue. And this protection lasts through repeated laundering or dry cleaning.

Peerless Robes adds new distinction to the roomy, shawl collar robe of Dacron* polyester/cotton blend from Galey & Lord with protection against stains by "SCOTCHGARD" Repeller. In authentic district checks of olive and brown, black and white, brown and tan. About $19 at all Franklin Simon stores and other fine establishments. *Reg. T.M. ©1961 3M Co., St. Paul 6, Minn. 3M COMPANY

B Altman & Co



The gentle crepe

from our collection of separates! Very recherché in black or shocking pink. Arnel® triacetate and rayon, 8 to 16. Skirt, 15.95, jacket, 17.95 Altman separates third floor . . . Fifth Avenue, Manhasset, White Plains, Short Hills, MU9-7000

toujours moi?
oui
Toujours Moi
CORDAY

the world's most lasting parfum

toujours moi (ALWAYS ME)
de CORDAY *Paris*

created, bottled and sealed in France

party of some sort. As often as not, they are, but even when just going out to lunch at, say, the S & S Tea Room, in a suburb of Dallas, they are inclined to don a splendid costume, consisting of an expensive dress or suit, a full-fledged hat, high-heeled shoes, and a mink stole. "When the temperature drops below ninety, out come the minks," the founder of the S & S Tea Room once remarked. "You've never seen so much mink under one roof. Why, this place looks like a fur salon."

The popularity of mink (which, according to the *Times Literary Supplement*, "today symbolizes prosperity as effectively as any sheaf of corn, or fruity cornucopia, in the arms of a seventeenth-century goddess") and the custom of wearing hats are but two contributions of Neiman-Marcus, which exercises the most important single influence on women's clothes in Texas. "Neiman-Marcus sells probably more fine mink than any other store in the country, but there is no way of proving it," a vice-president of the store once advised an acquaintance, with a mixture of pride and rue. The store also does a nice year-round business in headgear, a subject on which the store has strong convictions. "Nine times out of ten when a woman is not wearing a hat, she ought to be," a recent Neiman-Marcus advertisement sharply declared. "She needs a wardrobe of hats as she does a wardrobe of apparel," the admonition continued, "and, wisely selected, the hats can be interchanged to make her look like four different women wearing the same suit." Though partial to Neiman-Marcus, the wives of Texas millionaires also shop for clothes at stores like Sakowitz, in Houston; Stripling's, in Fort Worth; and Frost Brothers, in San Antonio, as well as at shops in San Francisco, New York, and Paris. The gowns they choose for significant social events are likely to be originals. At a recent Assembly Ball in Fort Worth, for example, the guests were clad in creations designed by, among many others, Balmain, Marc Bohan, Ben Reig, Scaasi, Estevez, Sophie, Irene, Galanos, Simonetta, Martini, Fontana of Rome, and Alicia of Fort Worth.

Perhaps nobody appears more often in original gowns at Texas social affairs than Mrs. Roy Woods, the wife of an Oklahoma City millionaire who has trucking, oil, aviation, and other business interests in Texas and frequently visits there. It is quite possible that Mrs. Woods' enthusiasm for clothes is even keener than that of any millionaire's wife to be found in Texas. On trips of any consequence, Mrs. Woods, known to her Texas friends as Alta, likes to travel with her French maid and a different ensemble for each morning, afternoon, and evening. To make sure that her costumes arrive unwrinkled, she has them placed on rolling racks, like those seen on the streets in the New York garment district, and transported to her destination in one of her husband's trucks. At the hotel, a sample room or similar extensive space is taken for the racks. A while ago, she and her husband travelled through Europe in a two-vehicle motorcade, consisting of a limousine carrying Mr. and Mrs. Woods, followed by a truck carrying her things. Later, attending a formal ball in Tyler, Texas, Mrs. Woods, who enjoys talking, reminisced about the trip. As she talked, she occasionally adjusted her gown, a Traina-Norell original made of black feathers, and her white ermine stole, which appeared to be a yard wide and three yards long.

"And then Harry introduced us to this French countess, the rich one with the castle and all," Mrs. Woods said. "That one you should have seen. She was loaded, and I mean in *every* department."

"Not more than you, though, was she, Alta?" one of her friends asked playfully.

"Run that past me again, will you, please, honey?" Mrs. Woods replied, fondling a diamond necklace too enormous not to be real.

The Houston millionaire Hugh Roy Cullen used to say, "Jewelry is something people use in order to make out that they're better than other people. It's just plain common. I've taught my children that if they feel like buying some jewelry, they should find out how much it costs and then go out and give that amount to a school or hospital. They'll get more satisfaction out of it." Cullen's philosophy has not won notably wide acceptance among Texas millionaires, many of whom sport an impressive star-sapphire or diamond ring, or among their wives, who apparently get some satisfaction out of helping to support Harry Winston, Julius Cohen, Van Cleef & Arpels, Neiman-Marcus, and Cartier, the five firms that divide the bulk of the fine-jewel business in Texas. Van Cleef & Arpels and Harry Winston maintain shops in Dallas, while representatives of Julius Cohen and Cartier make frequent trips through the territory, peddling the ice. All the firms find Texas an excellent market not only for the important stuff but also for tasteful novelties. The current favorite in the

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THE
MOOD
FOR
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which English custom is older?

The Duchess of Bedford introduced afternoon tea to London in 1842. That was 73 years *after* Alexander Gordon had introduced his remarkable gin. The Gordon's you drink today harks back to his original formula. It always will, for Gordon's sees no reason to tamper with a good thing. Particularly since no other gin has ever duplicated Gordon's distinctive dryness and flavour. Does all this make you wonder if Gordon's is the best-selling gin in the world? It is.

100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO. LTD., LINDEN, N. J. PRODUCT OF U. S. A.

AREA AND ACCENT RUGS — One-of-a-kind originals from the talented hands of America's leading designer-craftsmen in rich, vibrant colors and luxurious textures. Priced from $150 to $1500.

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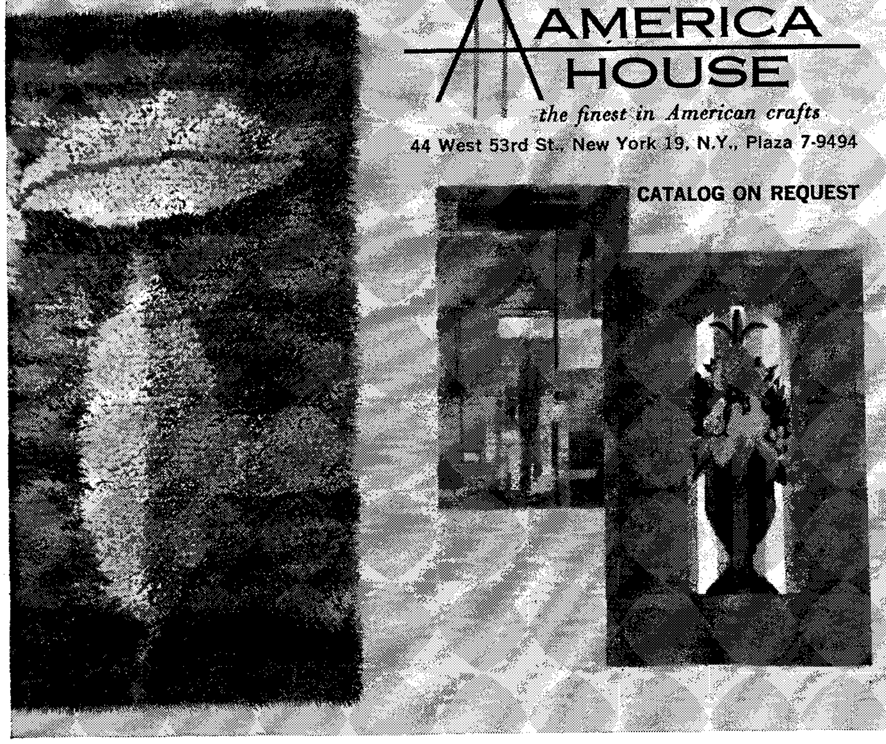
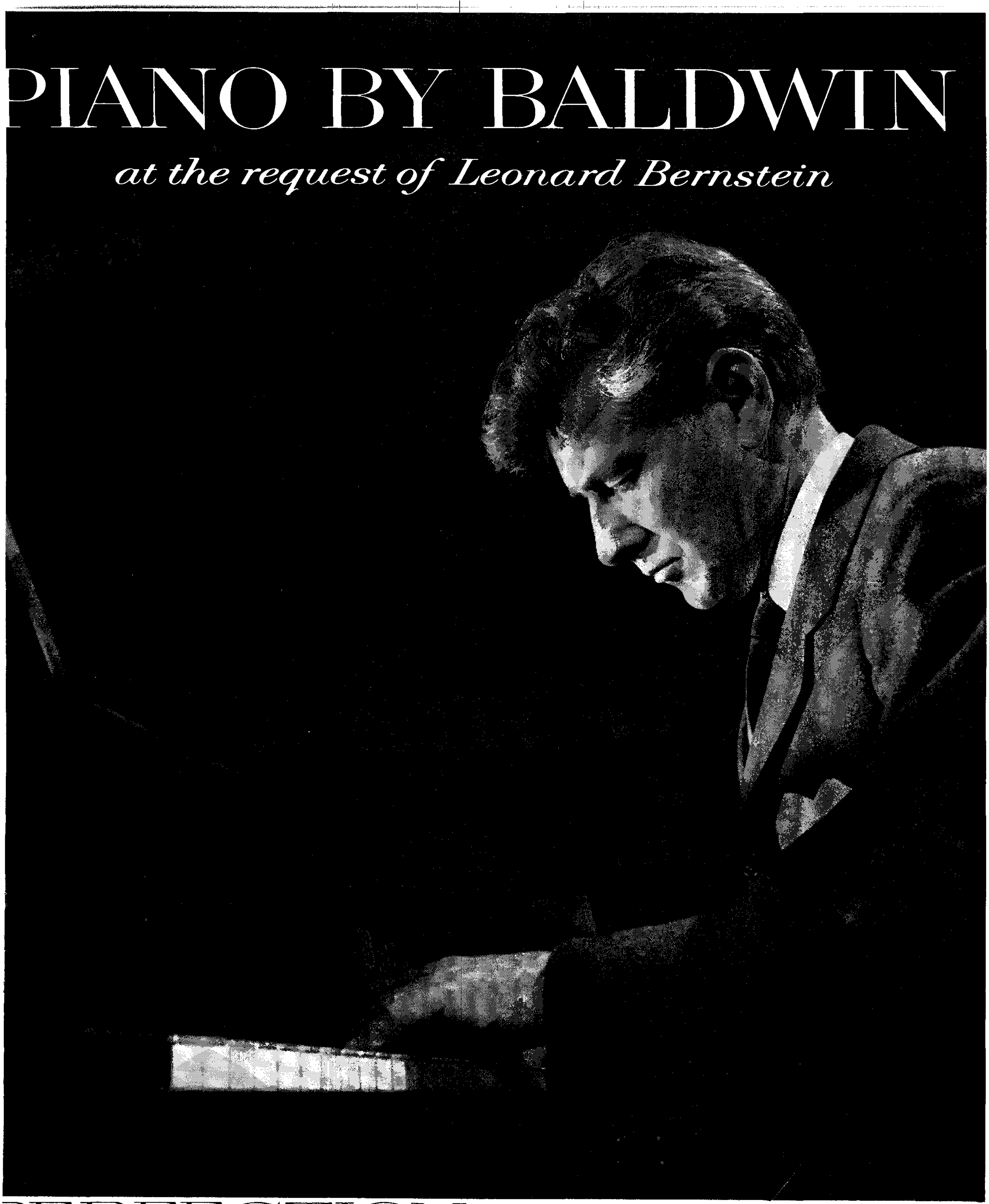
CATALOG ON REQUEST



latter category is an American twenty-dollar gold piece processed in Switzerland so that, upon release of a concealed clasp, it opens into two halves, the bottom of which contains an almost incredibly small, thin watch that can be lifted to stand on its side, like a tiny travelling clock. This amusing trinket, sold by Harry Winston and costing nine hundred and fifty dollars, is carried by many Texas millionaires and their wives as a good-luck piece, the way people with less originality sometimes carry a silver dollar. That the wife of a Texas millionaire has a decent supply of jewels is so taken for granted that no great stir is caused when, for example, Mrs. Jake Hamon, following a theatre opening, reports that she has lost a thirty-thousand-dollar clip (later found on the street after having evidently been stepped on several times). The pleasantly relaxed attitude with which mishaps of this kind are treated is no doubt born of the knowledge that there is more where that came from. Numerous though the notable collections are, it seems generally agreed that Mrs. Robert Windfohr, descendant of an old, wealthy ranching family and wife of a successful oilman, has the best jewels in Texas. Not infrequently they figure in the conversational post-mortems of social affairs that she has attended. "Anne was wearing the emeralds," a guest may recall, or "Anne wore the big diamond." The latter, set in a ring, is the so-called Vargas diamond, which was purchased from Harry Winston and is of such dimensions that Mrs. Windfohr is unable to bend the finger she is wearing it on. She has an emerald ring almost as large and, complementing it, a necklace of five large emeralds separated by four slightly smaller pear-shaped diamonds. Her sapphire necklace is of similar design but contains a few more stones. A practical woman, she likes to get the good out of her jewels, and customarily has some on display both day and night. At lunch, for instance, she may wear earrings of lapis lazuli and jade and a matching string of beads, as well as a number of rings, all of the pieces being generously proportioned. "Anne usually wears a good deal more than other women could manage," a friend has remarked, "but on her it all looks perfectly right. She was made to wear jewels. All of them are in faultless taste, of course, like everything else she wears." At a recent costume ball given by the Jake Hamons, Mrs. Windfohr's jewels attracted more than usual attention. "Anne was dazzling as an Oriental goddess," one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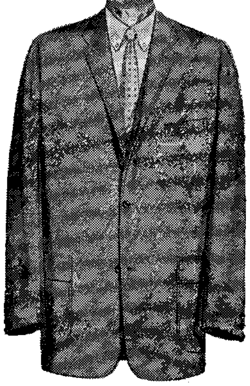
In our 'natural' tailored style, three-button with hook vent, raised seams, and ⅜" double stitched edge trim.



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Suits, with plain front trousers $62.50

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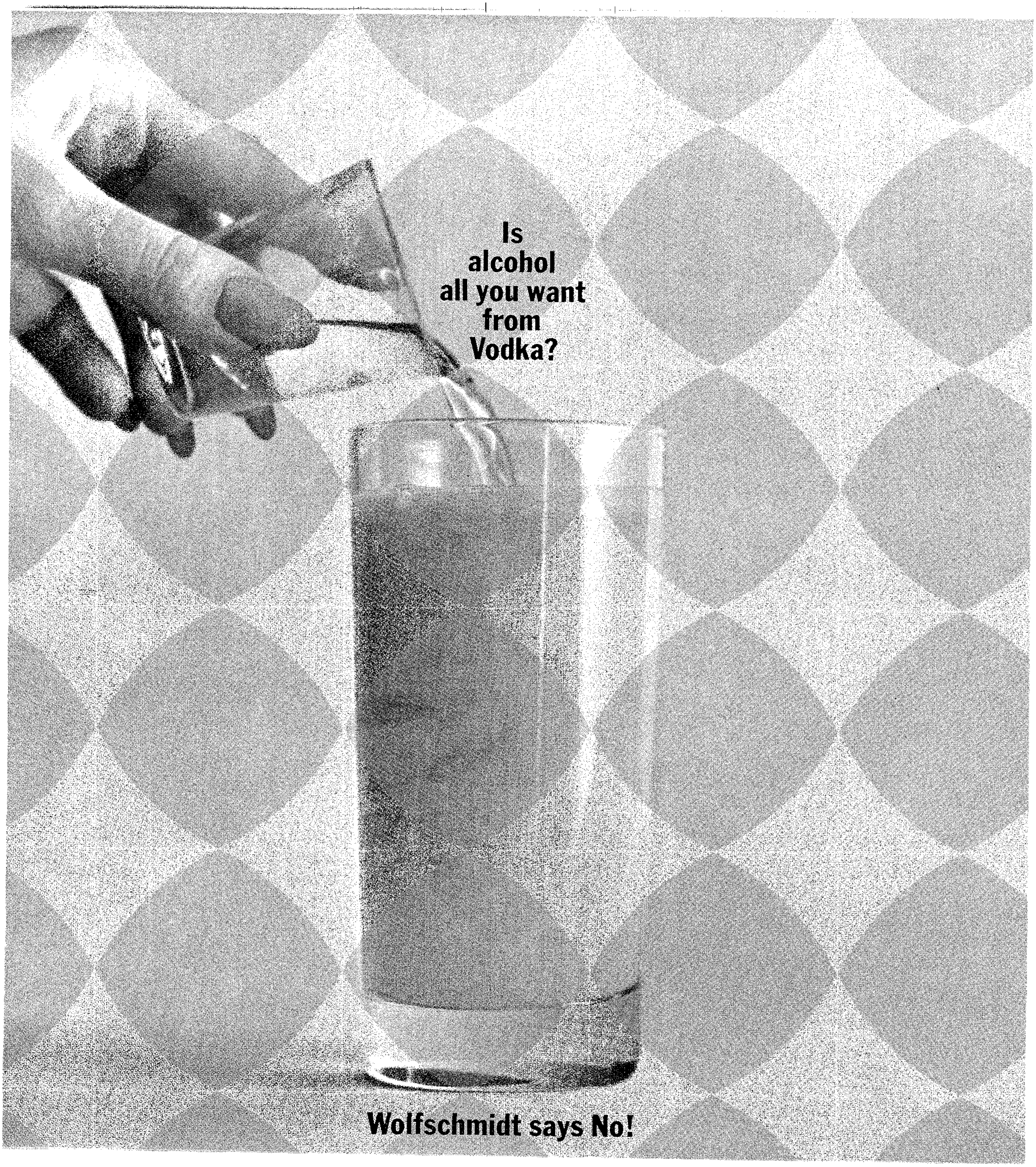
of the guests said afterward. "She was wearing her latest, biggest diamond, that you'd think even a goddess couldn't afford. 'Harry says it's the third-greatest rock in the world today' is the way she described it. It was a little less blinding than a locomotive headlight."

Once a year, a number of Texas millionaires and their wives, when attending social affairs held in connection with such popular annual events as the Southwestern Exposition and Fat Stock Show, in Fort Worth, and the Houston Fat Stock Show and Livestock Exposition, deck themselves out in elaborate Western getups. Some of the less inhibited—mostly the gay ones lately arrived at the millionary estate—use these occasions to engage in a lively competition to see who can devise the most sensational, eye-catching costume. Much careful thought goes into the planning of these so-called cowboy and cowgirl outfits (actually, of course, they come close to being parodies of the real thing), which are almost always custom-made, and are designed and put into production months before they are to be worn. The cowgirl outfits, consisting, as a rule, of a blouse and either trousers or skirt, together with matching hat and boots, frequently cost as much as one of the higher-priced gowns in a Paris collection. The men's outfits, equally expensive, are often conceived to complement—or, in a common local phrase, "go cute with"—their wives'. Every livestock exposition and fair in the state is brightened by a certain number of memorable costumes, but for sheer glitter, opening night at the Fat Stock Show in Houston is as hard to beat as first night at the Met. The most consistently resplendent couple to grace Houston's show in recent years has been Mrs. A. B. Lawrence, a handsome brunette, and her husband, a Baytown rancher whose clothes George Fuermann has described in the Houston *Post* as "what a bashful cowboy might wear if he happened to have a fortune of several million dollars and a taste for extreme luxury," adding, "But his wife's outfits go considerably beyond that point. It would seem safe to say that she is the only woman in the world who has an off-the-shoulder cowgirl outfit. It is a fire-truck red as to color, and on Mrs. Lawrence's figure, superior to a bikini on a movie starlet." Both Mrs. Lawrence and her husband generally arrive in Houston for the show with a couple of dozen complete changes of Western costume, which they bring in a pair of Cadillacs. His is white and hers is pink.

TO say, as everybody does, that Neiman-Marcus has done more than any other store to influence the dress of Texas women, especially the rich, is to speak the truth but by no means the whole truth. Neiman-Marcus long ago passed the point of being merely a famous store; it became an institution. Indeed, the Alamo excepted, Neiman-Marcus has for years been the most celebrated institution in Texas. More than that, it has gradually developed into a stylish shrine with an international following. Its roster of charge-account customers includes devotees residing in all fifty states, as well as in England, France, Italy, and thirty-six other foreign countries. The fame of Neiman-Marcus is no accident. For half a century, it has assiduously been calling attention to itself with practically every known means of communication short of skywriting. More pertinently, Neiman-Marcus is in fact the most noted commercial ornament in the Southwest (if not, perhaps, of "really unequalled stature . . . in the market places of the world," as a recent Neiman ad declared). George Sessions Perry, a native Texan and a gifted writer, was so bewitched by Neiman-Marcus that he lamented all his life his inability to summon words of sufficient power and glory to describe the store properly. To do so, he once said, one would have to "burn butane on Olympus' highest crag." Still, he never gave up trying. "Many folks look at Neiman-Marcus and see only a breathtakingly beautiful store," he wrote in one of his best efforts. "This is like a rancher looking at wild flowers and seeing only cow feed. Neiman-Marcus is a state of mind. Almost a state of grace." Mrs. Edna Woolman Chase, the independent-minded former editor of *Vogue*, was similarly transported. "I dreamed all my life of the perfect store for women," she once said. "Then I saw Neiman-Marcus. And my dream came true!" Outpourings such as these are accepted by the Neiman-Marcus people with admirable, if by now not unexpected, equanimity. After all, their leader, Stanley Marcus, has himself in recent years taken to speaking matter-of-factly of his place of business as "a magic land."

In its terrestrial form, at least, Neiman-Marcus provides a striking reflec-


Is
alcohol
all you want
from
Vodka?
Wolfschmidt says No!

WORLD'S FINEST VODKA
WOLFSCHMIDT'S
Genuine Vodka
VODKA

If vodka has no taste, no nothing, what's left? Alcohol! But Wolfschmidt Vodka is art, not alcohol. It has the touch of taste that marks genuine old world vodka, that softly accents, heightens, brings out the best in a Screwdriver. (Oranges never tasted this orange before. Nor as refreshing.) Wolfschmidt Vodka makes tomatoes, tonics, olives and onions taste better too. And all that remains on your lips is a word. Wolfschmidt.

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Chef Lucien Dekeyser boards the Golden Jet for a moment to add a final Old World flourish to the hors d'oeuvres tray. His experience includes 30 years on the Continent in the finest restaurants and hotels in his native Belgium and in France.

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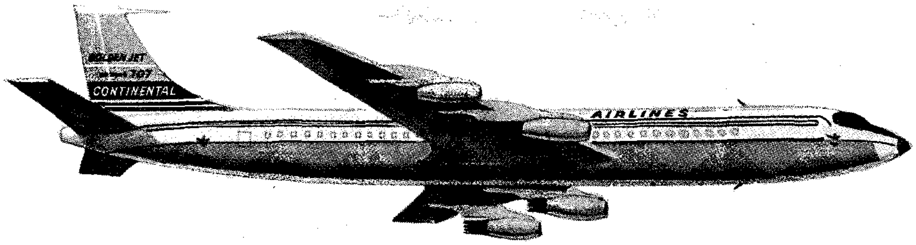
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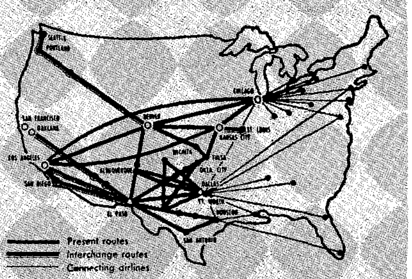
Don't snack too heartily, though. Dinner deserves your sharpest appetite. From lobster cocktail in untamed hot sauce to sparkling champagne with dessert, it's unmistakably Gallic.

Your next trip, go Golden Jet. Without a visa or a vaccination, enjoy true "jet-to-Europe" treatment right here in the U.S.A.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PORTLAND
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OAKLAND
LOS ANGELES
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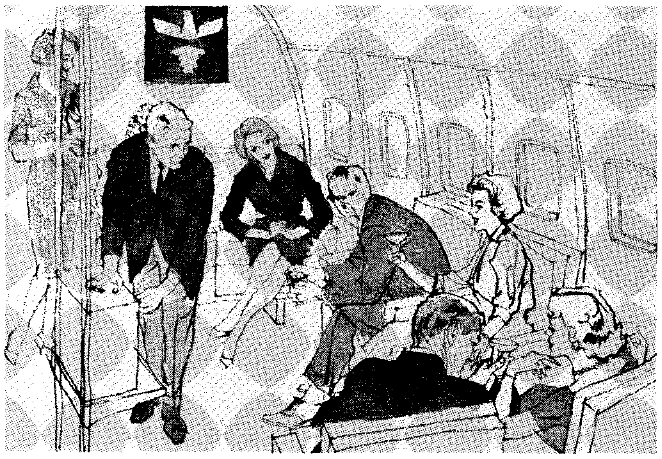
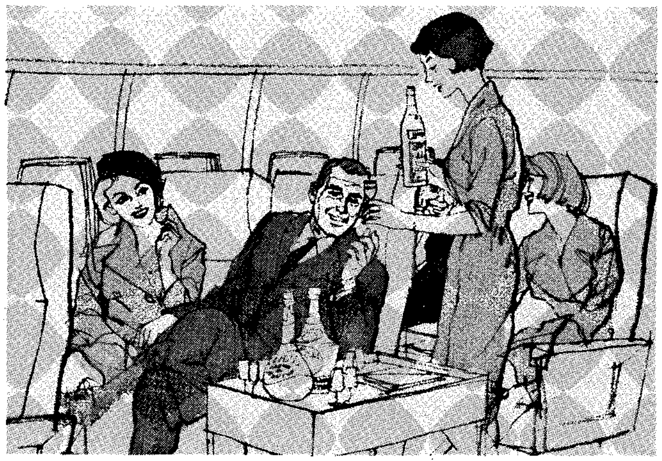
If there's no Continental office where you live, make your Golden Jet reservation through any other airline or your Travel Agent.



New and magnifique—the Rendezvous Room in First Class. Here's the ideal place to chat, to enjoy the cocktail hour, to watch TV. Notice the individual easy chairs. Pull-down window shades and wall-to-wall carpeting add to the living room atmosphere.



Like an after-dinner liqueur? It's another feature in First Class on most Golden Jet nonstops between Chicago and Los Angeles. Spot of brandy? Benedictine, perhaps? Maybe some creme de menthe? More coffee, for sure. There's a fresh batch just brewed.

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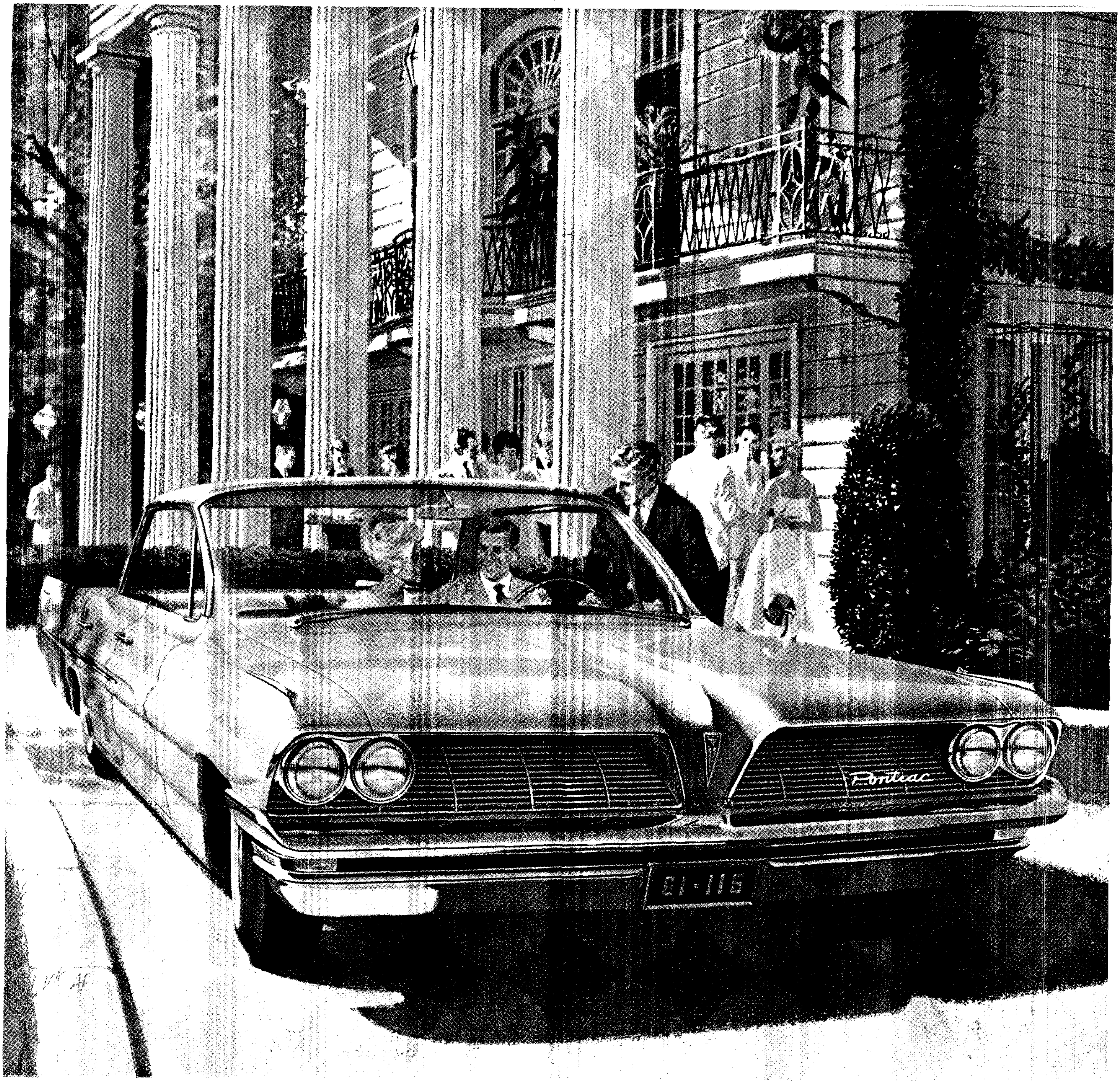

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THE ONLY WIDE-TRACK CAR

Pontiac has the widest track of any car. Body width trimmed to reduce side overhang. More weight balanced between the wheels for sure-footed driving stability.

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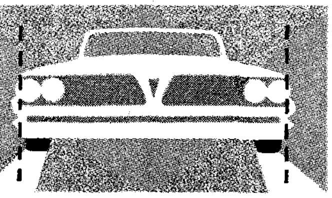

tion of its president, who is sometimes referred to on the premises as Mr. Stanley, to distinguish him from his two younger brothers—Edward, executive vice-president, and Lawrence, a vice-president. Collectively, the three are known in Dallas as the Marci. In appearance, Mr. Stanley, who is fifty-six, heavy-lidded, and olive-skinned, is a paragon of neatness and subdued elegance—qualities that, by no coincidence, are also the chief physical characteristics of the three stores that at present make up the Neiman-Marcus operation: one in downtown Dallas, which has always served as headquarters; another in the suburb of Dallas called Preston Center; and the third, and newest, in the business section of Houston. (A fourth unit, similar to the one in Preston Center, is scheduled to open in the Ridglea section of Fort Worth in the fall of 1962.) The downtown-Dallas store, a six-story structure with an unadorned façade of terra-cotta and buff limestone, bears a resemblance in size and in its clean exterior lines to Bergdorf Goodman. Inside, Neiman-Marcus is distinguished by a feeling of spaciousness, which results from a combination of high ceilings, wide aisles, freestanding fixtures, unbacked window displays, and immaculate housekeeping. Anybody who walks around the store in the company of Mr. Stanley soon finds out why it is as spotless as an operating room. Wherever the "beady-eyed chief," as the help sometimes fondly refer to him, goes, he is constantly touching counters, merchandise, display materials, and, perhaps unconsciously, an occasional clerk with the middle finger of his right hand, which he then inspects for evidence of dust. Should any appear, the chief glowers—a sure sign that trouble impends in magic land. Even the discovery of a particle of dust, however, does not rob the merchant prince—to use another of his appellations, and one that he rather fancies—of the obvious pleasure he derives from taking a guest on a conducted tour of the store. "Ours is not, as some people who have never been here think, a department store," Mr. Stanley explains in the course of his tour talk, "although, as a matter of fact, we do a larger volume of business than any department store in town. Actually, we are a collection of thirty-one separate but integrated specialty shops." Approaching the jewelry department—or, in Neiman-Marcus terminology, the Precious Jewelry Salon—Mr. Stanley calls attention to a diamond necklace displayed in a showcase by itself. "That

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Wherever you find people, you'll find Alligator—America's most wanted coats! Alligator gives the protection you need—the widest choice of fabric, fit and fashion. All wool worsted gabardines, fancy wools, finest yarn-dyed cottons in plains and woven patterns. Also blends with Kodel* polyester, Dacron† polyester, Topel** cross-linked rayon. Dacron waterproofs, too. Unbeatable values, $11.95 to $70.75. At better stores.

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THE NEW 55% KODEL, 45% FINE ALL WOOL WORSTED LIGHTWEIGHT GABARDINE, $39.95. Kodel, the liveliest polyester stay-fresh fiber, adds shape retention, strength, resilience. Alligator's dependable, durable water repellent. Ideal for smart, comfortable all-weather wear.

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is priced at a million dollars," he says. "If times hadn't changed, the logical buyer would be King Farouk. He used to be one of our best jewelry customers." At a counter a few steps from the Precious Jewelry Salon, Mr. Stanley casually picks up a thimble. "Sterling silver, imported from Italy," he says. "The price is two dollars and fifty cents. A two-fifty thimble to a million-dollar necklace—that gives you some idea of the range and of the basic idea. It's not price we care about—it's quality." As he walks about the store, Mr. Stanley takes particular pride in pointing out what he calls specially developed merchandise, which consists of things originated by somebody connected with the store, often the merchant prince himself. These articles are then made up and sold exclusively at Neiman's. For instance, Mr. Stanley had the idea for shoes made of velvet manufactured by the Italian mills that supply cloth to the Vatican, and for matchboxes bearing on the cover an original painting by a contemporary Italian artist. The matchboxes, aiding art and commerce concurrently, are sold in the stationery department, where one may also buy a telephone stand that, should the owner be called away from the phone, plays music during his absence to the party at the other end of the line. "A bit of Southwestern hospitality," Mr. Stanley remarks. Then, stepping through the bronze-and-silver doors of one of a bank of elevators set in a slab of Swedish marble that extends from floor to ceiling, he escorts his guest to the second floor, where the most expensive clothes are offered, and where Mr. Stanley has personally sold over six million dollars' worth of furs. His main interest here is in directing the sightseer's attention to oil portraits of two of the store's founders—his father, Herbert Marcus, and his aunt, Mrs. Carrie Marcus Neiman. In 1907, these two fashion pioneers, together with Carrie's husband, A. L. Neiman, all of whom had previously worked in department stores, launched the specialty shop bearing their names in a small two-story building in Dallas, a city on which they had rather ambitious designs. "Any fine store can dress a few women beautifully," Herbert Marcus remarked when the store opened. "Our idea is to dress a whole community that way." He pursued the idea single-mindedly until his death, in 1950, whereupon Mrs. Neiman, who had been divorced in 1928 (her husband afterward enjoyed a successful merchandising career in New York), took over as chairman of the board. She had seldom missed a day

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subtile splendor
in classic casualness
of Stehli's "Kerah"
pure silk broadcloth.
Color blended bodice
embroidery on tones of
light blue, lemon ice,
beige and navy. In sizes
of 8 to 18. About $30.

distinctive casuals to [illegible] live in and love

Norman Wiatt

For Sours with the spirit of Spain

IMPORTADO DE JEREZ ESPAÑA

Favor yourself with **Fundador** the classic brandy of Spain. Merge with ice, lemon and sugar. Then relish the taste. You'll find it pleasing, too, in a pony or in a Coffee Royale. **Pedro Domecq** Spanish Brandies, 86 proof. Imported by Canada Dry Corporation, New York, N.Y.
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TV GUIDE

working in the store, and from the beginning had had a strong influence on the management of the business. Long before her death, in 1953, she was generally acknowledged to be the elder stateswoman of fashion in Texas. "She was a beautiful, sad-eyed woman with almost faultless taste," Mr. Stanley says, moving on toward the third floor and the Sports Shop, where both his wife and Mr. Lawrence's wife worked before they were married. Mr. Edward's wife, before her marriage, was employed as a fashion editor in New York. (Besides experience in the fashion business, the wives of the Marci share extraordinary good looks.) After strolling through shops offering other kinds of apparel, as well as china, glassware, linen, and antiques, Mr. Stanley winds up the tour on the fifth floor, which houses a restaurant called the Zodiac. Across the center of this room—which seats two hundred and forty and is open every business day for lunch and tea—stretches a raised, curved promenade upon which models continuously show clothes and accessories. "The restaurant loses about forty thousand dollars a year," Mr. Stanley says, "but it's worth all that and more as a means of bringing customers into the store." Not the least of the Zodiac's attractions is its décor; it is done mainly in shades of blue, including the granulated sugar on the tables.

A woman of taste and perception who is herself the proprietor of a fashionable New York shop recently made her first visit to Dallas and, embarking on a busman's holiday, spent a good while looking around Neiman-Marcus. "Two things struck me," she said afterward. "First, the housekeeping, which is fantastic. Second, the atmosphere, which was a surprise—the store has no sense of humor." The basically sober spirit that pervades Neiman-Marcus reflects another aspect of Mr. Stanley's character. While he appreciates a practical joke, especially a complicated one, he is otherwise inclined these days to take himself as seriously as he takes life. Back in the twenties, as an undergraduate at Harvard, he impressed the home-town folks as a mildly madcap figure with an amusing overlay of pomposity; returning to Dallas for Thanksgiving vacations, he would buzz around town and sit through football games wearing a voluminous raccoon coat, despite temperatures in the eighties, and he customarily appeared at formal parties in full dress with a wide red ribbon draped across his shirt front. Little pleasantries such as these he abandoned abruptly after he graduated,

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Charles Dickens was an eminent patron of Justerini & Brooks who have been purveyors of fine wines and spirits for over two centuries. Today this celebrated house is famous for a standard of quality that has brought good cheer and good fellowship to every corner of the world. Try the famous J & B Rare Scotch, of flavour unsurpassed.

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For their fashion-keyed colors, taper-toe Bass Weejuns are your natural choice for Spring. Have them in beryl green, onyx black or amber brown, in smooth, true moccasin foot-cradling leather, as always.

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Originators of Weejuns*

Style 339W green
Style 327W black
Style 324W brown

*T. M. Reg.

G. H. BASS & CO., 204 Main Street, Wilton, Maine

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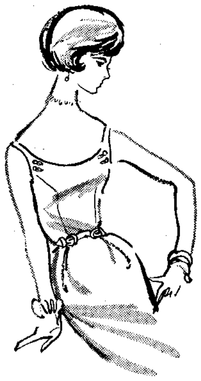
I'm off to England
via Qantas 707 jet!
You lucky mug.

QANTAS 707 JETS TO LONDON every Thursday, every Sunday. Time of flight: from New York, less than 7 daylight hours; from San Francisco, less than 12. Type of flight: no less than fabulous! And you can fly now, pay later, too. Call any travel agent or Qantas in New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Vancouver, Honolulu—and your cup runneth over! (Also BOAC, general sales agent, in all major American cities.)

QANTAS Australia's Round-the-World Jet Airline

in 1926, from the Harvard School of Business Administration and went to work in the store. He has since become, according to *Town & Country*, "a one-man definitive oracle on what constitutes good taste in all Texas." The metamorphosis no doubt explains his solemnity. Oracles don't make jokes if they want to stay in business. And if they want to get ahead, it is essential that they possess a talent for that combination of art, science, and humbuggery known as public relations. To Mr. Stanley, the talent has been given in abundance. It is, in fact, doubtful whether he has a peer, when it comes to public relations, among practicing oracles. Most of his waking hours, and apparently his night thoughts as well, are concerned with publicly relating Neiman-Marcus in one way or another. Coincidentally, its newspaper advertising—stylish, handsome, and often in color—is probably more attractive than anything of the sort being produced here or abroad. When, as frequently happens, the store feels like transmitting on the editorial wave length, it includes in its newspaper advertisements a column of opinion called "Point of View," which, according to Mr. Stanley, "gives Neiman-Marcus its own voice in things of civic, state, and national interest, and perhaps tends to humanize the concrete and brick of our buildings." The column is signed "Wales," the pseudonym of the store's youngest vice-president, a thirty-three-year-old native of New York named Warren Leslie, who reached Neiman-Marcus by way of Exeter, Yale, and the Dallas *News*. In his humanizing efforts, Leslie, who affects a long cigarette holder and an awesomely casual manner, has touched on an assortment of topics ranging from a complimentary article about a newly engaged conductor of the Dallas Symphony ("Having been away for a couple of weeks, last Monday's symphony concert was our first of the season. It is absolutely extraordinary what Maestro Paul Kletzki has done with this orchestra in less than a month"), through mood pieces on spring, fall, and Christmas, and endorsements of Red Skelton, Arthur Godfrey, the Royal Danish Ballet, and various books, plays, and other cultural fare, to an impatient chiding of the citizens of Dallas for displaying "an almost total lack of interest in anything associated with the mind."

If Neiman-Marcus were to depend only on its myriad public-relations and advertising activities, it would get attention at least as good as that enjoyed by any other enterprise of its kind, but good



Rosette
Pennington
20 E. 56th ST., N. Y. 22

IMPORTED IRISH LINEN

Ole! Oleg Cassini—for a disarming little jacket over a sleeveless sheath. Great style in McBratney's famous Irish linen, flavored in raspberry, cornflower blue or black. Sizes 8 to 16, $90

Also at Princeton Shopping Center, Princeton, N. J.

OUTDOOR IS INDOOR AT JENSEN'S!

From Europe, America and the Orient, Jensen has amassed a unique and vibrantly colorful collection of accessories for outdoor living... zestfully spiced with a touch of the exotic, a splash of humor and a dash of the off-beat. No where else will you find such extraordinary accessories for the terrace and garden. In a visit to this new department, you will discover a rare assortment ranging from barbeque grills to lanterns to planters to zephyr bells, etc., etc., etc.

Shown here: Peacock rattan chair, 53"H x 40"W x 21"D. $120.
Mail orders invited.

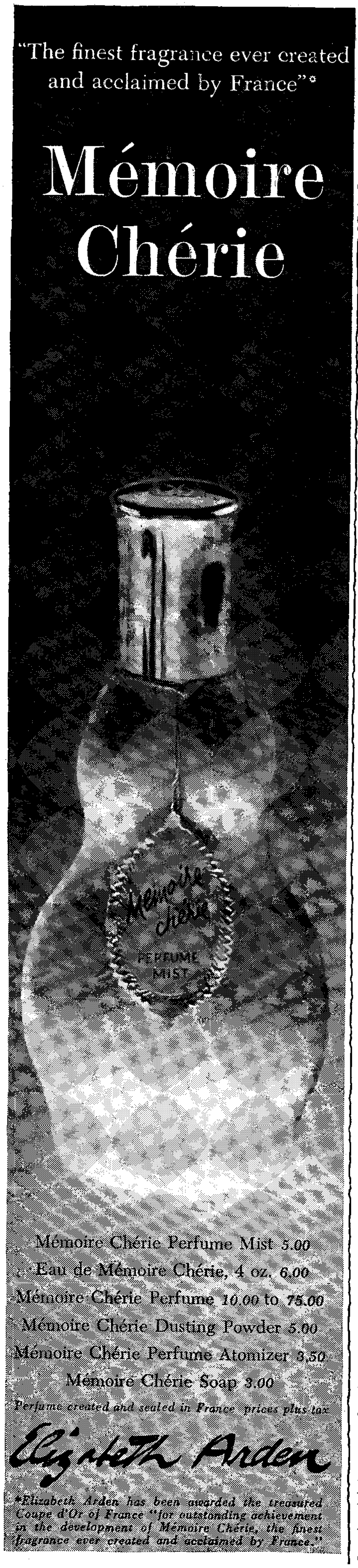
667 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 22, N.Y. WILMOT RIDGE, SCARSDALE, N.Y.
GEORG JENSEN INC

enough, as they say in Dallas, is not at all good enough. "We try," says Mr. Stanley, "by doing things that are newsworthy to keep our name in front of the world, not just Texas." As a result of the try, which is made in the name of sales promotion and is formidable, unremitting, and global, Neiman-Marcus takes on the aspect of a repertory theatre. Its most venerable attraction is a weekly fashion show. This has been staged without interruption for over a quarter of a century, and is now put on every Wednesday at noon (admission two-fifty, including lunch) in the Empire Room of the Statler Hilton Hotel. For a great many Dallas women, attending the show is a weekly ritual, like church. In the first week of September, the fall theatrical season gets under way with the annual Neiman-Marcus Fashion Exposition. After a whirlwind round of pleasure, including a rodeo at Mr. Edward's ranch and a dinner dance at Mr. Stanley's house, seven hundred and fifty formally attired fashion designers, apparel manufacturers, and out-of-town customers who have paid thirty dollars each for tickets (the proceeds go to a civic or charitable organization) arrive at the Grand Ballroom of the Sheraton-Dallas to attend the Exposition Fashion Show. This is an elaborate affair at which some forty mannequins (at times augmented by Saint Bernards, leopards, and other live props) display over a million dollars' worth of apparel, including clothes bought at the Paris collections the preceding August, complete with accessories, furs, and jewels. Because the Exposition, which Neiman's quietly describes as "the most famous show (and week) in the world," provides the store with considerable publicity and attracts Neiman-Marcus aficionados from all over, Mr. Stanley feels that the yearly stunt is well worth its cost, which amounts to some thirty-five thousand dollars. As a man who deplores waste in any form (upon finding that the marble originally used to floor the Man's Store was too slippery for magic land, he had the slabs taken up and relaid as a terrace at his home), Mr. Stanley has in recent years allowed another business concern to share both the expenses and the promotional benefits of the Exposition. In 1957, for example, the Exposition was co-sponsored by Rolls-Royce, which sent from England a caravan of twenty-one new and ancient models, worth half a million dollars, to be used in parades and other events connected with the festivities.

The customers had scarcely caught their breath after that year's Exposition

AFTER DINNER...
CHARM YOUR GUESTS WITH
VERRY CHEERING
CHERRY HEERING
HEERING
ESTABLISHED 1818
1/5 QUART 49 PROOF
MADE IN DENMARK
CHERRY HEERING
LIQUEUR
PRODUCED BY
PETER F. HEERING
COPENHAGEN-DENMARK
GOLD AND 1st CLASS MEDALS
SOLE AGENTS IN U.S.A.
SCHENLEY IMPORT CORPORATION. NEW YORK
49 PROOF
DENMARK'S LIQUEUR DELIGHT SINCE 1818

FREE DANISH RECIPE BOOKLET, BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED
Write Dept. NY-2, Schenley Import Co., 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 1, N.Y.



"The finest fragrance ever created and acclaimed by France"*

Mémoire Chérie

Mémoire Chérie Perfume Mist *5.00*
Eau de Mémoire Chérie, 4 oz. *6.00*
Mémoire Chérie Perfume *10.00* to *75.00*
Mémoire Chérie Dusting Powder *5.00*
Mémoire Chérie Perfume Atomizer *3.50*
Mémoire Chérie Soap *3.00*

Perfume created and sealed in France prices plus tax

Elizabeth Arden

**Elizabeth Arden has been awarded the treasured Coupe d'Or of France "for outstanding achievement in the development of Mémoire Chérie, the finest fragrance ever created and acclaimed by France."*

when Neiman-Marcus whirled into a production so spectacular as to make anything they had tried before about as exciting as a January White Sale. This giant stunt, called the French Fortnight and staged in October, was the pièce de résistance of the store's fiftieth-anniversary celebration. More than two years in preparation, the Fortnight was sponsored jointly by Neiman-Marcus and the French Comité Permanent des Foires et Manifestations Economiques à l'Etranger and brought to Dallas a swarm of celebrated French citizens, sixty-five of whom arrived on an Air France flight direct from Paris. First off the plane was the Mayor of Dijon—a city that had been selected for "twinning," apparently because its name also starts with a big "D"—who kissed the Mayor of Dallas, R. L. (Bob) Thornton and made him blush. Other imported notables included the aviatrix Jacqueline Auriol; the French cover girl Marie-Hélène Arnaud; a hundred and twenty business executives, representing not only *la haute couture* but such other fields as Pommery champagne, Lanvin perfumes, Baccarat crystal, Christofle silver, and Faré gloves; the writers Pierre Daninos and Louise de Vilmorin; and the millionaire artist Bernard Buffet, who felt right at home. To the astonishment of the visitors, not to mention any West Texas cowboys who happened to be in town, the exterior of Neiman-Marcus had been decorated for the occasion to resemble a row of French shops, and the entire first floor had been transformed into a three-dimensional replica of the Place de la Concorde, on which real French cars—Renaults, Simcas, Citroëns—were parked. Almost exact replicas of a Hermès and a Dior boutique, with both merchandise and staffs from Paris, were installed on the second and fourth floors. A group of French artists, using giant photomurals, converted the Zodiac into an imitation of Maxim's. There the Fortnight was officially opened with a twenty-five-dollar-a-plate lobster and champagne dinner, at which the principal speaker was French Ambassador Hervé Alphand. From then on, Neiman's was awash with Gallic doings. For the first week of the Fortnight, the menu of "Maxim's" offered a daily specialty flown in from the Paris Maxim's; thereafter, it was prepared by the head chef of the Liberté, on loan for the occasion. Elsewhere, the store featured French glassware, linen, silver, textiles, periodicals, and so on. Every afternoon, the Chambre Syndicale de la Haute Couture presented a special fashion show; eight Paris mannequins modelled clothes

Celanese

"Summer Perfect in Arnel"

Where to Buy Store List
(NOT ALL FASHIONS AT ALL STORES)

ALABAMA	
Birmingham	*Loveman's
Mobile	C. J. Gayfer Co.
ARIZONA	
Phoenix	Diamond's
ARKANSAS	
Little Rock	Gus Blass Co.
Pine Bluff	Baim's Dept. Store
CALIFORNIA	
Bakersfield	Malcolm Brock
Fresno	Gottschalk's
Los Angeles, South. Cal.	*The Broadway
Sacramento	Hale's
San Bernardino	The Harris Co.
San Diego	Marston's
San Francisco	The Emporium
Stockton	The Brown House
COLORADO	
Denver	Denver Dry Goods Co.
CONNECTICUT	
Hartford	Albert Steiger Co.
New Haven	Edward Malley Co.
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA	
Washington	The Hecht Co.
FLORIDA	
Daytona Beach	Furchgott's
Gainesville	Wilson's Dept. Store
Jacksonville	Furchgott's
Miami—Fort Lauderdale	Jordan Marsh Co.
Orlando	Belk's
Tampa	*Maas Bros.
West Palm Beach	Belk's
GEORGIA	
Atlanta	*Davison's
Savannah	Levy's
ILLINOIS	
Chicago	Bramson's
Decatur	Linn-Scruggs
Springfield	Myer Bros.
INDIANA	
Evansville	Schear's Dept. Store
Indianapolis	Wm. H. Block Co.
South Bend	Wyman's
Terre Haute	Meis Co.
IOWA	
Des Moines	Younkers
KANSAS	
Topeka	Pelletier's
Wichita	Allen W. *Hinkel*
KENTUCKY	
Louisville	H. P. Selman & Co.
LOUISIANA	
Baton Rouge	D. H. Holmes Co.
New Orleans	D. H. Holmes Co.
MARYLAND	
Baltimore	Hutzler's
MASSACHUSETTS	
Boston	Jordan Marsh
Pittsfield	England Bros.
Springfield	Albert Steiger Co.
MICHIGAN	
Detroit	*Winkelman's
Grand Rapids	Steketee's
Traverse City	Milliken's
MINNESOTA	
Duluth	Glass Block
Minneapolis	Donaldson's
St. Paul	The Emporium
MISSISSIPPI	
Jackson	The Emporium
MISSOURI	
Kansas City	Peck's
Springfield	Heer's
St. Joseph	Hirsch's
St. Louis	Boyd's
MONTANA	
Billings	Hart Albin Co.
NEBRASKA	
Lincoln	Miller & Paine Inc.
Omaha	J. L. Brandeis & Sons
NEW MEXICO	
Albuquerque	Kistler-Collister
NEW YORK	
Albany	W. M. Whitney & Co.
Buffalo	Wm. Hengerer Co.
New York	*Bloomingdale's
Rochester	McCurdy & Co.
Syracuse	Dey Bros.
Utica	Doyle Knower
NORTH CAROLINA	
Asheville	Ivey's
Charlotte	J. B. Ivey
Greensboro	Ellis-Stone
Raleigh	Ivey-Taylor
Winston-Salem	Thalhimer's
OHIO	
Akron	The M. O'Neil Co.
Cincinnati	H. & S. *Pogue* Co.
Cleveland	The Halle Bros. Co.
Dayton	Elder & Johnston Co.
Toledo	Lasalle's
Youngstown	Strouss-Hirshberg
OKLAHOMA	
Oklahoma City	John A. Brown
Tulsa	Vandevers
OREGON	
Portland	Rhodes
PENNSYLVANIA	
Allentown	H. Leh & Co.
Erie	The Boston Store
Philadelphia	John Wanamaker
Pittsburgh	Gimbels
Reading	Pomeroy's
Scranton	Scranton Dry Goods Co.
Wilkes-Barre	Fowler, Dick & Walker
RHODE ISLAND	
Providence	The Outlet Co.
SOUTH CAROLINA	
Charleston	James F. Condon Co.
Greenville	Ivey's
Rock Hill	Mary Fran
TENNESSEE	
Chattanooga	Loveman's
Knoxville	Miller's Inc.
Memphis	J. Goldsmith & Sons
Nashville	The Harvey Co.
TEXAS	
Abilene	Minter Dry Goods
Amarillo	Blackburn Bros.
Austin	Goodfriends
Corpus Christi	Lichtenstein's
Dallas	Jas. K. Wilson
El Paso	Popular Dry Goods
Fort Worth	The Fair
Galveston	Nathans
Houston	Joske's of Houston
Lubbock	Hemphill Wells
San Antonio	*Joske's of Texas*
Waco	Sach's Specialty
UTAH	
Salt Lake City	The Paris Co.
VIRGINIA	
Danville	Thalhimer's
Norfolk	Smith & Welton
Richmond	Thalhimer's
Roanoke	Lazarus, Inc.
WASHINGTON	
Seattle	Bon Marche
Spokane	The Crescent
WEST VIRGINIA	
Charleston	The Diamond Co.
WISCONSIN	
Madison	Harry S. Manchester Co., Inc.
Milwaukee	Gimbels

*and branches   Celanese® Arnel® triacetate

This is the official Arnel symbol—your assurance that this fabric type has been pretested for performance claimed by Celanese ARNEL

Summer perfect in Arnel

at the farm

Polly Bergen's Fashions of the Four Seasons by Jack Squire picks Arnel to make you the country's best-dressed girl. You're crisp as lettuce in Mission Valley's Arnel triacetate and cotton seersucker. *No wilting, little or no pressing.* Brown, orange, green, or blue; 8-18. About $20 at Bloomingdale's, N.Y. & branches; The Addis Co., Syracuse; Bon Marche, Seattle & branches; J. Goldsmith & Sons, Memphis; Thalhimer's, Richmond. More stores on opposite page.

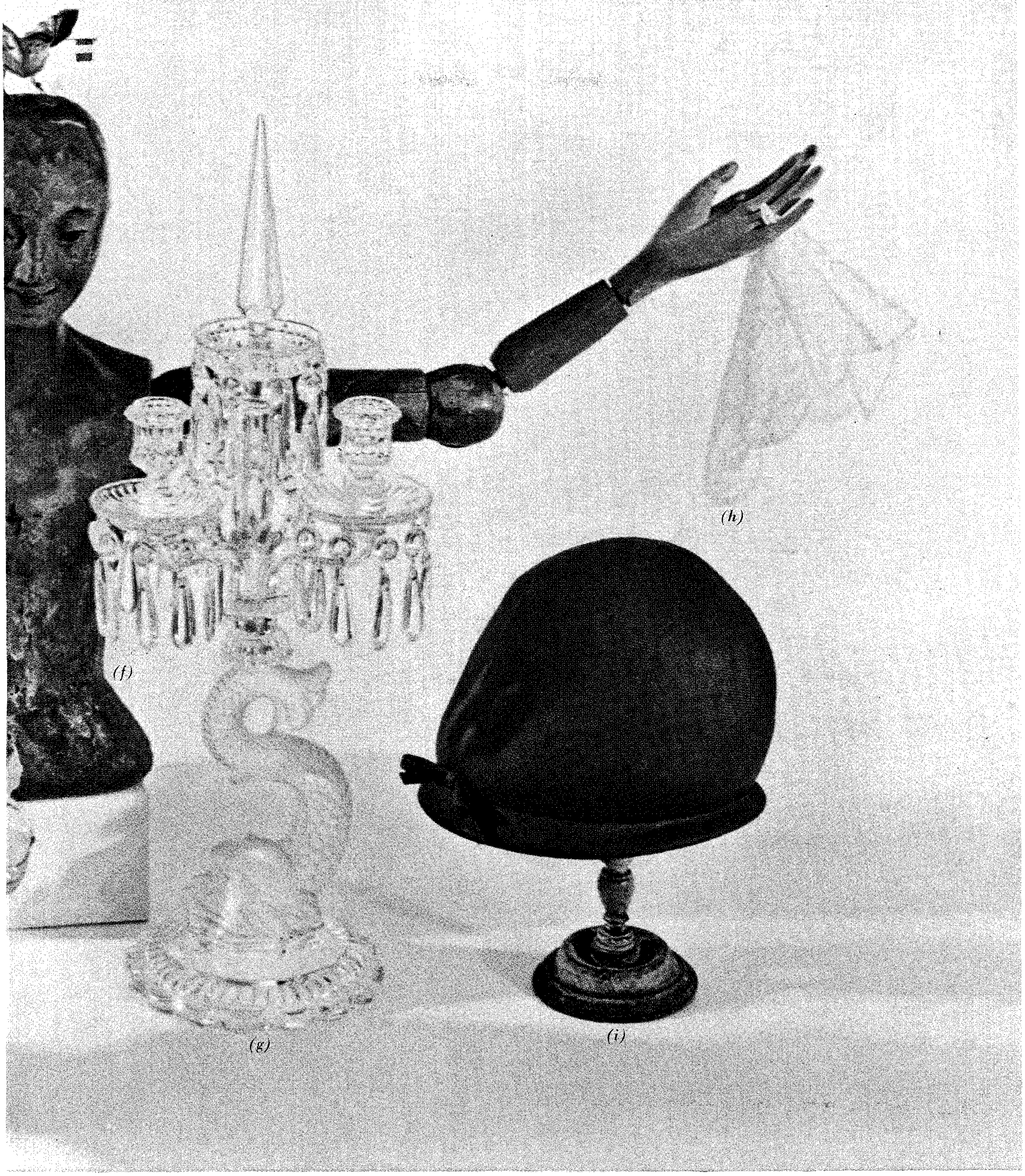
Celanese® Arnel®

Arnel . . . a Celanese contemporary fiber

You'd pay about $1,500 for these French treasures

One of the joys of a trip to France is that you can bring back superb French goods at a fraction of what they cost in the United States. For you not only pay less in France, you also almost always get a discount for traveler's checks. For example, **(A) EXCEPTIONAL LEATHER GLOVES** in Paris cost only $10, before discount, at Hermès. Trouble is, it's hard to control yourself in a country where you can even buy crystal so fine you can literally taste the wine through the glass! But here's a tip: shop in the lovely old towns where France's treasures are *made*. You'll save money and have the vacation of your life! **(B) FOR UNUSUAL GIFTS** go to atmospheric Brittany where ladies wear wedding-cake headdresses. Here, you'll find Bécassine, France's beloved doll. She's only $3.50 and a hundred tales come witl her, free. **(C) FOR PERFUME** go to Grasse, a Med terranean town up to its nose in roses. Th world's great essences are brewed, here. An even a big bottle of Jean Dessès' honored Celu costs just $35 before discount—in France. **(D) FO COGNAC,** and another heady scent, go to Cogna town in the heart of the beautiful brandy countr

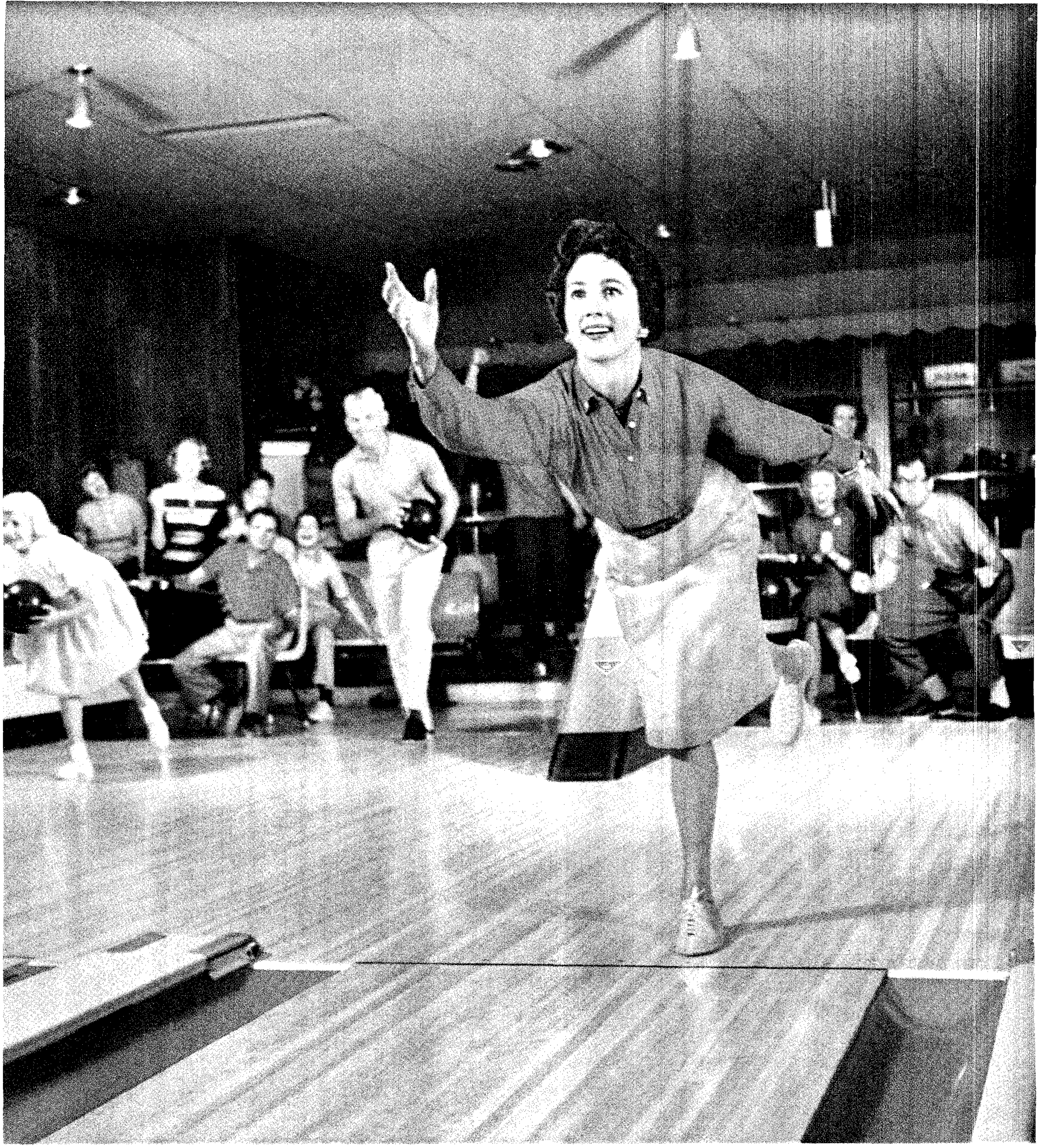
For free shopping guide and folders on French province



here. Guess how much they cost in France?

You can steal an 80-year-old Fauchon for $10! **(E) FOR PORCELAIN** go to Limoges, near the famous prehistoric caves of Lascaux. Limoges' fairyland porcelain factories offer startling buys. A museum-piece tureen, for instance, costs just $138 pre-discount. **(F) FOR ANTIQUES** go to the old, untrampled towns. A market could bring a fine 16th century model for under $100. **(G) FOR CRYSTAL** go to Baccarat, a village that makes the crystal of kings. A maharajah ordered a love temple but you may choose a candelabra for $93 or a ringing goblet for $1…before discount. **(H) FOR LACE** drive up a volcanic mountain to Le Puy where ladies perch on steps to weave cobweb-delicate lace. One priceless hankie, to order: $3. **(I) FOR FASHION** there's no place in France, or the world, like Paris. In a fabulous boutique, like Cardin's, you may trade $50 for a bonnet and get much more: a touch of that incomparable Paris chic. **FOR A THOUSAND REALISTIC TIPS** that will make your trip to France easier, and more profitable, write for: A Sympathetic Shopping Guide for The American in France. It's free.

see your travel agent or write: Dept. NY-4. Box #221, N.Y. 10: French Government Tourist Office: New York • Chicago • San Francisco • Los Angeles • Miami • Montreal.



Photographed at East Meadow Bowl, East Meadow, Long Island

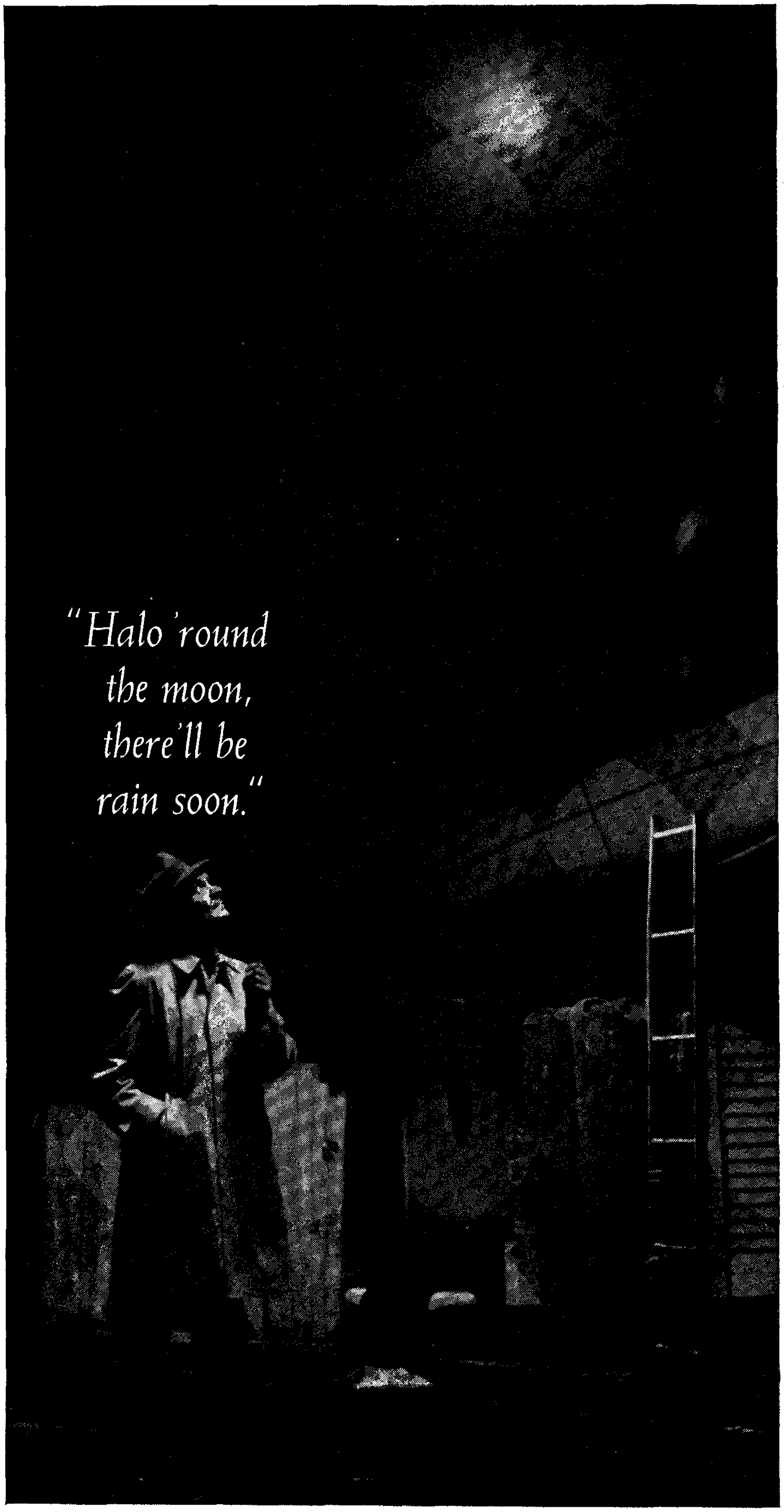
Mrs. Duke's clothes selected by Harper's Bazaar.

MRS. ANTHONY DREXEL DUKE—follows through at another "Magic Triangle" bowling center. Ever since AMF Automatic Pinspotters, it seems more and more folks everywhere are taking up the sport. It figures. The game's more exciting. More fun for the family. Find out for yourself. Bowl where you see the AMF "Magic Triangle."

© AMERICAN MACHINE & FOUNDRY COMPANY, 1960

by Balmain, Carven, Catherine Sauve, Dior, Charles Montaigne, Claude Rivière, Maggy Rouff, Nina Ricci, and Raphaël—a show that could never, of course, be found in Paris or anywhere else. Not only Neiman's but the whole town went Frenchy. The Municipal Auditorium offered an exhibition of French tapestries; the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts featured a collection of twenty-three Toulouse-Lautrec paintings lent by France's Albi Museum; the Rotarians, Kiwanians, and Lions honored the visiting businessmen at luncheons; the supper clubs featured French entertainers; the movie houses showed French films; M. Daninos and Mme. de Vilmorin addressed the students at Southern Methodist University; Professor Lon Tinkle, the best talker of French born in Texas, worked happily around the clock interpreting; the Mayor of Dijon kept on kissing people; and the newspapers praised the enterprise in classic Americanese as "a downright inspiration in friendly relationships hitched to the legitimate development of trade." The inspiration cost approximately four hundred thousand dollars, slightly more than half of which was contributed by the French government, French industries, and Neiman-Marcus suppliers. "This is producing direct, cold-cash business," Mr. Stanley said along about the fifth day of the Fortnight, when the store had already sold most of the imported merchandise. "But," he added hastily, "it is more than just a luxury show—it is cultural and intellectual as well." On all counts, the French Fortnight proved such a success that Neiman's has gone on turning the store and parts of Dallas upside down again and again, with British, South American, and Italian Fortnights, all dedicated to cold cash and hot culture.

"One of the reasons we get involved in promotions as spectacular as Expositions and the Fortnights," Warren Leslie, who has the general responsibility for putting them on, has explained, "is that we have a very different problem from that of New York stores. None of our local customers 'lives in town,' so to speak. They all live from five to fifteen miles away, even the Dallas ones. To come downtown they must fight parking, traffic, and so forth. A store such as ours would die if we depended on drop-in traffic. We must stage things as spectacularly as possible in the effort almost to force our customers to come down and shop with us." By whatever means the customers arrived, they rang up sales in 1959 of $41,507,842, giving Neiman's a net


"Halo 'round the moon, there'll be rain soon."

If, like most of us, weather forecasting is over your head—don't moon over it. We predict a London Fog Maincoat® is the ONE coat you need for every kind of weather. Shown: THE POOLE. Completely wash and wear...with the assured rain protection of exclusive Third Barrier construction. About thirty-two fifty at finer stores. Londontown Mfg. Co., 3600 Clipper Mill Rd., Balt. 11, Md. London Fog

MUMM'S

the word
for champagne

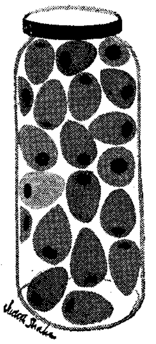
G.H. MUMM & Cº
BRUT
REIMS
CONTENTS 1 PINT 10 FLUID OUNCES
G.H.MUMM & Cº
REIMS
CORDON ROUGE
BRUT
CHAMPAGNE

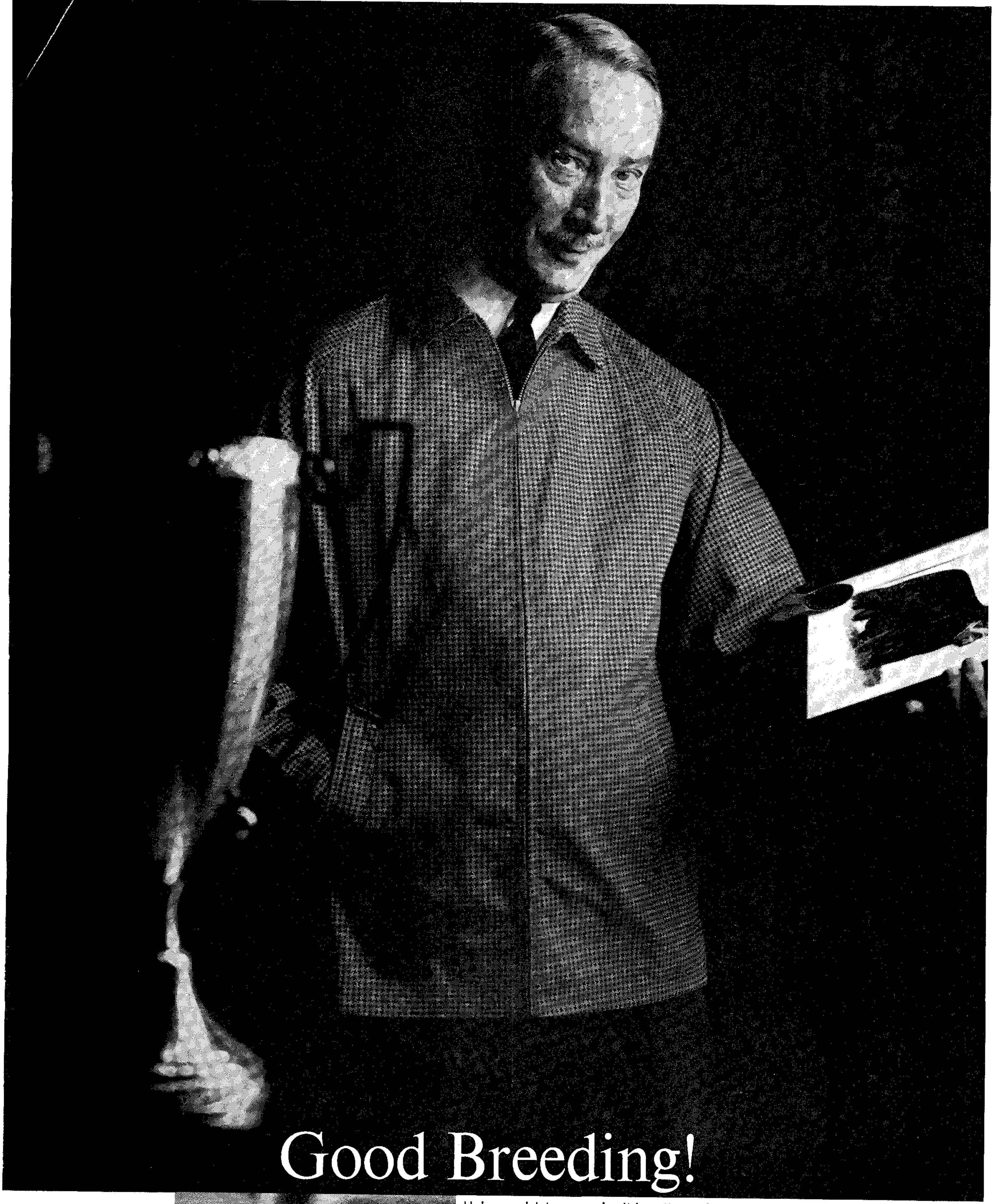
CORDON ROUGE AND EXTRA DRY
G. H. Mumm & Co. Ste. Vinicole De Champagne, Succr.
Sole U.S. Distributors, Browne Vintners Co., Inc., N.Y.C.

profit after taxes of $1,145,187. Nine out of ten people who shop at Neiman's are charge customers (including Abe Burrows, who refers to Mr. Stanley as "the Duveen of Texas"); some two thousand of the store's charge accounts range between two and five thousand dollars annually, four run to fifty thousand, and one to more than a hundred thousand.

Beneath the surface appeal of Neiman-Marcus as an extraordinary store lies its basic fascination—its function as a mirror that reflects the community. The primary characteristic of Neiman-Marcus customers is, to judge by the store's treatment of them, a mass inferiority complex in matters of fashion and taste. They are by no means illiterate in these respects—after all, Neiman's has been trying for over half a century to teach the whole community how to dress beautifully—but, as the store tirelessly insinuates, its customers still stand in need of constant help, which Neiman's is able to supply. In fact, according to Neiman dialectics, nobody can supply it better, because the store has all the answers—or, in its more elegant but no less forthright phrase—it is "the authority." It always has been, fortunately for Texas and its millionaires. "Many of these millionaires," Mr. Stanley explained to the writer Frank X. Tolbert, "never had the money [in their early days] to buy fine clothes for themselves or their families—to provide comfortable, gracious décor in their homes. But because there was a recognizable authority in the form of a store a hundred miles away, they were able to avoid many of the pitfalls of the rich. . . . They were willing to be guided, because they recognized an authority on which they could depend." The store seldom misses an opportunity to emphasize its continuing dependability as an "authority"—a word that turns up in Neiman-Marcus talk with remarkable frequency. "We expect our advertising to always underline our fashion authority," Mr. Stanley says. A newspaper advertisement assures the customers that the store is "doing everything humanly possible to fortify our fashion authority." The Exposition "underlines annually our supreme fashion authority," Warren Leslie says. He adds that Rolls-Royce, by co-sponsoring the 1957 Exposition, reaped the benefit of having Neiman-Marcus "put our stamp of fashion authority on their product."

As the chief authoritarian in residence, Mr. Stanley has explained that "all the store's communication devices are intended to make merchandise mean something to a lot of people to whom it would mean nothing until the merchandise had been authenticated." Once a piece of merchandise has been authenticated, it is entitled to bear the Neiman-Marcus label, which, according to Mr. Stanley, signifies that the product is "tops in fashion, taste, and quality." But that is not all it signifies. Mr. Stanley has convinced himself, and for years has waged an incessant campaign to convince others, that the Neiman-Marcus label, like the rosette of the Legion of Honor, automatically confers distinction. Playing on the communal insecurity, he has concentrated on inculcating the idea that the Neiman-Marcus label is the equivalent of a safe-conduct, permitting the bearer to pass freely through all social lines. Customers accepting this notion are naturally relieved of the burden of exercising their own taste; they need only to make sure that everything they buy carries the magic badge. The store does all it can—especially with advertisements harping exclusively on the label—to help the community remember this comfortable concept. For example, in a recent half-page persuader showing a couple who are obviously tops in fashion, taste, and quality sitting in a restaurant that might be in Dallas or Paris or Hong Kong, attention was focussed on the label in the lady's coat, draped ever so carelessly over the back of her chair. "All the world loves a Neiman-Marcus label," the message read in full. "Not long ago," according to a story in a recent "Point of View" column, "one of our customers received from her family a handsome birthday present, a very beautiful mink stole. As a joke, the family sewed the label of another store over our own. When the birthday girl opened the present and saw the stole, she was delighted. When she saw the label, she burst into tears and said it would have to be returned immediately. Calm was brought about only after the top label had been removed and ours exhibited." Neiman's has launched another venture designed to add still one more facet to its emblem. It takes the form of a series of advertisements offering handsome antiques—a silver wine cooler made in 1836 by Paul Storr, an eighteenth-century Meissen figurine, a silver tray, dated 1814, by William Pitts. Each



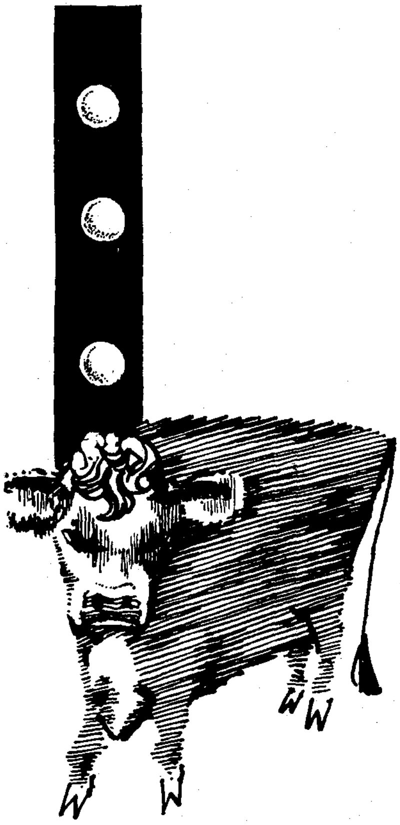


Good Breeding!

Supima®
WORLD'S FINEST COTTON

He's as quick to recognize it in cotton as in cattle. That's why he chooses Supima cotton. His eyes and his finger tips swiftly perceive Supima's greater lustre, softness and silkiness...exclusive characteristics inherited from the soil and the sunshine of Arizona, Texas and New Mexico. His well bred printed jacket (Cross Country, by name) is tailored by **Zero King** of 100% Self-Sealing Supima cotton. John David, New York; Marshall Field & Company, Chicago; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; R. H. Stearns, Boston; J. L. Hudson, Detroit; Halle Bros., Cleveland. Supima Association of America, 112 West 34th Street, New York 1, N.Y.

Supima is the registered certification mark for products made of southwestern extra-long staple cotton.



Little Peas
bred to go with
a prime rib
from the
Grand National

Permit us to speak frankly. You do yourself an injustice if you force the attendance of ordinary vegetables upon a truly fine cut of beef. If excellence is your goal, we invite your consideration of Le Sueur Brand peas. They are by no means an ordinary vegetable.

These tiny, very tender peas are the result of years and years of careful breeding. And they are grown on only a very few square miles of land, where conditions of climate and soil are deemed ideal. This care and caution has resulted in peas that are unrivaled for delicate substance and flavor . . . except, perhaps, by the famed Petits Pois of France.

We urge you to grace your table with Le Sueur Brand peas soon. The tiny, very tender ones.

LE SUEUR
BRAND
PEAS

Green Giant Co., hdqrs., Le Sueur, Minn.
"Le Sueur" Brand Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. ©GGCo.

advertisement features a facsimile of the maker's signature—"W.P.," for example—and next to it the store's label in script. "Twin hallmarks of excellence—Neiman-Marcus . . . William Pitts," the copy says, placing the hallmarks in what the store evidently considers the proper order. The Neiman-Marcus label is thus presumably invested with rich historical dimensions, despite the fact that when Pitts and the others were putting hallmarks on their creations, the present site of Neiman-Marcus was a rather bleak spot, where, as the Dallas *Times Herald* has remarked, "even the more cultured races of Redskins in America could have found nothing," except perhaps a few uncultured Indians turning out unsigned arrowheads.

Customers who have been trained up to the point where their faith in the Neiman-Marcus label is unquestioning form that rather sizable group who, in Mr. Stanley's words, have "proudly become devotees of the Neiman-Marcus state of mind." Some customers progress beyond that; for them, Neiman-Marcus becomes a way of life. Besides buying all their clothes at Neiman's, the confirmed devotees put in a regular appearance at the weekly fashion show, lunch in the Zodiac, and drop in there for tea; they consult Mr. Stanley and members of the store's staff, including a full-time professional counsellor, on the proper dress for various occasions; they attend the Exposition Fashion Show and Grand Ball, as well as the cocktail parties, dinners, luncheons, and other events held in connection with stunts like the international Fortnights; and they seek Mr. Stanley's advice on what college their daughter should attend, what wardrobe she should take along, and what gown she should be married in, among other things. Their husbands can also participate in the full life through the Man's Store, where they will find that the clerk who waits on them is, as the advertisements say, "more than just a salesman! He's a friend . . . a welcome critic . . . an authority on proper dress . . . a mindreader . . . knows what you like (almost better than you do) . . . also knows how to get tickets, where the town's best steak is, this winter's number-one resort." After a good steak, Neiman's customers can turn to the store's Travel Bureau to make their resort arrangements, or if interested in the Old World, they can sign up for the annual, month-long Neiman-Marcus Continental Tour of Europe. For tickets to Broadway shows, they need only drop a word to the store's

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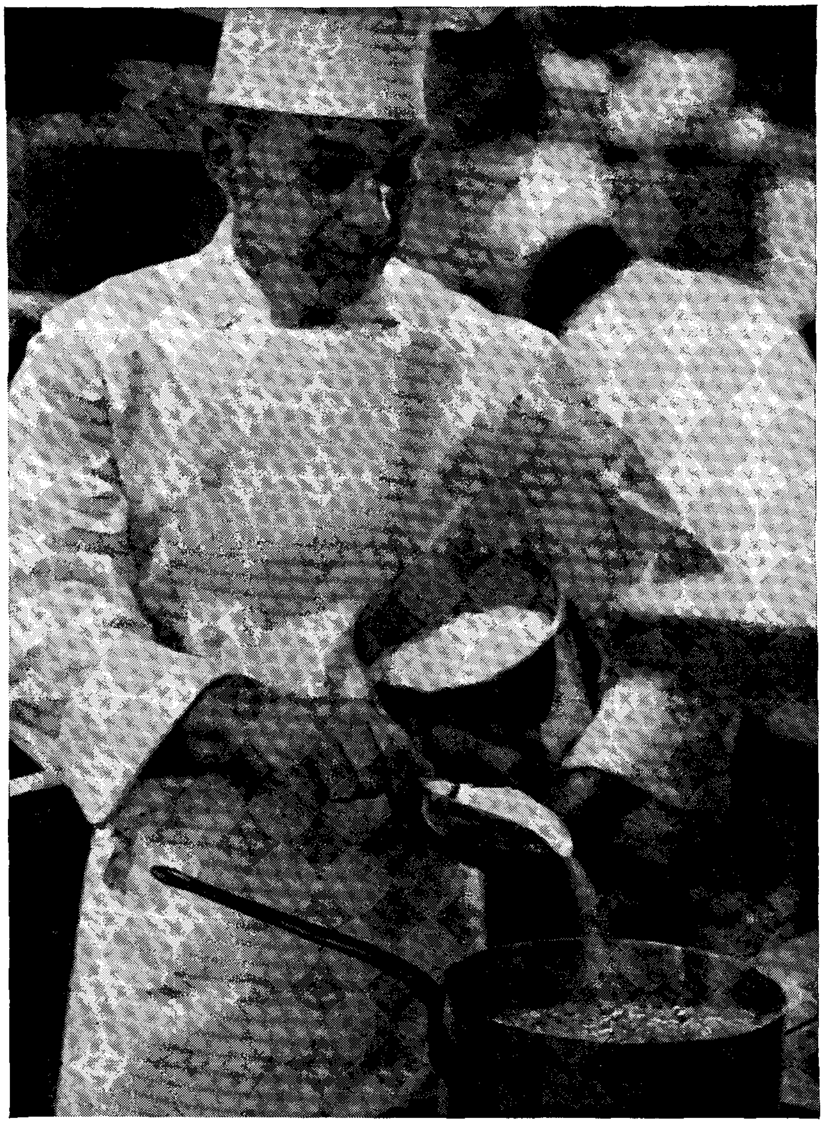
Sugar brings out the flavor of many foods. Even soups taste brighter with a little sugar added

That's why so many good cooks use sugar as a seasoning



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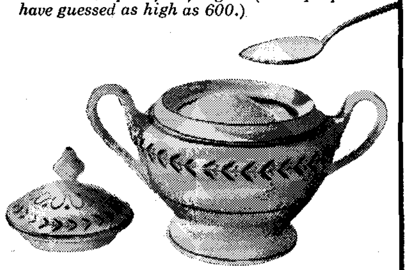

No other food satisfies your appetite so fast with so few calories.

All statements in this message apply to both beet and cane sugar.

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New York office. (It has so far supplied customers with nearly two thousand tickets to "My Fair Lady.") For some of its out-of-town customers whose football weekends in Dallas have been unusually colorful the store has obligingly furnished bail. Because of this close, if not unique, involvement with the community, Neiman-Marcus is a reliable conversation piece—to use one of the store's favorite expressions—practically everywhere in Texas. Many Texans never seem to tire of talking about the Marci and the effect their glittering emporium has had on Texas. Opinion on the subject is divided, and not mild. Probably as sensible a comment as any ever made on the topic of marathon interest was contributed at a dinner party by a beautiful but astute Dallas woman whose background includes New York, Palm Beach, and Newport. "Say what you wish about Neiman-Marcus," she coolly observed, "but let me ask you one thing—what would Dallas be like without it?"

MORE interesting than this question, in some ways, is its reverse: What would Neiman-Marcus be like without Dallas? Today, of course, Neiman's draws its trade from all over, but how, the speculation goes, would it have fared if the founders had originally set up shop in Houston or San Antonio or anywhere else in Texas? Even the store's oracular headman has no sure answer, but it may be indicative that Neiman-Marcus had been in business for nearly fifty years before venturing to open a branch in Houston, its first outside Dallas, and that Houstonians responded by staying away in such numbers that the branch operated in the red for at least its first two years. It took Dallas—"a place that's on the make," as Mr. Stanley has described it—to appreciate Neiman-Marcus right off, and when Dallas appreciates a thing, its success is assured. Dallas likes to be *for* something, especially something in the mode. "Dallas has a 'chic' complex," says the architect O'Neil Ford, a former resident. The city also has a compulsive attachment to growth, which it equates (as is the American habit) with progress. Dallas citizens are convinced that by putting their shoulders to the wheel, to borrow a popular localism, they can put their city so far over the top that it need take a back seat to no other, New York included. It is typical of the the-sky's-the-limit philosophy of Dallas that it fancies itself in direct competition with New York. That explains why the Dallas *News* made no effort to conceal its glee when

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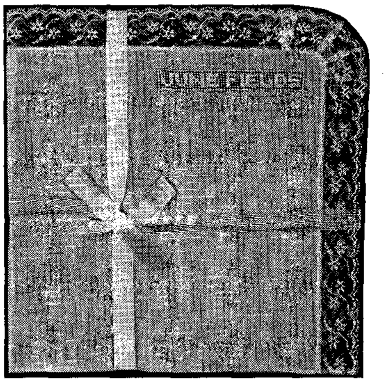

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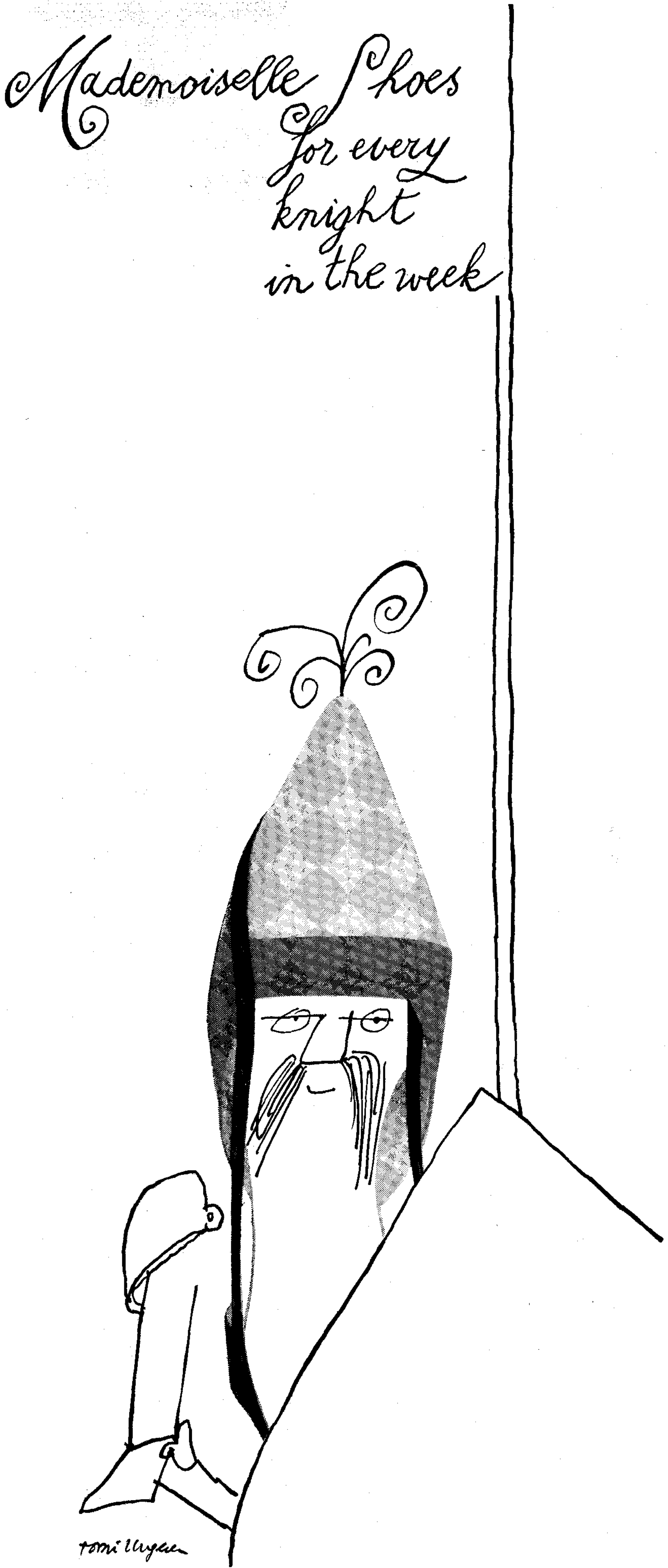
commenting editorially on the results of a recent special census that showed a small decline in New York City's population. By contrast, the paper announced, Dallas is growing at the rate of two thousand new residents a month, and at present has a population of some seven hundred thousand. The editorial purveying this gratifying intelligence was titled "Rosy Dallas Outlook." If anything about Dallas doesn't look rosy, especially compared with any other Texas city, Dallas citizens pitch in and make it so. A while back, for example, they realized that their zoo was not up to snuff. Instantly, the Dallas Zoological Society summoned its members to a "kickoff meeting," listened to Mayor Thornton explain how a bigger and better zoo would "benefit the city economically by bringing customers into Dallas stores," and pledged support of a campaign to raise three hundred thousand dollars for expanding and shining up the zoo. The campaign was a splendid success, partly because of the publicity it received under the direction of the Society's president, E. M. (Ted) Dealey, who is also president of the *News*, and whose paper for a spell printed so many animal stories and pictures that it looked as if Noah had been made editor. Dealey was also among the prime movers in a memorable civic adventure of the middle thirties, when Dallas set itself up in competition against all other Texas cities to be selected as the site of the state's centennial celebration. Dallas won, not because it had a superior historical claim—as a matter of fact, when Texas won its independence from Mexico, in 1836, Dallas, unlike Houston and San Antonio, hadn't even been founded—but because it had the wit and daring and gumption to put up the biggest guarantee. The same tactics were used to bag the Metropolitan Opera, which in 1939, after a dozen years of persistent entreaty by a Dallas merchant and music lover named Arthur Kramer, finally offered to include Dallas in its spring tour if the city would furnish a guarantee of sixty-five thousand dollars. Kramer, after making a few phone calls to other boosters, informed the Met that Dallas would be pleased to make the guarantee an even hundred thousand. (The guarantors have never been called upon to put up a cent.) Art lovers in Dallas are also full of get-up-and-go. Three years ago, they were fretting because the city lacked a museum devoted to modern art, a deficiency the more galling because no other large Texas city was so deprived. A committee was formed to rosy up the Dallas outlook on art. Today, the Dal-



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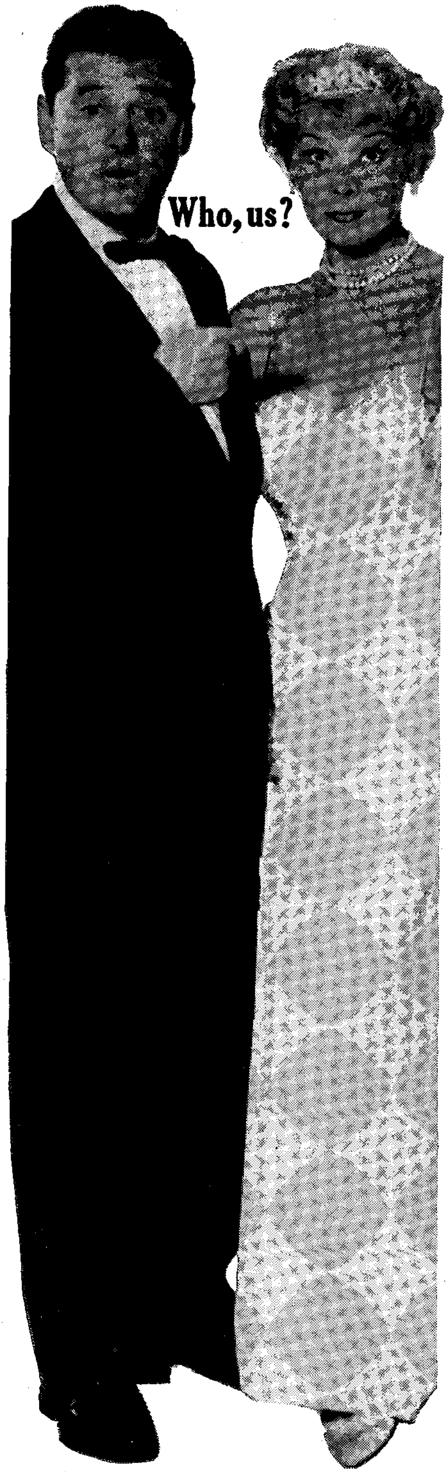

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las Museum for Contemporary Arts is housed in a modern two-story air-conditioned building, which was bought for four hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, has eighty-four hundred square feet of floor space, and so is larger—at least in area—than anything like it in the state. Members are now busy filling the new museum with pictures. This may take another three years. Since Dallas heroes are those who do something to make the city grow, it is no wonder that so many plaudits have been heaped on Mayor Thornton, a tenant farmer's son who started work picking cotton at eleven and is now board chairman of the Mercantile National Bank and, of course, a millionaire. "Bob Thornton," a fellow civic leader and millionaire named Jack P. Burrus once declared, "has done more for his and our Dallas, that he loves almost more than members of his family, than any four or five men combined have ever done in its entire history. He is more than Mr. Dallas; he is Mr. Big. Every resident of the community," Burrus added, in phrases typical of community life in Dallas, "should thank his God for having had, and for being privileged to have, Bob Thornton's leadership." The Mayor's philosophy of municipal leadership reflects his own refreshingly uncomplicated nature. "You gotta build a city," he says. "The damned things don't grow like mushrooms."

It would be hard to find a more impressive illustration of the efficacy of the Thornton forced-feeding treatment than Dallas, a city that, according to the rules, should never have been created, much less have survived. It has no water transportation of any kind—the largest city in the world to hold that peculiar distinction. Though the "rat-tailed Trinity River," as Walter Prescott Webb has called it, flows, in a manner of speaking, within the city limits, it is not navigable, and is so eccentric that it has been referred to as "that often unpredictable drainage ditch." Furthermore, Dallas, at the time of its founding, in 1856, was not at or even near the center of anything; the closest railroad was several hundred miles away. The area had none of the natural underground resources—oil, gas, sulphur—that contributed to the growth of other Texas cities. In short, Dallas was born without so much as a wooden spoon in its mouth. To what extent, one might wonder, does the almost hectic activity that characterizes the present behavior of the people of Dallas result from a haunting uneasiness, going way back, that comes from being com-

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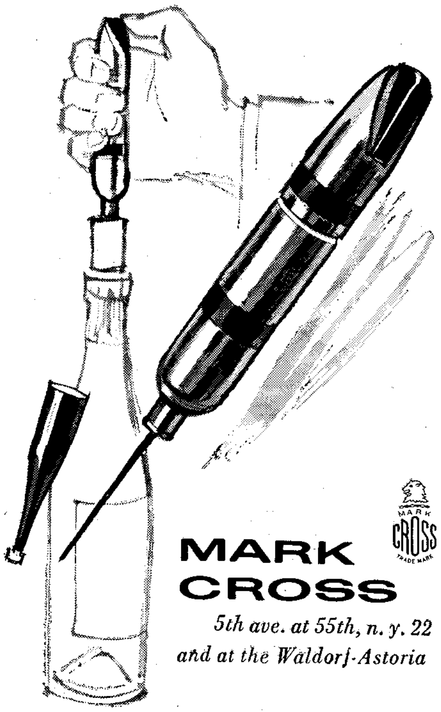

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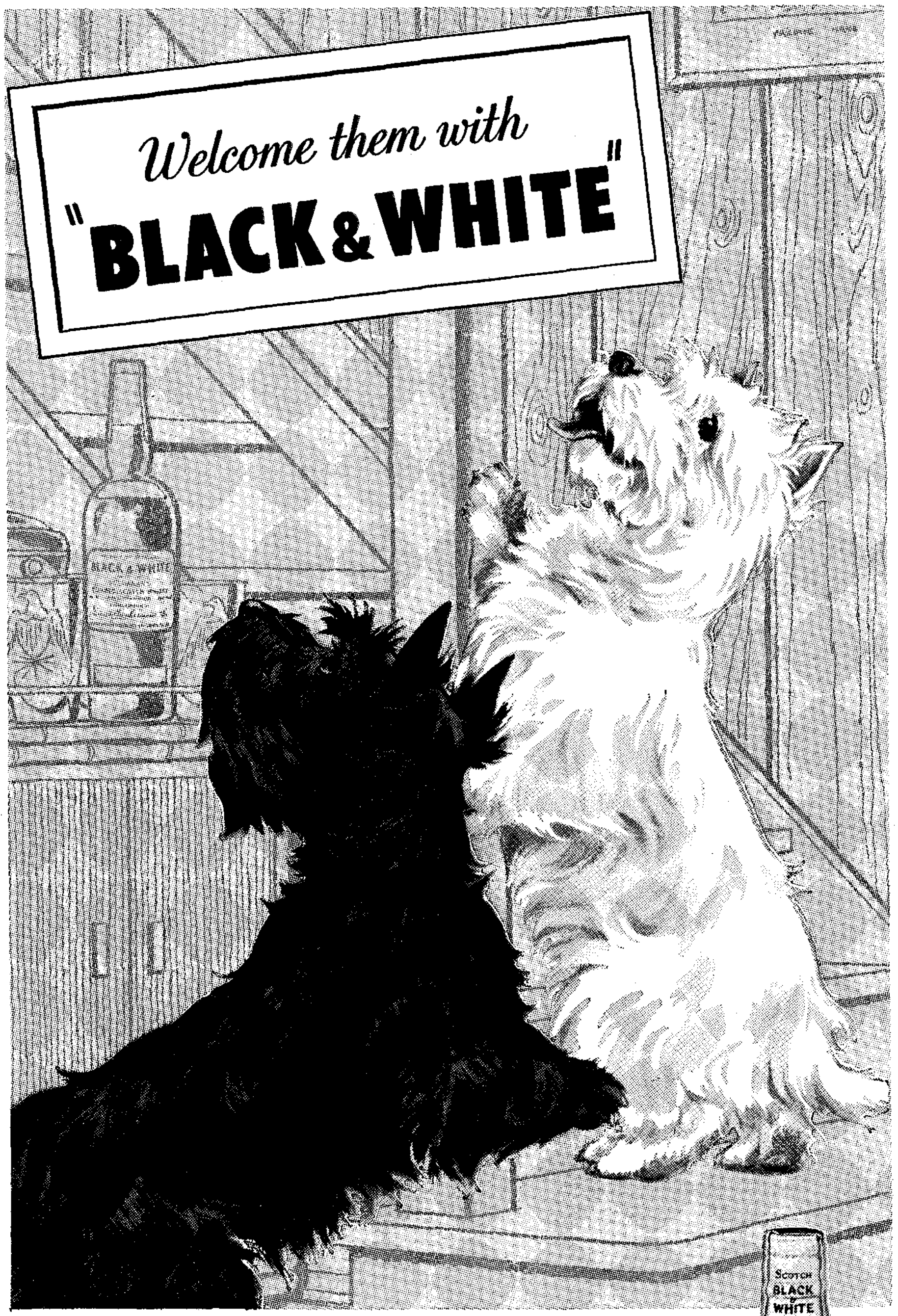
PRINCETON INN
PRINCETON, N. J.

mitted to a never-ending struggle to make something out of nothing, a struggle that calls for a bold and constant mockery of both logic and nature? Whatever its effects today, the effort proved too much for the city's founder, a native Tennessean named John Neely Bryan, who brought Dallas into existence as a city. Setting the pace early, Bryan not only designed the settlement but served as its first lawyer and postmaster, and ran a business besides. He eventually cracked under the strain, reached for the bottle, and ended his days in the state mental hospital. His successors have plainly been made of stronger stuff, endowed with vast determination and sensational loyalty. As the Fort Worth *Democrat* remarked as far back as 1872, the first thing Dallas parents teach their children to say is "Hurrah for Dallas!" The cheering has never ceased, nor has the growth of the city. Big D, as the natives actually refer to it, now ranks as the fourteenth-largest city in the country. "It's the people who get the credit—nothing else," B. Hick Majors, a Dallas real-estate operator, has remarked. "The people who came here were daring and optimistic. They fed in first from the small towns. Then, as the city grew, they began coming in from the North and from other parts of the South and West. These people had the energy of the Yankee and the thrift of the New Englander, and they took on the optimism of the Texan. But, most important, no matter where they came from, they right away picked up that great old Dallas tradition of go-go-go."

Being always in such a hurry, Dallas has had to develop its municipal personality on the run. As a result, its communal character gives the impression of being sketchy, not filled out, unjelled, offering no promise of hidden depths, no secrets. Everything is on the surface: youthfulness, pride, desperate ambition—a combination that naturally wells up from a community on the make. One trait above all dominates the Dallas personality—reverence for business. If, as Calvin Coolidge so trenchantly observed, the business of America is business, Dallas may well be *the* All-American city, for it is a city of the businessmen, by the businessmen, and for the businessmen. It got that way, of course, not by choice but by necessity. Shortchanged by Providence, the settlement that later became known as the Athens of the Alfalfa Fields wisely pinned its hope for survival on making the most of its instinct for trade. Today, Dallas is the banking capital of the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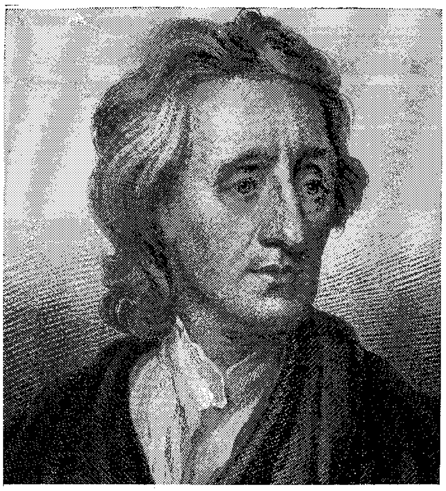

JOHN LOCKE

judgment

"He that judges without informing himself to the utmost that he is capable," wrote John Locke, "cannot acquit himself of judging amiss."

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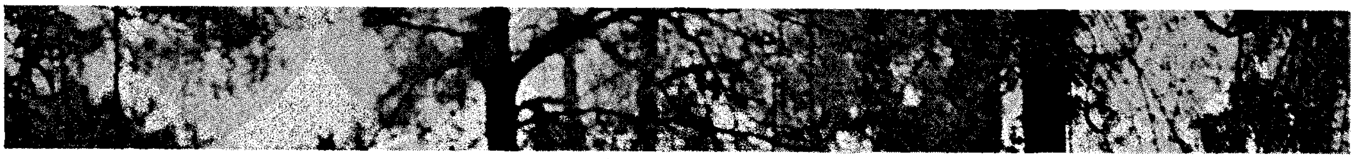
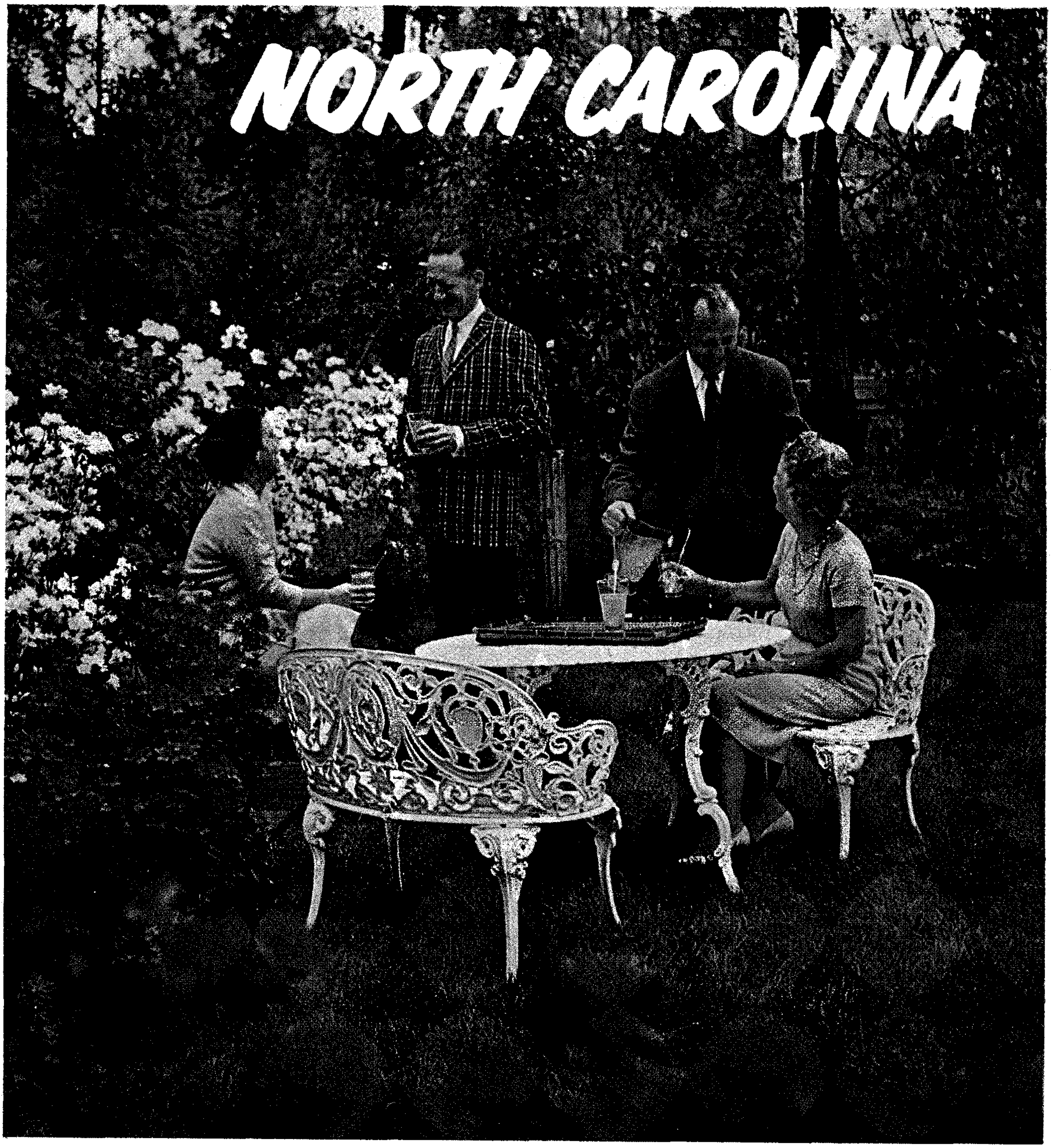
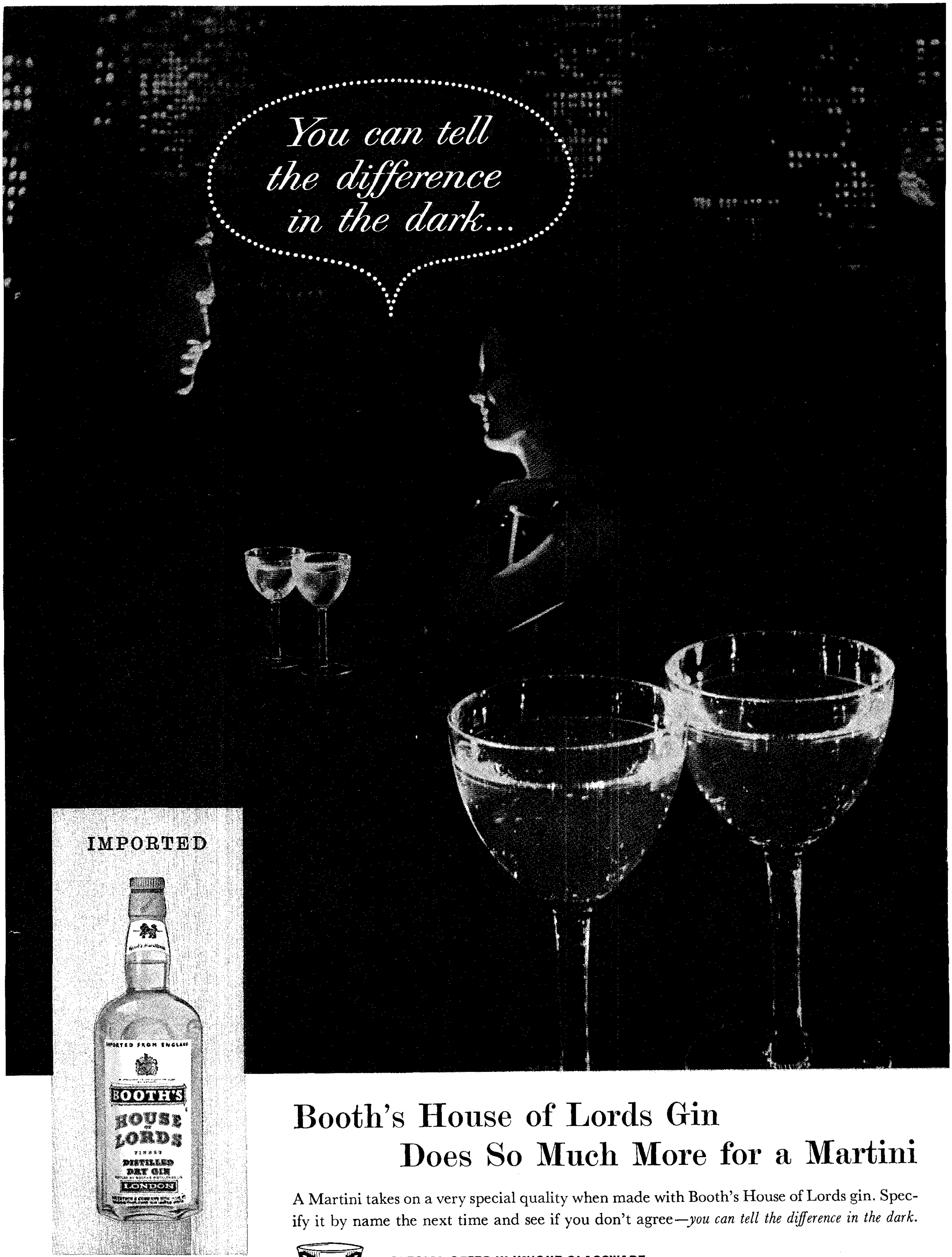


5:15 p.m.

Fifteen minutes after leaving his plant, Dr. C. E. Hartford (right), vice president of Riegel Paper Company, Wilmington, is enjoying North Carolina's outdoor living with his neighbors and Mrs. Hartford. Industrial plants in North Carolina are seldom more than fifteen minutes away from a good golf course, fishing, hunting, riding or swimming. Outdoor activity in a year-round outdoor climate and no time lost in commuting pay off in high production and happy living for North Carolina industry. For information about plant locations you can communicate in confidence with Governor Terry Sanford, Chairman of the Board of Conservation and Development, Raleigh, North Carolina.

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tation of the noted American talent for enlightened self-interest. "Sure, we fight like hell with each other," Mayor Thornton has said, "but when it's for Dallas—then it's 'Line up, boys!' "

A few boys in Dallas do not believe that lining up on order necessarily represents the ultimate in civic virtue, but they are about as scarce as a sale on tombstones. Furthermore, they mind their public manners, or, as de Tocqueville said of the backstage dissenters he encountered, "they hold a different language in public." To all appearances, therefore, the existing benevolent regime has almost unanimous support; unbelievers either have been successfully rehabilitated or have willingly become expatriates, like O'Neil Ford, who gave up Dallas for San Antonio, the most cosmopolitan and attractive city in Texas and one that, its citizens proudly point out, isn't growing very fast. "As for Dallas," Ford said a while ago, "the main business up there is defending the status quo. Keep in line. There is an underlying current of—well, one doesn't want to call it reaction, but it's almost that. And, of course, some of it is bound to get out and affect the whole atmosphere. They'd be the last to admit it, but the people in Dallas are ill at ease." Perhaps nothing brings the latent uneasiness to the surface more quickly than critical comment, however slight, that a visitor may make about any aspect of the city. The residents are particularly sensitive about its appearance, and with some reason. Anthony Sampson, taking a look at the city in connection with the British Fortnight, remarked, in the London *Observer*, "It is not, on the face of it, a very promising setting. Dallas must have a claim to be the bleakest city in the world. It makes Johannesburg seem pretty." That is not quite cricket, really, but Dallas does, by comparison, enhance the beauty of (to pick a couple of places closer to home) cities like Charleston, South Carolina, and Tucson, Arizona, which lie on approximately the same latitude. For reasons that it doesn't take a visitor long to discover, there are no sightseeing buses in Dallas. However, as a service to the implacably curious, the Earl Hayes car-renting service offers, for four dollars, a tour of the city in an air-conditioned Cadillac and in the company of a well-informed guide named Choice Lovelady. The tour takes two hours and covers many memorable sights, such as office buildings and factories; the Public Library; Union Station; the suburbs of Highland Park and University Park, where the bulk of the millionaires live;

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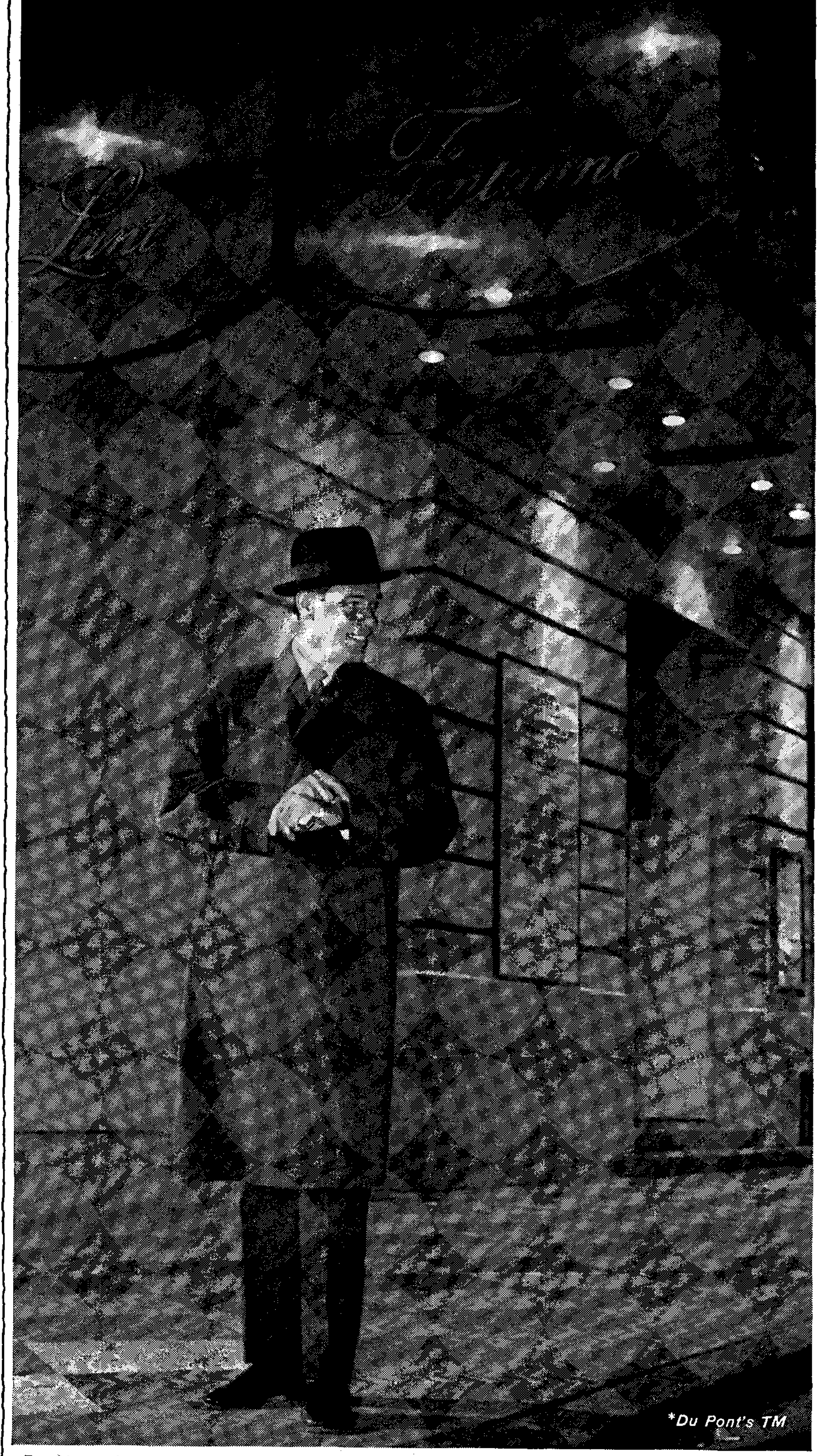

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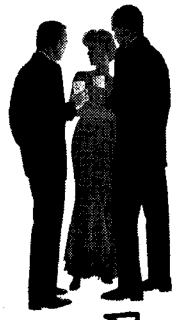

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the Dallas Theatre Center, designed by Frank Lloyd Wright; Highland Park Methodist Church (circa 1920); Southern Methodist University; and the State Fair Grounds, the city's cultural hub, reached by traversing a slum area inhabited by Negroes, who comprise approximately one-fifth of the city's population. The permanent cultural installations at the Fair Grounds—or Fair Park, as it is officially known—include the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, the Museum of Natural History, the State Fair Auditorium, and the Cotton Bowl. Returning to the city's center, a sightseer can take in such other attractions as the Central Expressway, the Municipal Auditorium, and both the Masonic and the Scottish Rite Temples. His tour completed, a visitor is likely to be left with the impression that Dallas is "distractingly regular," as Dickens, with considerably less reason, remarked of Philadelphia. "After walking about it for an hour or two," he wrote, "I felt I would have given the world for a crooked street." Few people except letter carriers feel compelled to spend that much time walking around Dallas, even in its showcase section, known as "the downtown." This is a surprising conglomeration of handsome skyscrapers, like the Republic National Bank and the Southland Center, which rise in the midst of a motley of parking lots, hot-dog stands, pawnshops, and other shoddy structures. Directly across Main Street from Neiman-Marcus, for example, stands a row of unsplendid buildings housing a newsstand that specializes in out-of-town newspapers and girlie magazines (with a pool parlor in the back room), a ramshackle lunchroom and beer bar called Jack's French Fries, and the Central Shine Parlor, whose bootblacks drum up trade by shouting from the entrance at passersby. On nearly all downtown streets, a stranger is likely to be impressed—particularly in view of the city's wealth—by the number of blind beggars and other mendicants in some sort of physical distress. Dallas has recently embarked on a program not only to get the beggars off the streets and to rid the city of small-town stigmata, such as commercial signs overhanging the sidewalks, but to renovate the entire downtown area. The first stage, now under way, consists of arousing strong dissatisfaction with the area in its present condition. (Furious self-criticism, if properly inspired and directed, is encouraged in Dallas, as it is in other striving communities around the world.) Newspapers and civic leaders, tackling the initial phase of the face-lifting project with characteristic Dallas

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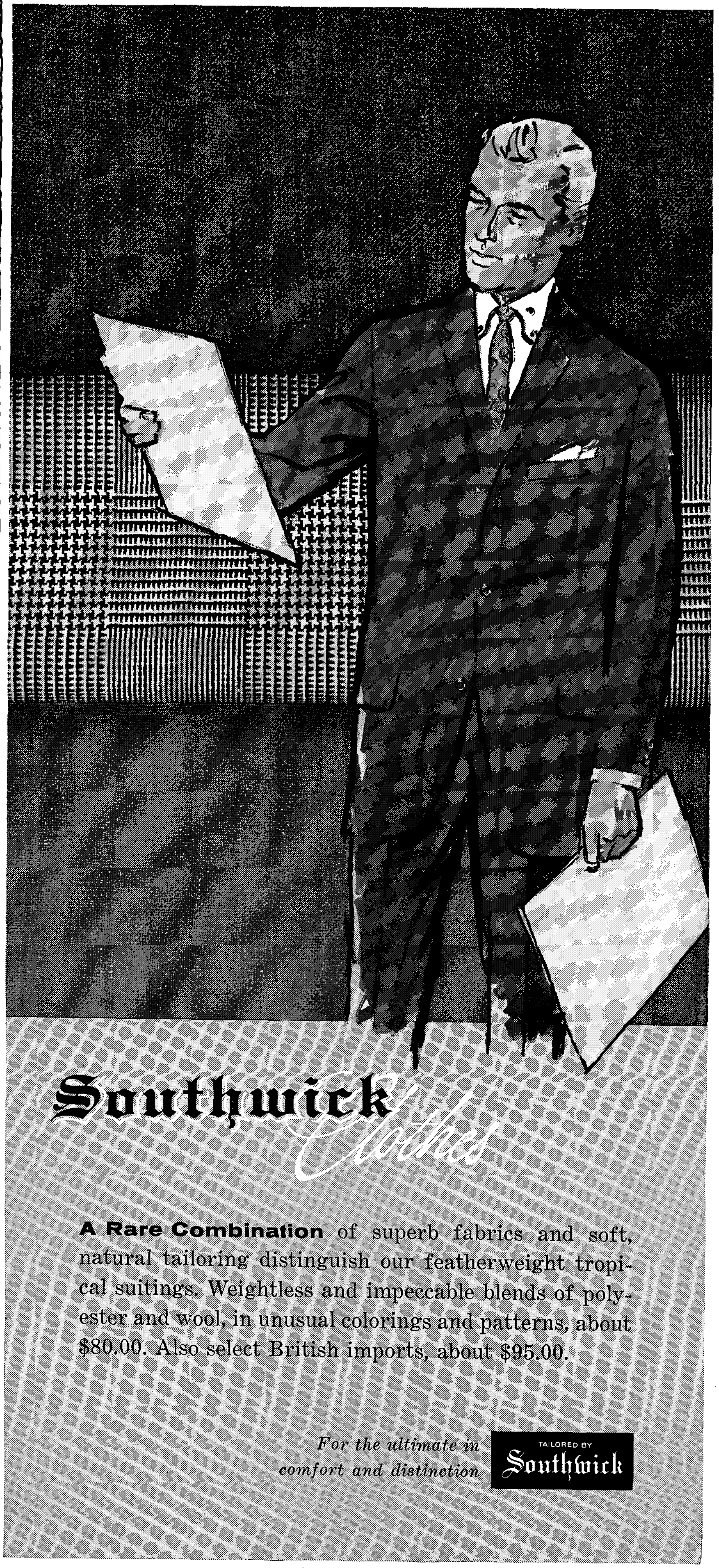
enthusiasm, have engaged in what to an outsider would seem an almost embarrassing orgy of vilification. "Dallas has beautiful skyscrapers—and dirty feet," said Angus Wynne, Jr., upon assuming the chairmanship of the newly formed Beautify Greater Dallas Association. "Dallas is beautiful from a distance, but close up there's visual chaos," said an architect imported to advise on the urban-renewal project. John Rosenfield, who heads the entertainment department of the Dallas *News* and is widely regarded as the cultural Pooh-Bah of the entire Southwest, also joined the knock-Dallas circle, saying, "It is a 'dead' city after nightfall, unless one knows the suburban spots, and then it is none too lively." No chance was missed to low-rate the heart of the city. "DOWNTOWN DREARY IN RAIN," read the headline on one newspaper article ("The small old buildings seem like mourners huddled together at a funeral"), while another went so far as to complain, "DALLAS SIDEWALKS LACK EYE APPEAL." Though Dallas isn't as bad as all that, room for improvement is patently not lacking. And it is just as plain to anybody acquainted with Dallas, which, as the *Times Herald* noted the other day, "is barely older than Grandma Moses," that improvement is bound to come. Still, the renovating process, regardless of its extent, is not likely to rob the city of its essential character. After all, what radical innovations need be feared in a community dominated by the philosophy of bankers and insurance men? Inasmuch as the future of Dallas, no less than its past, depends on trade, the "melancholy air of business" that Dickens found so widespread in America will not quickly be dispelled. So it seems safe to predict that when Dallas dons its new suit of clothes, its municipal personality will change no more than that of the star salesman who becomes sales manager. No matter how grand its trappings, Dallas will remain at heart a drummer.

THOUGH only twenty-nine and six-tenths miles of new six-lane turnpike separate downtown Dallas from downtown Fort Worth, the two cities stand about as far apart in character as the city mouse and the country mouse. According to the masthead of the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram*—the only newspaper in a city of approximately four hundred thousand—Fort Worth is "Where the West Begins" (Dallas, according to the old saw, is "Where the East Peters Out"), and a visitor soon encounters enough phenomena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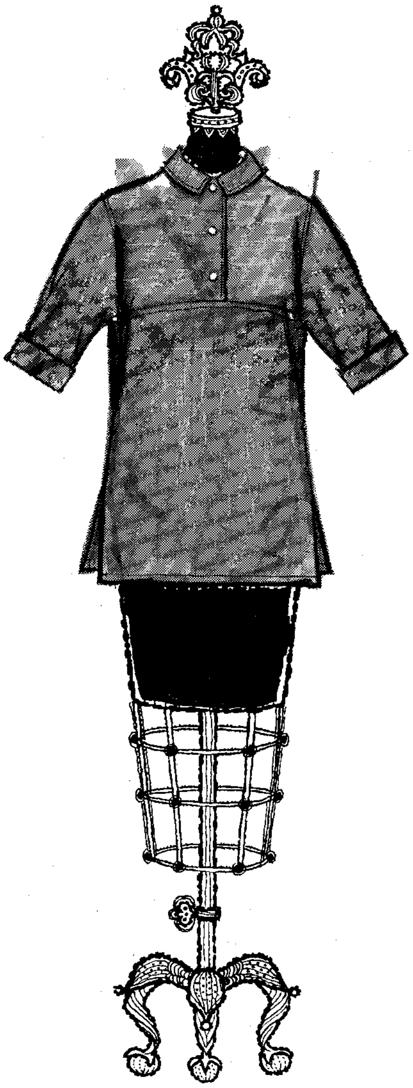

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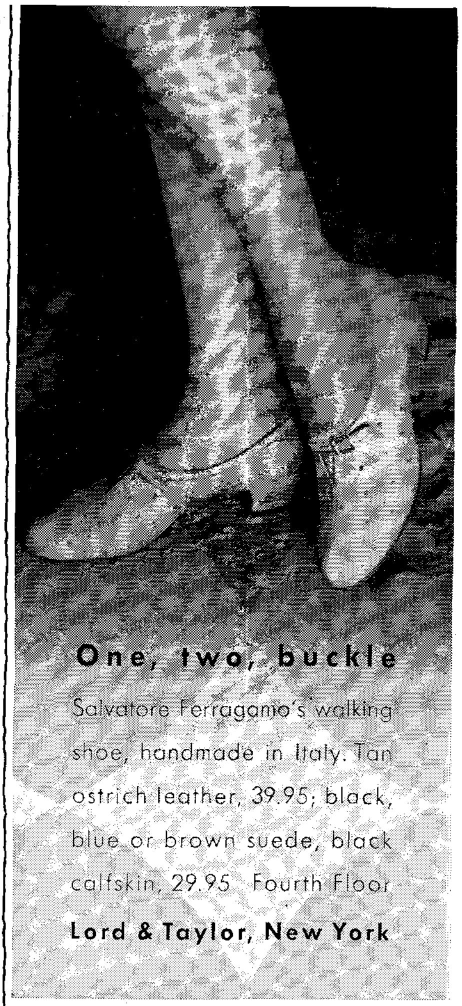
popularly associated with the West to make him think that the motto tells the truth. For one thing, genuine cowboys, something of a rarity in Dallas or anywhere else in East Texas, suddenly become a common sight. In the old days around Fort Worth, they used to say the cowboy was king; there is evidence that he has not yet really been deposed. A noticeably large share of the people in the hotel lobbies are cattlemen, easily identifiable by their ranch suits and wide-brimmed hats. Many of them have been making business trips to Fort Worth for twenty years or more without once going over to take a look at Dallas. They have seen pictures of the new, shiny, skyscraping Sheraton-Dallas and Statler Hilton, and read all about them, but they prefer to keep on giving their trade to Fort Worth hotels, like the Texas and the Worth—Texas-owned institutions not given to putting on airs. Fort Worth doesn't lack the usual physical attributes of a big city—it has the customary pyramidal skyline (distinguished by the new First National Bank Building); traffic congestion; attractive residential sections (those around the River Crest and Ridglea country clubs, where mainly millionaires live, are considered choicest); an extensive park system, which includes five large artificial lakes; and other such things—but the over-all impression created by the entire layout is that of a not very large Western town, and a rather tacky one at that. In contrast to the chromium-plated gloss of Dallas, Fort Worth has the faded silver-gray look of a weathered barn—undeniably picturesque and improbably appealing. In nearly every outward respect, Fort Worth lives up amply to its nickname—Cowtown. Residents attend the Cowtown Drive-In Theatre, eat at the Cowtown Grill, listen to radio station WBAP, whose identification signal is a cowbell, and so on. Whereas Dallas has at least one public restaurant that serves Continental food, Fort Worth's best-known eating house is the Cattlemen's Steak House, which specializes in steak and baked potatoes, and is situated, appropriately, near the stockyards. (A few doors down the street from the Cattlemen's is the well-known Leddy Brothers establishment, turning out handmade boots, saddles, and chaps.) The marketing and processing of livestock has long been a major Fort Worth industry, though its largest today is aircraft production, in which it ranks second to Los Angeles. While the public event that currently creates the greatest sensation in Dallas is the opening of the newly formed Civic Opera Company,



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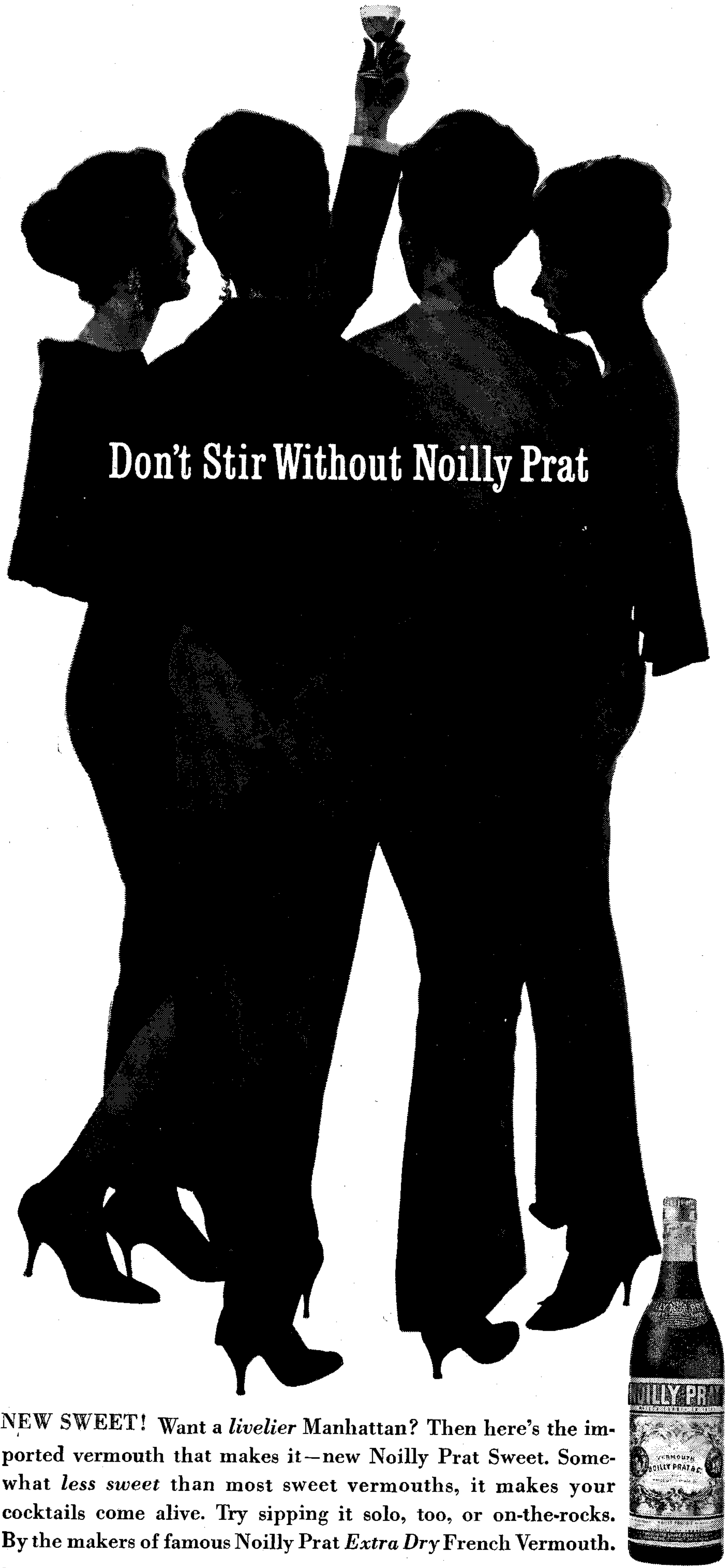
starring Maria Callas, the big turnout in Fort Worth is for the old-established Southwestern Exposition and Fat Stock Show, featuring Roy Rogers and his wife, Dale Evans.

In typical contrast, too, is Fort Worth's largest and best-known retail establishment, a block-square department store called Leonards. Like Neiman-Marcus, Leonards is a brotherly enterprise, being headed by J. Marvin (Mr. Marvin) and Obadiah P. (Mr. Obie) Leonard, a pair of Texas farm boys who entered the retail business in Fort Worth shortly after the First World War with a capital of six hundred dollars and a gift for handling all kinds of distress merchandise and bankrupt stocks, from cribs to coffins. Within a dozen years, their original twenty-five-by-sixty-five-foot quarters, across from Court House Square, had expanded over an entire block. Then, moving slightly uptown both in location and in merchandising methods, the brothers put up on an adjoining block a three-story air-conditioned building that thereupon became Leonards (or Leonard Frères, as it is sometimes waggishly referred to), while the old, lower-priced store, continuing in business, took the name of Everybody's. Before opening the doors of the new place, Mr. Marvin gathered his managers together for an indoctrination talk on matters of policy. "A great many people say we're making the mistake of our lives, moving from our junk-store location," Mr. Marvin told the assembled employees, as one of them later recalled to the writer Neil Clark. "They say we'll lose our old customers and won't get new ones. Whether or not that's so, I believe, depends on you. I'm sure every old customer will come at least once to see the new store; if he feels at home, he'll come again. He's been used to spitting on the floor in the old store. If you see a customer looking for a place to spit on your nice new floor, walk in front of him and spit, so he'll think that it's the thing to do. If you see a woman looking for a chair to nurse her baby, get her one, or tell her to sit on the piece-goods counter." By making the customers feel mighty to home—the carpet covering the second floor seems to be composed equally of patches and original material—Leonards has grown, without interruption, to the point where it has some fifteen hundred employees and does an annual business estimated at more than fifty million dollars. Crowded and noisy, the store sells everything from common pins to tractors, likes to think of itself as the Gimbels of the Southwest, and has long since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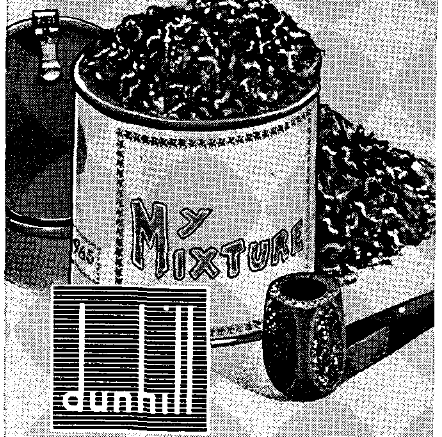

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turned the founders into millionaires. Though both still come to the store daily, they now have extensive outside interests in real estate, oil, insurance, and, partly as a hobby, country clubs. Back in the late twenties, Mr. Marvin took up golf at his doctor's suggestion, and became so enthusiastic about the sport that he decided Fort Worth ought to have a championship course. He accordingly bought a hundred-and-fifty-seven-acre tract of land, engaged the expert golf architect Percy Maxwell, and built the Colonial Country Club—the first course in the Southwest to have bent-grass greens. The National Open and many other notable tournaments have been played on the Colonial course since it was opened, in 1936. Mr. Marvin sold the Colonial layout to the members a few years later, but he has subsequently been involved in the building of a couple of other golf clubs, which have been constructed on a scale of ascending grandeur. Aside from his penchant for the links, Mr. Marvin's main extra-business interest is church work. Mr. Obie's is Scouting. He has received the Silver Beaver Award, the highest honor a Boy Scout council can bestow. Both brothers, though they are now accustomed to seven-figure wheeling and dealing, have remained plain-spoken, down-to-earth, and civic-minded. Along with many other forward-looking Fort Worth millionaires, they share a serious interest in making a municipal silk purse out of Cowtown.

"It's only recently that people here have been attracted to anything that didn't involve a high degree of manure," a native Fort Worth millionaire who also happens to be a Princeton graduate remarked a while ago. "In the past, just about everybody was a rancher, or wished he were, and about all that people cared about were cows and bulls and horses. That gave the town a definite flavor of manure. It's still around—I read in the paper the other day that Fort Worth continues to be the horse capital of the world—and it won't go away overnight. But give this place a few years—and some luck—and it'll come out smellin' and lookin' like a rose. We hope." The reason for the qualified local optimism (in Fort Worth they don't go in much for the double-your-money-back-if-not-satisfied kind of positivism so popular in Dallas) is the limited success so far achieved in adopting the so-called Gruen Plan, an ambitious scheme, devised by Victor Gruen Associates, to renovate the entire business district so drastically that it will look like Sunday-supplement drawings of the Dream City of the Future. To enlist

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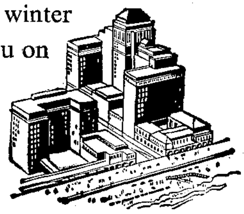

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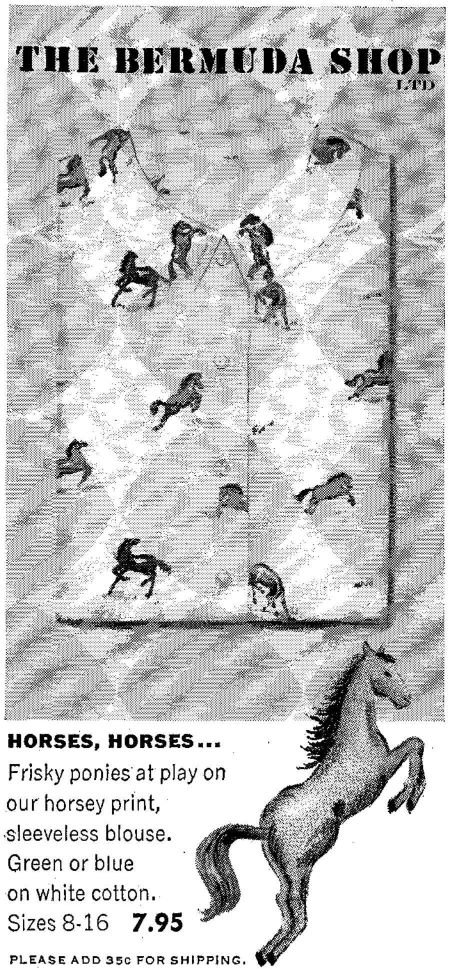

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public support for the creation of this commercial Garden of Eden, a Chamber of Commerce committee, headed by Sam Cantey III, a banker with so many civic interests that he is sometimes spoken of as "a strictly *pro-bono-publico*-type guy," has sponsored a series of stirring illustrated lectures to scores of civic groups and to numerous other collections of two or more people willing to listen. Probably the most tireless backer of the plan is the man who initiated it—J. B. Thomas, president of the Texas Electric Service Company. "The Gruen Plan will cost a hundred million dollars over fifteen to twenty years," Thomas has said, "but what's that to a city like this?" More than small change, apparently, for bond issues to finance several components of the plan have been turned down by Fort Worth voters. Though stalled, the project continues to be pushed hard by local boosters for a variety of reasons, not the least consequential being the storied Fort Worth urge to needle Big D. "If the Gruen Plan is adopted, it will make Dallas a satellite of Fort Worth," Mrs. J. Lee Johnson III, an enthusiastic advocate of the plan, has remarked, showing the old-time spunky spirit that would have pleased her father, the late Amon G. Carter, history's most gifted Dallas-baiter.

For more than a quarter of a century before his death, in 1955, Amon Carter also enjoyed the reputation of being the First Citizen of Fort Worth—a fact not likely to escape a visitor arriving by plane at Amon Carter Field and subsequently driving past the public school, the art museum, and the numerous other memorials bearing Carter's name. Small, aggressive, and supremely self-confident, Carter operated on the principle that he would do all the civic work as long as he got all the credit. "Amon was a gladiator," Mayor Thornton, of Dallas, once observed. "But this same ambition produces a weakness in city building." However that may be, Carter showed plenty of strength in keeping things stirred up. "That man," John Nance Garner said when Vice-President, "wants the whole government of the United States to be run for the exclusive benefit of Fort Worth." Carter was a blacksmith's son who left school after the eighth grade to wait on tables and work as a "chambermaid," as he liked to put it, in a boarding house, at a weekly salary of a dollar and a half; he wound up owning the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram*, radio stations, real estate, and various other properties that brought him great wealth. This he spent with a free hand

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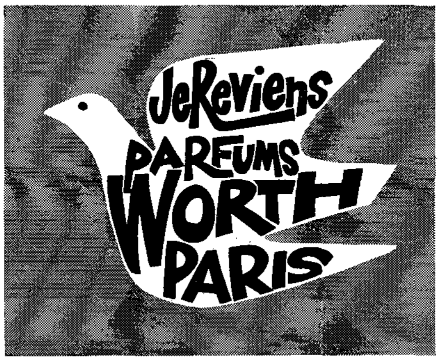

FOR A PACKET OF SCENTED BLOTTING PAPER
WRITE TO: WORTH, DEPT. B, 5 EAST 57TH ST., N. Y. C.

to amuse himself and to promote Fort Worth, which amounted to the same thing. He made a determined point of cultivating the friendship of the celebrated—presidents (particularly of the United States), financiers, generals, admirals, industrialists, actors—whom he entertained with other guests (often a thousand or so at a time) at his Shady Oak Farm. To let his guests know they had reached the place where the West begins, Carter liked to summon them to a meal by mounting his palomino and galloping at high speed around the premises, meanwhile letting go with a pair of six-shooters. Any advance for Fort Worth, especially the attraction of new industry, elated Carter, but the triumph was sweeter if it was gained at the expense of Dallas. So finely honed was Carter's competitive sense, the stories have it, that whenever business required him to spend a day in Dallas, he carried a box lunch in order to avoid contributing to the city's prosperity. By word and deed, he spiritedly encouraged friends and business associates to pursue a similar economic policy. As a result, a Fort Worth matron has recalled, wives of men wishing to remain in Carter's good graces made a practice of removing the labels from anything surreptitiously bought at Neiman-Marcus (in Mr. Stanley's view, the supreme sacrilege) and replacing them with labels from a Fort Worth store. (It is hard to imagine Carter's sharing Mr. Stanley's belief that Neiman's new store in Fort Worth will create what he has called "general euphoria" among the citizens there, because "it will give them a feeling they have arrived.") When, despite the exercise of Carter's notable talent for persuasion, Fort Worth lost out to Dallas as the site of the Texas Centennial, Carter turned a typically jaunty trick by engaging Billy Rose—then in his Purple Period—at a fee of a thousand dollars a day, to put on a rival celebration called the Frontier Centennial. Its main attraction was "Casa Mañana," an elaborate musical staged by Rose and John Murray Anderson on what was ballyhooed as the world's largest revolving stage, and featuring Sally Rand, Paul Whiteman's orchestra, and some of the other choicest talent that money could buy. Carter advertised his offering, a tremendous success, with the characteristically pungent slogan "Go to Dallas for Education, Come to Fort Worth for Entertainment."

Inspired nose-thumbing like that comes naturally to Fort Worth, a community that began earning a reputation for independence and boisterousness

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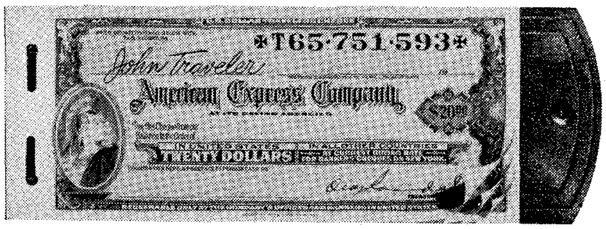

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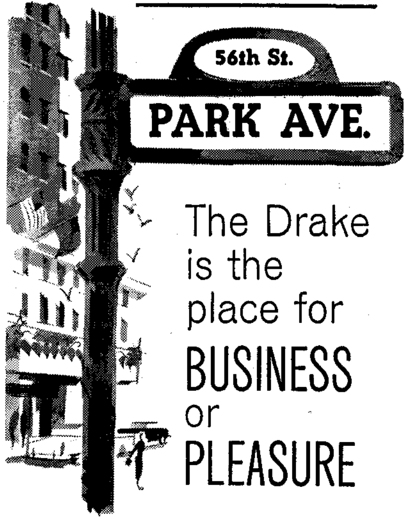
even before Ed Terrell, back in the eighteen-sixties, opened the town's famous original civic center, which went under the name of the First and Last Chance Saloon. Since then, Panther Town, as it was called with ample justification in the old days, has been tamed, but its communal personality has suffered less disturbance in the domesticating process than that of many another Texas city. Compared to Dallas, for instance, which has become, in John Rosenfield's descriptive term, "synthetic," Fort Worth has remained distinctly natural, and this probably accounts in large part for the fact that visitors often get the impression that people in Fort Worth are indeed as open, direct, and friendly as people in Texas, according to the legend, are supposed to be. In contrast to Dallas millionaires, who appear frantically determined to prove their sophistication, Fort Worth millionaires seem to take theirs quietly for granted. They act as if they knew and were satisfied with who they are, and consequently they are considerably more relaxed. In fact, they tend to spend part of their time exploring the possibility that there may be something more important, or perhaps just more entertaining, than making a few extra millions or adding another peak with their name on it to the skyline. Not that they lack ambition or community pride; rather, with them ambition is not sleepless and the skyline is not a religion. "Hucksterism is almost unknown in Fort Worth," a local capitalist named Robert Dupree has remarked. "Not much of the social life here is oriented around business. The lives of the men I know are oriented around their families. That's why the Fort Worth Club, where you'll find the men congregating during the day, is virtually deserted at night. Everybody's home." Not only does the city offer few nocturnal public pleasures and palaces ("After nine o'clock," a young woman recently arrived from the West Coast has observed, "you can shoot a rifle down any street with no worry about hitting anyone") but Fort Worth millionaires seem to share the poet's notion about home, be it ever so grand. At any rate, it may be indicative that at the time the establishment of a contemporary-art museum was a high-priority civic project in Dallas, people in Fort Worth were working on plans to add a wing to their Children's Museum, which is the country's largest, is considered by some experts the best, and has no counterpart in Dallas. Fort Worth has also supported the Reeder Children's School, a private institution patterned after New York's famous

In NEW YORK CITY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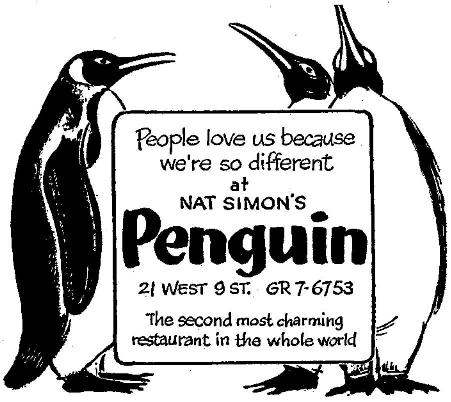

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King-Coit Children's Theatre and directed by the artist Dickson Reeder and his red-headed wife, Flora. Entertaining at home—another straw in the wind—is much more frequent in Fort Worth than in Dallas, and the custom is dictated not by necessity but by choice. Though it is true that Fort Worth's leading and, for practical purposes, only public restaurant is the meat-and-potatoes Cattlemen's, it is also true that the food served at two of its country clubs—Ridglea and Shady Oaks—is prepared by French or Swiss chefs under French or Swiss maîtres d'hôtel, and is, in the opinion of some itinerant eaters, superior to any fare easy to come by in Dallas. One other hint of the difference that twenty-nine and six-tenths miles can make: While the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts was putting on a large and worthy show called "Religious Art of the Western World," the Fort Worth Art Center was offering a lighthearted and worldly exhibit called "Nudes." Thus do the contrasts multiply, all somehow indicating that the point of the fable about the wise mouse who has enough and is happy with it has not been lost on Fort Worth. —JOHN BAINBRIDGE

(*This is the third of a series of articles. The fourth will appear in an early issue.*)

•

BRAVE NEW WORLD DEPARTMENT
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[*Letter from Douglas L. Elliman & Co. to the stockholders of 1100 Park Avenue*]

DEAR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

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Thank you very much.

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The commission report notes that present law does not require a motorist to carry insurance prior to an accident.

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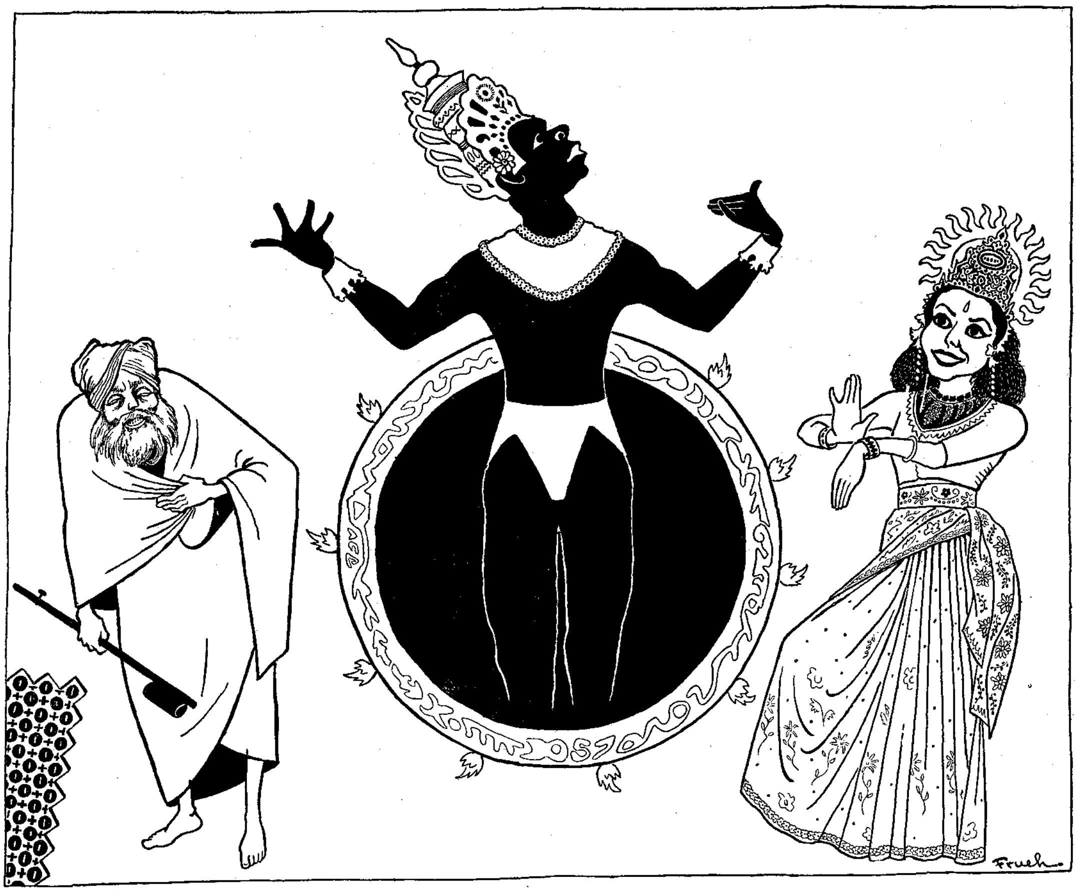
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

THE two French one-act plays that opened and closed last week at the Royal Playhouse—"The Old Tune," by Robert Pinget (translated and adapted by Samuel Beckett), and "The Square," by Marguerite Duras (translated by Ann Borchardt)—were model examples of the new subliminal drama. In this type of play, which is being written copiously on both sides of the Atlantic, almost nothing happens except a great deal of sprawling, seemingly tape-recorded talk. (This is the exact opposite of Hemingway's celebrated "realistic" dialogue; realism foreshortened into near poetry, it is the Platonic ideal of ordinary conversation.) But such plays, like most worthy creative efforts, generally have a message, and, instead of revealing it through conventional action and meaningful dialogue, they flash it slyly on the spectator's mind by innuendo, implication, or perhaps even silence. Usually this message registers—if at all—only after the play is over. The truistic contents of the Pinget and Duras plays, however, emerged rather prematurely—that is, halfway through each play—which left one with nothing to do but wait until the talk was done. Their common message was that men and women are often lonely and that communication is a perilously swaying bridge. Mlle. Duras got this across far more subtly than M. Pinget. The two characters in her play (Pinget also used only two) were a twenty-year-old Parisian nursemaid and a somewhat older travelling salesman, who chatted stonily for upward of an hour on a park bench. She was waiting to get married, and was masochistically willing to endure all the indignities of her work so that when she was finally freed from them by a husband her liberty would be that much more savory. He, in turn, was contentedly waiting for nothing but the next day. They discussed cherries, a crippled fat lady the nursemaid took care of, a beautiful square the salesman had seen in a southern city, cherries, time ("Sometimes it passes so slowly, it feels as if it's coming out of your own body"), his travels, weather, her waiting, and cherries. At the end, they more or less promised to meet at a dance on Saturday night. It was to the credit of Guy Sothern and Rhoda B. Carrol—he guarded and owlish, she taut and jut-chinned—that they managed the nothings they had to say without giving the impression they were boring each other to death.

In the first, and shorter, play, Pinget simply presented us with a lifeless chunk of the talk of two old Irishmen who ran into each other, after many years, on an island in the middle of a busy symbolic highway. They repeatedly tested one another's memories, which were faulty, and they attempted to smoke, but they had no matches. Eventually, they *did* bore each other to death, and fell thankfully asleep. Sy Travers and Jack Delmonte were the old men, and, like most actors of whatever age who play old men, they were a mass of creaking backs, bowed legs, and wrinkled voices. There was no set to speak of at the Royal, only lighting—the kind of lighting that occasionally and mysteriously dims and then struggles up to brightness again, as if the very bulbs were yawning in their sockets.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT



"KING OF THE DARK CHAMBER"

The imposing young man in the middle is Brock Peters; at the right, gleaming, is Surya Kumari, and at the left, looking sagacious, is Bhaskar. Thoroughly at home in an atmosphere of Indian music, dancing, and philosophy, these three people appear in Rabindranath Tagore's play at the Jan Hus.

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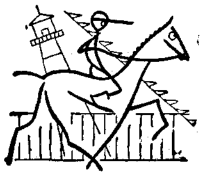
THE RACE TRACK

Chill at Aqueduct



WAS any opening day ever much colder than the one at Aqueduct last week? Colonel Tantivy Martingale says it reminded him of a gelid afternoon in Spitsbergen. Nevertheless, 44,119 enthusiasts were on hand, with high hopes and fresh bankrolls, to watch some not so fresh horses in action. It was the earliest opening in history on Long Island, and, of course, it was the second straight year that Aqueduct did the honors. In the old days, Aqueduct did them regularly. If you thumb through the *Turf Guides* of the nineties and the early nineteen-hundreds, you'll find that before 1910, when the boom was temporarily lowered on racing hereabouts, the New York season almost always began at the original Aqueduct. Opening day was on or about April 15th, and the big race that afternoon was the Carter Handicap. Incidentally, the Carter is to appear on Aqueduct's program this spring for the first time since 1955—on May 6th, the day of the Kentucky Derby. The big race on opening day last week was the Swift Stakes, for three-year-olds, at six furlongs. Ten horses ran, and the winner was Merry Ruler, who led most of the way, beating Stan the Man by a neck, with Globemaster, the favorite, third. Merry Ruler, who is owned by Henry O. H. Frelinghuysen, is a compact gray English colt, and though this was only his second start of the season, he was well fancied in the betting on the strength of a smart victory at Hialeah in February. As for Globemaster, he is slowly paying for himself. Third money in the Swift brought his total earnings to $79,102, and he's now just $898 short of the $80,000 that his owner, Leonard P. Sasso, gave for him as a yearling in 1959.

Naturally, the race of the week at the Big A was the Paumonok Handicap on Saturday. This went to Calumet Farm's Pied d'Or by half a length, with Winonly and Yes You Will inches apart behind him. Calumet has been doing all right this year; Yorky won the Royal Palm, the McLennan, and the Widener Handicaps at Hialeah, and the other day Beau Prince beat Crozier and Carry Back, the Flamingo Stakes winner, in the Fountain of Youth Stakes at Gulfstream Park. Pied d'Or

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is far from the racer that Tim Tam, his half brother, was, but he did his stable proud, for he was away slowly and didn't have anything like clear sailing down the backstretch; in fact, for a while he was last. Maybe he's found his racing legs.

CHANGING the subject to the new two-year-olds, whom I intend to speak of from time to time, Ma Petite Folie (and what a lovely name for a filly, though I shudder to think how the track and radio announcers are going to kick it around), who won at Aqueduct earlier in the week, is the first of Summer Tan's offspring to come to the races. A proper beginning as a sire for one of this department's favorite runners.

CHALK up another score for the Florida-breds. Conestoga, who was foaled at the Ocala Stud, picked off the John B. Campbell Handicap at Bowie last weekend. Carrying only 111 pounds, he followed the pace of the sprinter April Skies to the stretch, then went on to win by nearly a length. All Hands was third, three lengths behind April Skies. Fifteen runners went to the post, but almost from the start the first three led the others by lengths. Just the same, my trustiest observer says it was a good show. Conestoga, a rangy four-year-old by Rough 'n Tumble, raced for two seasons for C. Mahlon Kline. Last fall, Kline sold the colt for a hundred thousand dollars to Bruce S. Campbell, one of the owners of the Ocala Stud, as it happens, but no kin to the celebrated handicapper in memory of whom Bowie's richest race is named. So far, it appears to have been not a bad bargain for Campbell; Conestoga's share of the purse was $76,992.50.

NO doubt Carry Back will win the Florida Derby at Gulfstream this weekend. At any rate, Beau Prince won't have an eight-pound advantage in the weights, as he did in the Fountain of Youth Stakes. Still, you never can tell. Four-and-Twenty, the Kentucky Derby favorite, finished fifth in a field of six at Golden Gate Fields last Saturday. It was the first time he'd been beaten.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

As Jim Hurley, New York Mirror Outdoor editor, once said, "if winter comes can spring be far behind?"—*Press release from Earle Doucette, Department of Economic Development, Augusta, Maine.*

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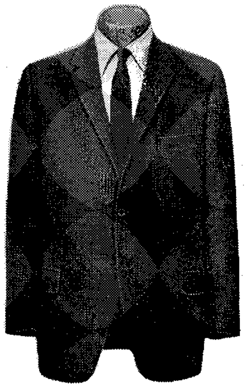

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Half Moon

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CLEAR DAYS IN THE WORLD OF SAM FINEGOLD

[*From the Jerusalem Post*]

Sam Finegold is a prosperous tourist agent from Baltimore. His "speciality" is out-of-the-way holidays. He sends bank managers with ulcers fishing and hunting in the mountains, school principals to romantic fishing villages on the rugged New England coast, and middle aged dowagers to Dude Ranches in the Middle West. At the end of a month's holiday in Israel, Mr. Finegold has come up with his own formula for turning Israel into a tourist paradise.

"We in America have been hearing a great deal about Israel lately as a brave, tough, new, dynamic country, with tough young heroes. Israel is in fashion in the movies and on television. People want to see the Israel of the kibbutzim and of the girl soldiers in the Army, in the same way as they expect to see Westminster Abbey and the pubs and bobbies in England, the Folies Bergere and the Left Bank in Paris."

According to Mr. Finegold, thousands of young Americans—the majority of them non-Jews—would like to come here to "rough" it with the Israelis. A few hundred every year are lucky. Either through a party organized by the various Zionist groups, or on their own, they spend a few weeks or months in kibbutzim all over the country.

But Sam Finegold of Baltimore, Maryland, has his own ideas for giving tourists what they came to see in Israel. He thinks the country should have a chain of special "Kibbutz Hotels" for tourists, (not to be confused with the existing "guest houses" and convalescent homes attached to some kibbutzim). One can be attached to a fishing kibbutz on the Mediterranean coast, a second near the northern frontier in Galilee, a third on the shores of Kinneret, a fourth in the hills of Jerusalem, and a whole chain along the road to Eilat.

The "Kibbutz Hotel" would be a separate, independent unit, adjoining the ordinary kibbutz—but would run as a first class hotel. It would be made up of rough log cabins with loop-holes instead of windows—for outside appearance only. Inside, the buildings would be air-conditioned with private tiled bathrooms to every room. The perfectly sprung beds would be covered with smooth percale sheets and rough Beduin camel blankets. The walls would be hung with antique brassware, camel saddles, narghiles and other "tourist attractions."

Trenches and barbed wire would lend "colour," and the youth of the real kibbutz would help by wearing brief khaki shorts and by carrying guns (not necessarily loaded).

The "Kibbutz Hotel" attached to a real kibbutz would provide the latter with an important source of income, and might make a kibbutz economically viable in mountainous or desert areas. Naturally the "Kibbutz Hotel" would have to be run by experts, in such a way that it would not interfere with the real work of the real kibbutz.

"You wouldn't be able to build them fast enough" declares Sam Finegold.

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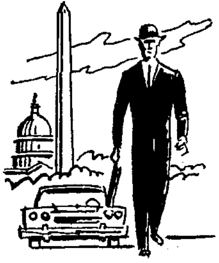

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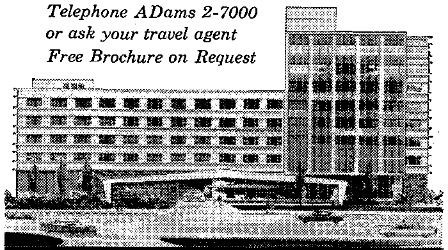

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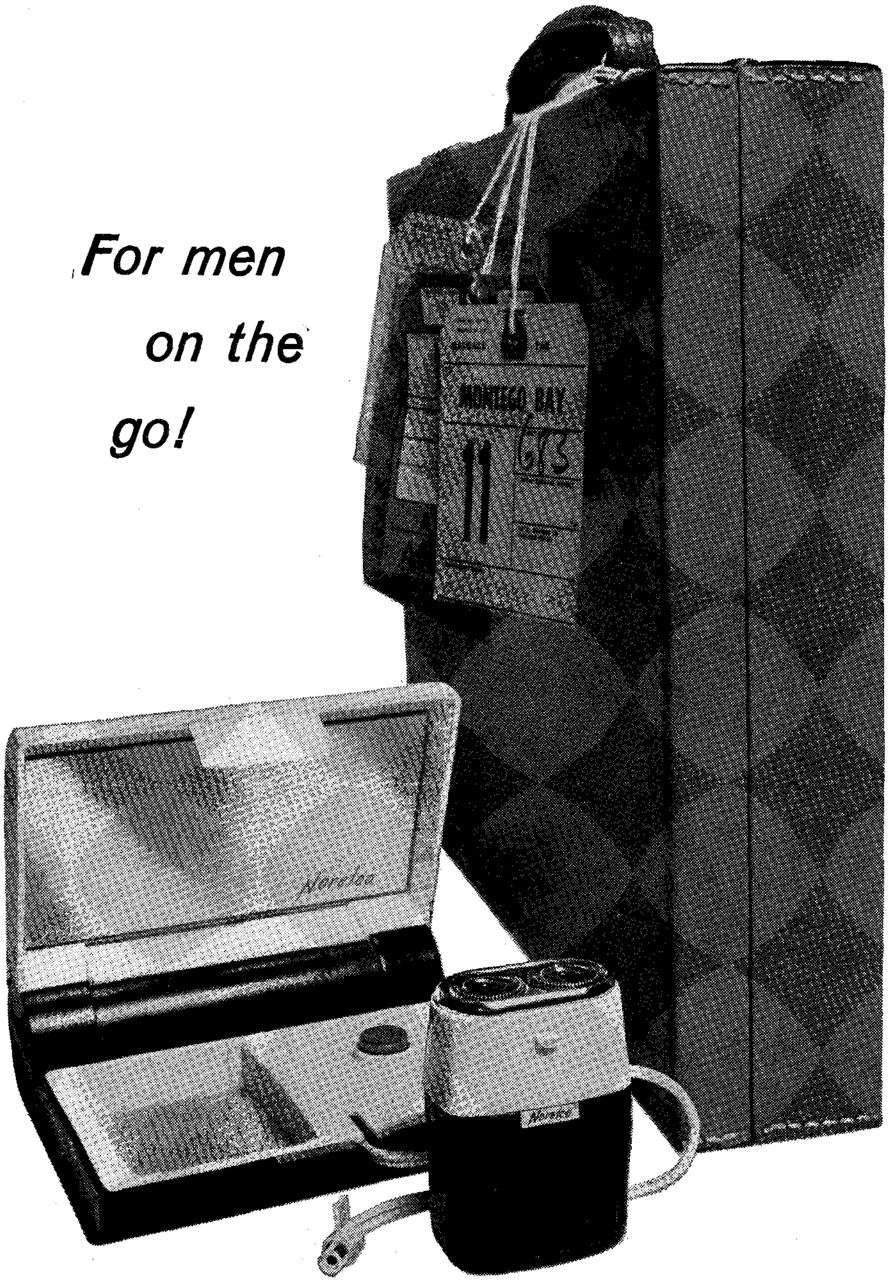
NATO AT NIGHT

THIS brief essay is not intended as a critical assessment of the work being done by the North Atlantic Treaty Organization but merely as an unwilling observer's comments on one aspect of that body's activities. But in order to appreciate both the strength and the weakness of my odd qualifications as a military analyst—and, for that matter, to know something of the nature and scope of the exercises carried out by NATO—one must be acquainted with the layout of the back of my house.

My wife and I live at 13 Marlborough Street, Derry (pop. 50,000), Northern Ireland. The street is short and the houses high. We live in the end house. Along the backs of the houses on our side of the block runs a mews lane, a cul-de-sac ending at No. 13. This lane is used by refuse men and coal men, who have access, through thirteen wooden doors in a wall, to the back yards, where we householders keep our coal and our refuse. (My wife and I have always kept our refuse in our yard, but we used to keep our coal in the room we now call the back sitting room; the change came when my wife read in a magazine that rain was good for coal, which required me to shovel all our coal out through the window one Saturday afternoon.) The wall between the yards and the lane is six feet high, and our first intimation that the coal men or the refuse men have arrived is when we hear them kicking on the wooden doors. If you are not quick off the mark, they will kick your door in. Our bedroom is on the second story, at the back, from which we can look straight down into the mews lane. We usually retire about 11 P.M. We have a bull terrier.

I mention all these details because they are relevant to my report. (The household hint about keeping coal in the open is gratuitous.) Even the dog is relevant. We have various names for him. Sometimes we call him "the bull," sometimes Peter, sometimes Shortgate Peter Pigg, his registered name. He is an all-white bull terrier and a fine specimen of his type, but he is no good for showing, because he has a habit of catching his tail in his mouth and holding on to it for hours at a stretch. On the one occasion when I did try to show him, he got a grip on his tail just before his class came up for judging, in the early afternoon, and he held on to it until nine-thirty that night. I had to carry him home in my arms when they closed the pavilion, shortly after eight. When



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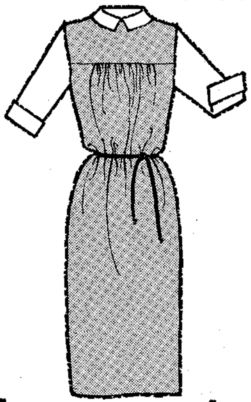

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he is in a humor like that, all hunched up in a corner and looking at you out of red-rimmed eyes, it is best to ignore him. He would bite off the end of his tail before he'd let go.

But to return to NATO. Derry is the site of one of the NATO anti-submarine bases, and from time to time we are visited by sailors from England and Norway and Portugal and Holland. They are like sailors everywhere—lumpy, happy, always in twos or threes. But there are distinctions. The Dutch, I have discovered, are the most determined, the Norwegians the most daring, and the Portuguese the most patient. What they do during the day is their own business, but, sooner or later, at night they all seem to find their way into our mews lane with their lady friends—not all the forces at the same time on the same night, but certain nationalities for certain hours every night. I have guessed that their liberty times are divided into watches.

I could sleep through the noises that come from below our bedroom window, but my wife does not allow me. On a typical night recently, I was about to drop off when she nudged me. "They have landed. Norwegians. Three of them. A convoy of six." As soon as NATO exercises begin, her speech becomes urgent, telegraphic.

I pretended, hopelessly, to be dead out.

"They have chocolates. Are you awake?"

"Yes."

"One of the girls is called Chris. Another is Lily."

I opened my eyes and stared into the blackness.

"Could that be the same Lily as Monday night? The one that was with Charles the Dutchman?"

"It could be," I said.

"She sounds different tonight. Why's that?"

Occasional noises floated up to the window. The three men appeared to be laughing and talking together. They are always so leisurely.

"Go down and chase them away."

My wife always says this as soon as I prop myself up against a pillow and light a cigarette. It is her meanest way of humiliating me. She knows I am not going to get out of bed.

"Go out and tell them they are on private property. Tell them we can't sleep with them shouting like that."

One of the Norwegians had got hold of the words "honey baby." He used the phrase endlessly. I could imagine him—a tall, blond, lithe boy with frank blue eyes and an engaging smile. *He*

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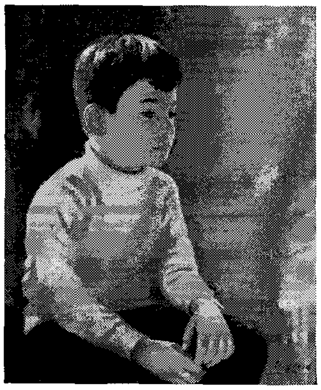

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would never end up being needled by his wife in the small hours of the morning for his lack of courage. Not he.

"If you're so afraid, take the bull with you."

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"Because he's in a clinch." (We call his tail-holding a clinch.)

"How do you know?"

"Because I can't hear him. He's not moving around."

"He's probably asleep. Wake him up."

"Wake him up! I'm not that crazy!"

At this she snorted. "Coward!" she said. It was a relief to have the word spoken. It ended conversation for the night.

One of the Norwegian sailors started singing. (The Portuguese are the best singers. One night, there were four of them and four girls. The boys sang one song after another, and when I looked out at daybreak, the girls had left. The quartet was still going strong when I left for work.) The song this time was "Standing on the Corner," the words delightfully foreign. The singer would have made a good cabaret act. Still sitting up in bed, I draped my dressing gown round my shoulders. Chris and Lily were joining in. Another sailor was playing a mouth organ. Who was the third girl? Could it be Berna? Berna seldom speaks. And the third sailor, what was he up to? Were Berna and he necking away like mad? That's what I mean about those Norwegians—very daring. The chocolates were almost finished. The girls pretended to fight over the last one.

"Honey baby. Honey baby."

"Have you a fag? I'm dying for a puff." This was Lily, all right.

"Honey baby. Honey baby. Honey baby."

"A fag, I said. A fag. A fag. A fag." She was probably miming by now.

"Ceegarette?"

"Clever boy. Yes, a ceegarette. Give us one quick, and less yapping about honey baby."

The Norwegian's amorousness made me think, by contrast, of two Dutchmen I had listened to some weeks earlier. Their English was adequate and their hatred of Communism extreme. They were deadly serious about NATO and spent the greater part of their watch explaining to the girls a foolproof method of halting Russia at the English Channel.

"We blow up England," one of them said. "Boom!"

"Blow it up? Altogether?" I recog-

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nized the voice as that of Bebe, who was the most blasé of all the girls who came into our lane.

"Altogether. Yes. And we lay atomic mines from Iceland down to the Rock of Gibraltar. Underwater."

"Then what?"

"But, first, all free Europe retreat to America. We all live in America."

"The whole lot of us?"

"Everybody."

"I have a cousin in America," said Bebe hopefully. "In Boston. Bronagh Foley."

"Then we sit and wait."

"Wait? Wait for what?"

"Until Communism is—is—what do you call it? *Wasted!* Until Communism is wasted. Burned out. Finished."

"How long will that take?"

"Who knows? Perhaps a long time."

"Huh! I'll be twenty-three next year!"

BY one o'clock, my wife had fallen asleep, but I was on guard, wide awake. The Norwegians had gone. The first watch was over and the second begun: Joan and Theresa and Betty and three Englishmen. I have the Irishman's traditional dislike for the English, and I toyed with the idea of going down and telling them they were trespassing. But it was cold, and I had come to bed without my slippers, and besides I would have been outnumbered three to one. I resolved to go down as soon as dawn came. They began to argue down there. Theresa was telling her escort off for the injustices done by his country to ours. Good old Theresa! What a pity her history was so sketchy. But she did very well, because his was sketchy, too. I decided it might be a good idea to write a pamphlet and distribute it to our Derry girls, to equip them to put our case forward the better. I lit my fifth cigarette and tried to concentrate on the best points to make. I would go back to the Plantation of Ulster, to the penal laws, to the passing of Catholic Emancipation. . . .

In the morning, the bull was waiting to be let out. I opened the wooden door to the mews lane, and together we inspected the place. Each of us has his own approach to this examination. Mine is keen, avid, hungry for every detail, and I surveyed the trampled ground with the sharp eye of a stage manager. Were they all bunched together, as their voices suggested, or were they spaced out in pairs? Did the girls wear stiletto heels or sneakers? What chocolates

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were they eating? What brand of cigarettes did they smoke? How many bottles of beer did they drink? On the other hand, the bull's attitude is casual, almost haughty. He sniffed about disdainfully, and occasionally watched me over his shoulder with one red eye, a cold eye. He knew that rattled me. "See?" that eye said. "Nothing but a mews lane covered with litter. Satisfied now? What do you expect to find, anyhow? Adventure? Youth? Romance? What are you looking for, old householder? At times like this, you sicken me. Grow up, man. Be your age. Besides, it's cold out here, and you still have to light the fire and make the toast and carry up breakfast to Her Ladyship. Come on! Let's move." Eventually, we went back to the kitchen, where he threw himself into a corner and, wishing to send me off in a bad humor, gripped his tail in his mouth. He knew I would remember him in that position all day.

The bus I take to work every morning crosses Craigavon Bridge. Below us, along the quays, lie the neat rows of corvettes and destroyers, their decks alive with miniature men, all ostensibly busy with the defense of Western Europe. The girls in the seat in front of me always pretend not to look down. But they do not fool me. I know what thoughts are scurrying through those high-held, motionless heads. I know we are all impatient to get the day behind us, combatants and observers alike, to get cracking at night exercises again.

—Brian Friel

•

MR. MacLENNAN, MEET MR. REXROTH

Surely the most important new development in literature has not been in poetry—which (at least, as I see it) fewer and fewer people read.—*Hugh MacLennan in the Times Book Review, February 12th, page 2.*

... the astonishing thing about the contemporary poetry renaissance is its popularity. Once these new poets started saying things people wanted to hear, a vast, unsuspected audience appeared.... Today in America, more than anywhere else in the world, large numbers of people find poetry interesting.—*Kenneth Rexroth, same issue, page 45.*

•

Mr. and Mrs. Eisenhower did not attend church today, and the former chief executive had no special plans for the next few days.

The Herters spent too much of the afternoon relaxing beside the hotel swimming pool.—*U.P.I. dispatch.*

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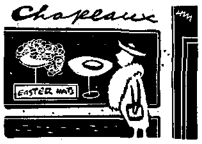


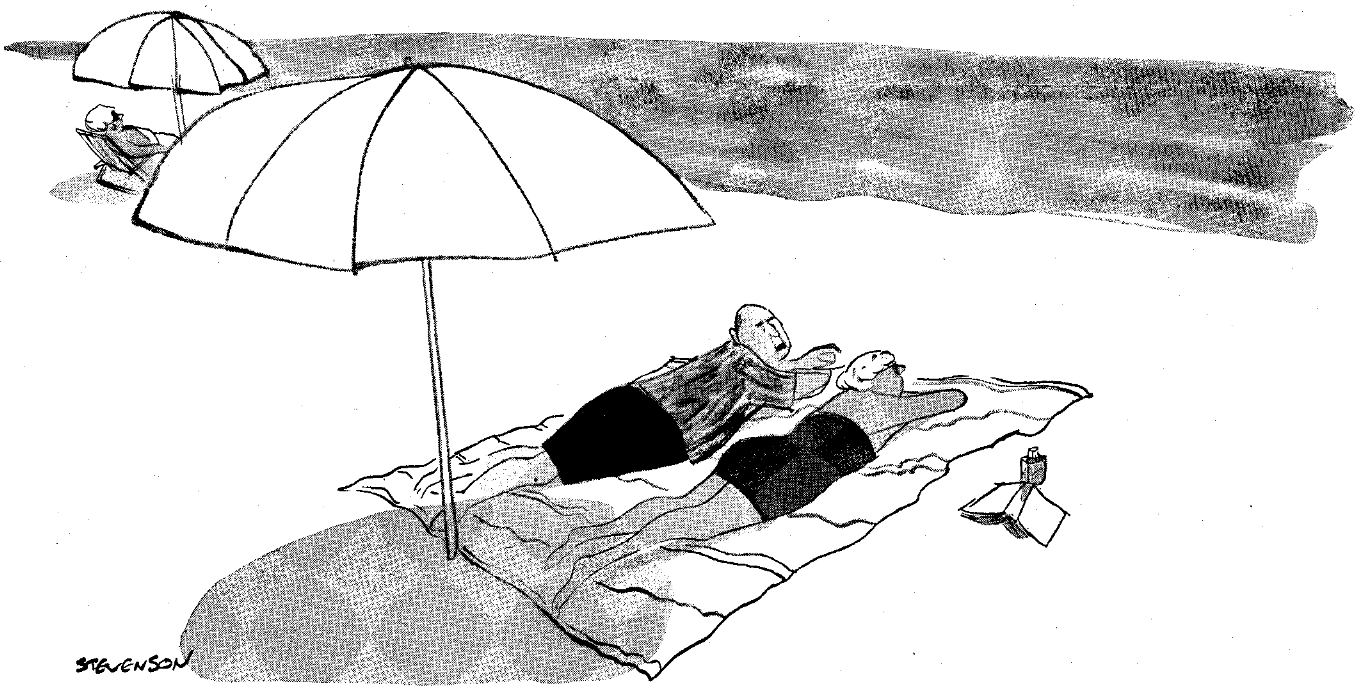
THESE are footloose times we are living in, and most of us don't want to be cluttering up our closets with static items that have only one function and are suited to only one clime, climes being as unsteady and fey as anybody, even if you stay in just one place. The best of the ready-to-wear specialty shops, which have a lot of weather vane in them, are aware of this, all right, for they're showing year-round clothes that make permanent additions to what can be transitory wardrobes. Well and good. But there are, all the same, many little facets that are fraught with peril.

Of these the first, in my book, is chiffon. Chiffon is a dreamy fabric, full of romance and drift and grace, but it can be a vixen to tame. Used skimpily, it will make the most skillful designs as forlorn as a wet sparrow; used lavishly, it can become fulsome. And the stuff will drag and sag in even the fullest circular skirts unless the bias of the godets is an honest one (a wasteful forty-five-degree angle), and the wearer had better be immaculately groomed or she'll look sloppy all over. We have Dessès in Paris and Sophie of Saks Fifth Avenue in New York, and they are artists with this gossamer (custom-made, that is), but too many of the ready-to-wear chiffons look either doleful or blowsy. One $485 evening thing, which shall be nameless here, is the tackiest chiffon I've seen anywhere since the visiting home dressmaker stopped coming over the hill to Grandma's house.

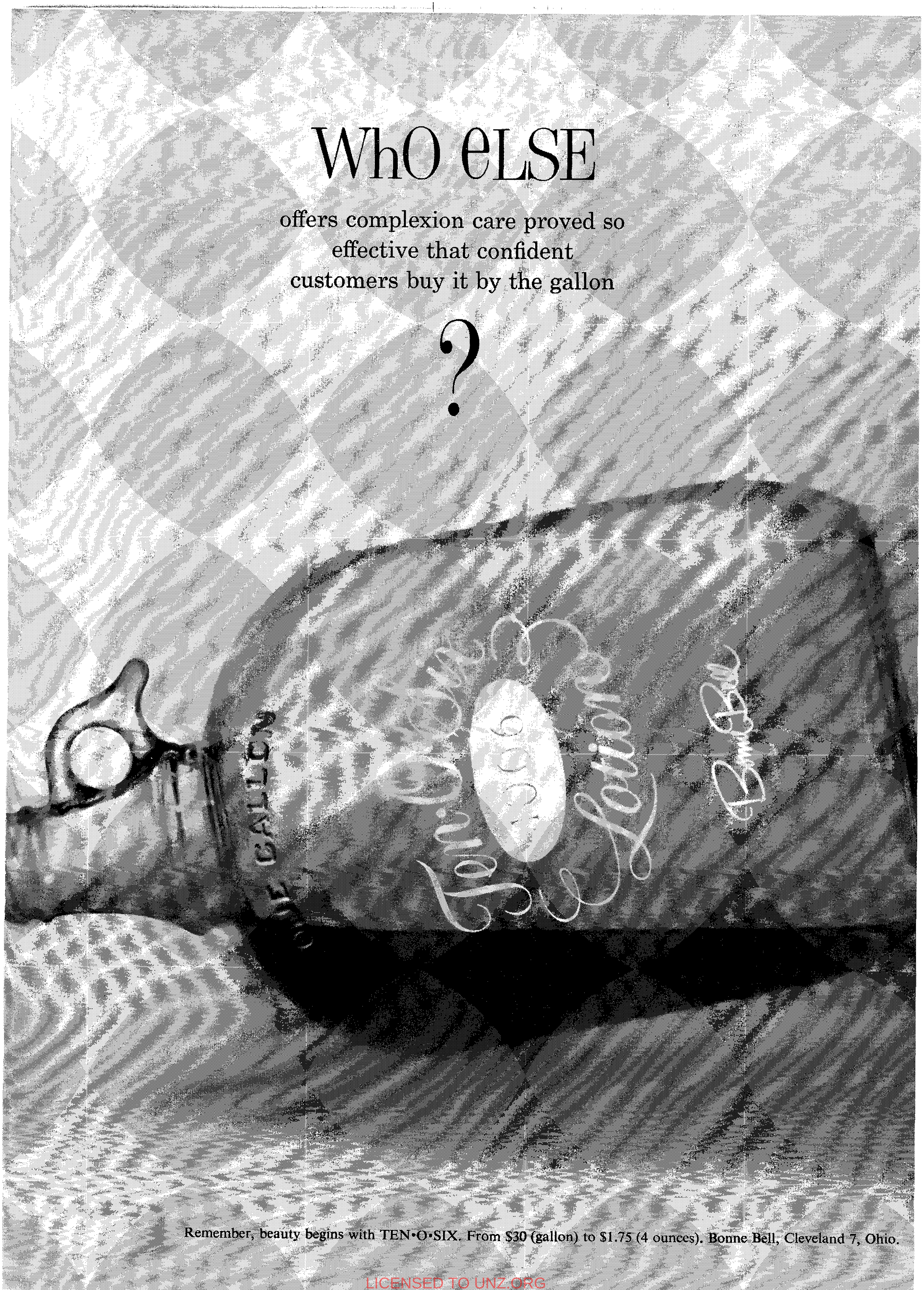
An outfit that triumphs over this shrew of all fabrics is of a black crinkled chiffon that's lined to make it tailorable. It's by the Old Master Ben Zuckerman. (I saw it at Mimi Tuthill.) It has a collarless jacket with a small padded roll around the edges; the dress is bateau-necked and sleeveless, with soft gathers above the narrow skirt. In the matter of voluminousness, Galanos has gone plumb mad about chiffon in, say, a black dance dress (at De Pinna) with huge pink-red roses as the print—a slightly bloused bodice, elbow sleeves below the bateau neck, and a gathered skirt that narrows at the sides toward the hem, the result of a harem sort of drape across the back. What is more typical of Galanos, however, is a chiffon dress in a bold black-and-white print (at Hattie Carnegie, among others) with soft box pleats in the skirt and a narrow sash tie of soft kid (his trademark this season). A long, round-necked topper hanging loose over all of it could look very fussy on anything but the trim and slim female.

As for all-purpose clothes, it's been a rule for some time now (years and years, if you're a Carnegie customer) that semi-décolleté dresses for dinner and theatre should be covered by separate jackets to make them suitable for lunch, but the plain little topper, flaring widely or dropping straight and loose from the body, is once more around and about. This topper started, very high style, at Givenchy, was eagerly adopted by designers for the beach, and now has clawed its way back up to the *haute couture*. But (peril again!) better be sure it's short enough so that the waistline shows below, to make it look smaller than usual by contrast, particularly when skirts are billowy, as is the case with the Galanos chiffon types.

Costumes, in general, are dominant, and there are expensive "sensations" that are to be seen all around. One of the great triumphs this time—by Roxanne, of Samuel Winston—is in black and white. It begins with a coat of black silk-and-wool Alaskine that has a pyramid flare, short sleeves, and patch pockets low on the sides; this is lined with the white faille (covered by bold black crisscrosses) that makes the dress, which has a simple bodice and a round-hipped skirt with fine black horsehair reinforcing its sassiness. (Yes, we still have petticoats.) Bergdorf, Jay Thorpe, and De Pinna are among the cherishers of this outfit. Sarmi found a tie-silk print



"I bet Nassau is warmer than this, Jamaica is probably a lot more fun, and Haiti is more picturesque, Antigua has a breeze all the time, St. Thomas . . ."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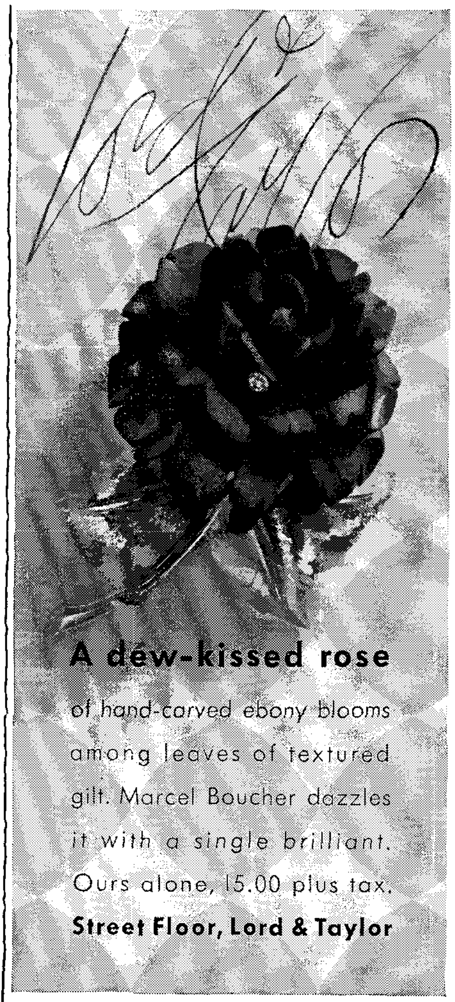
with huge muted beige and blue flowers on a charcoal ground, and turned it into a straight, collarless jacket with flaring short sleeves and a bateau-necked sheath (Mimi Tuthill et al.). Maurice Rentner, driven on by a brainstorm, made a bolero jacket of heavy pink linen (pink is still omnipresent), stuck a red carnation in a side pocket above the waist, and put it over a dress of thin navy wool with a full, side-pleated skirt (Jay Thorpe, for one). Then, for suits, there is Burke-Amey with an India wild silk that looks like a very heavy hand-loomed tweed. In raspberry or a soft blue, it does a box jacket and a simple dress, with a brown satin sash riding high across the back and emerging through side slits under the bosom to produce an Empire line (Rosette Pennington and Bendel). They're all terrific, but I've alerted you that they're not uncommon, even at prices like $395 (for the Winston costume, say).

The many-purpose separate coat is, despite the costume urge, still to be had, and a true beauty is Norman Norell's full-length *narrow* cape with long slits for the arms, low patch pockets below them, and three buttons down the front as anchorage. This is done in a heavy wool broadcloth—black, red, or beige—and Bendel loves it. Marquise has come up with a buttercup-yellow wool pyramid (Rosette Pennington) that has short sleeves beginning way, way out. For dress as well as for daytime, Zuckerman shows a coat of that black silk-and-wool Alaskine with one button at the neck and one at the waist and the short sleeves starting at the great width below the arms (Pennington). Trigère has executed for De Pinna a phenomenon in an unlined faille so heavy it resembles bengaline. It's in any number of colors, among them marigold, forget-me-not, and raspberry, as well as the conventional black and navy. This has a flared back and flaring short sleeves besides, and a slit at each side of the collarless neckline is ready to admit a self scarf as a tie. All of these coats go with a number of things, and we should all be as happy as queens.

Plenty of sharp, arrogant lines are to be seen. Norell's culottes have never been more emphatic than they are in a round-necked and sleeveless dress of heavy, heavy black butcher's linen I saw at Carnegie. Many fine princesse seams go down the body, and the culottes it flares into are very circular. The linen is lined throughout with *canvas*, but sheer pride in it should take you through a fairly hot day. There are



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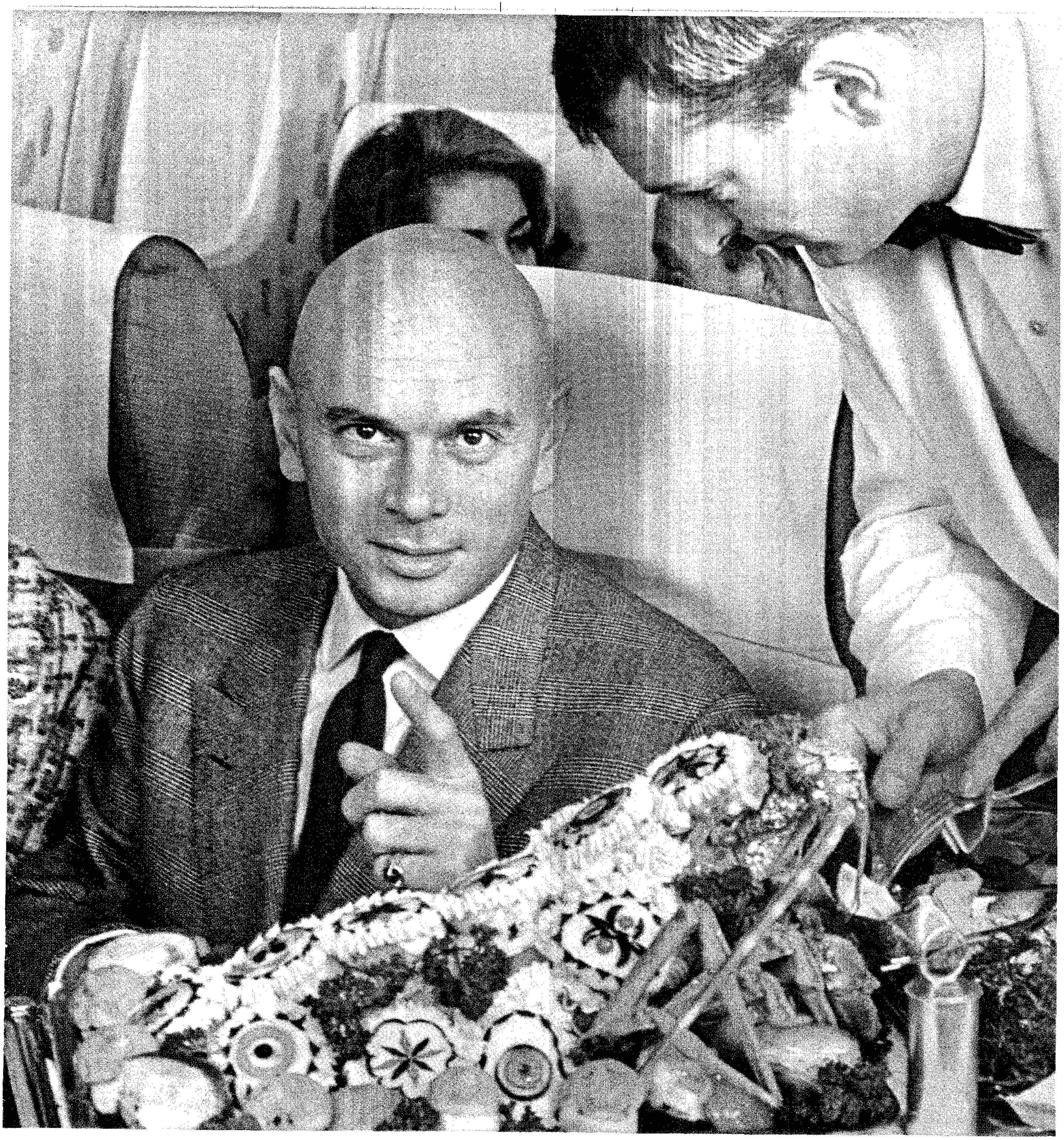

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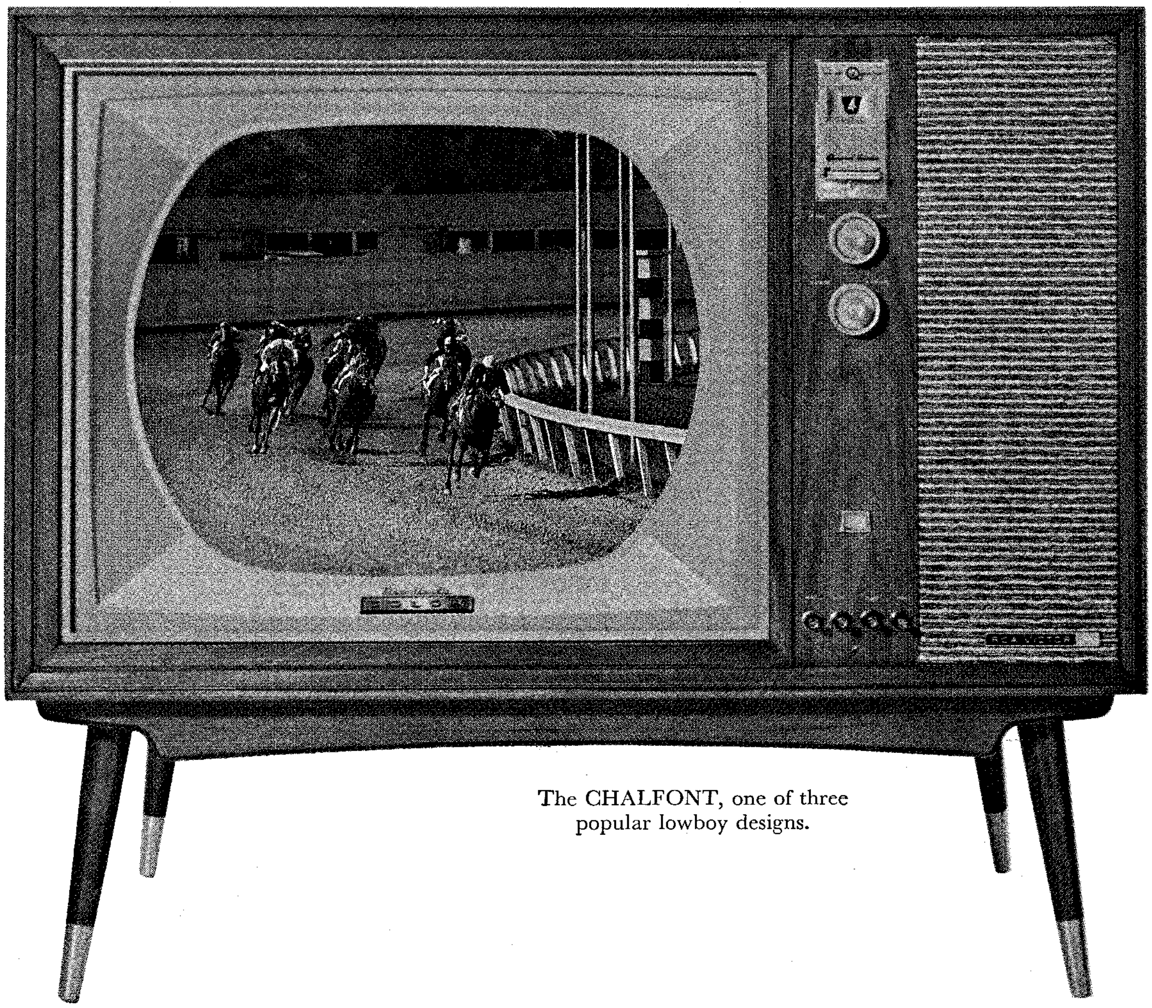

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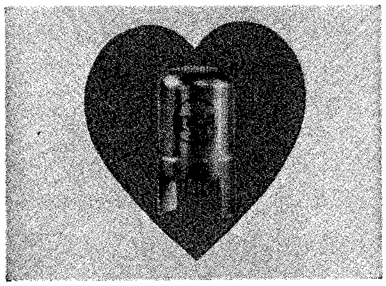

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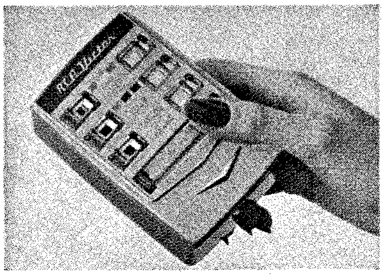

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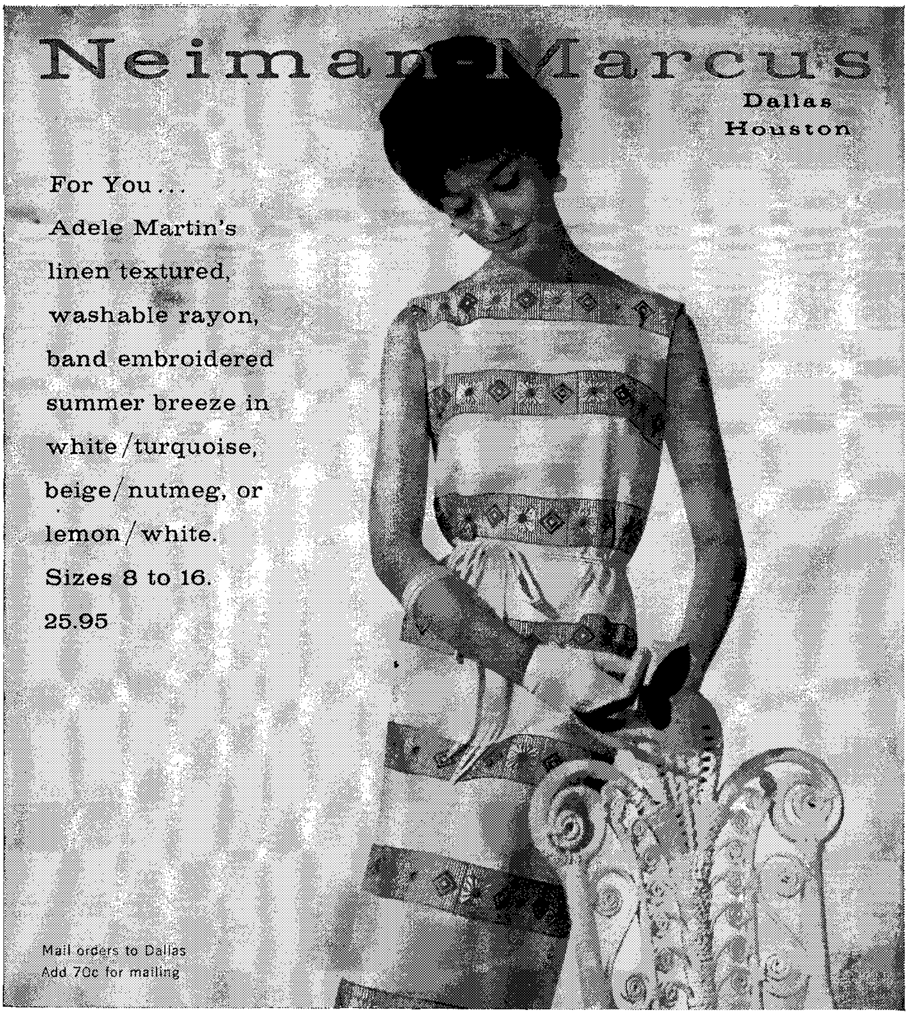
low flares through godets or gathered flounces everywhere, and at these Trigère is a wizard. (Nina Ricci of Paris loves this type of line, too, and copies are already rife.) Trigère also has flare in her short sleeves, and some, on her simple sheaths, are wired at the edge, not for sound but to give the ripple extra fillip. Next, Galanos does some two-piece dresses with very long, stark tunic tops that I shall discuss as I start a shop-by-shop inventory. To wit:

BENDEL harbors a Galanos triumph in white flannel with a vertical charcoal stripe on the elongated nineteen-twenties sleeveless overblouse (below-hip length), and a charcoal-with-white stripe fashioning the slender skirt. The same type of dress is also made in a black dull silk with hand-blocked small flowers. This you can belt in with one of his featherweight leather ties, but all hands advise against this bourgeois attitude. Among the many Galanos chiffons here (dance length or to the ground) are white ones with his bateau-necked sleeveless tops and full skirts that have seven-inch-wide bands in red and blue or green and red across them. Bendel also treasures a couple of those basic black dresses that are so imperative but so hard to find in a form that doesn't *look* overpractical. One, from Sarmi, is of black matte silk jersey, round-necked and sleeveless, with a low cowl back and a soft, circular skirt. The black satin belt has a bow in front, and the whole unpretentious thing possesses the effortless grace for which Sarmi is noted. The other, for day, a miraculous little nothing by Norman Norell (at $245) in wool, heavy silk, or linen, has a boat neck and a wide-shoulder line over the sleeveless armholes; there are tiny gathers at the normal waistline. Some versions get toppers to boot. Norell's work is, by the way, highly favored here. Bendel, like many others, shows suits of his with jackets tailored as if by Wetzel; two of them, with Paisley surah blouses, have a plain band along the bottom of the blouses (they button onto the skirt, besides) to give them a slight windbreaker effect. One has double-breasted buttons on the box jacket, which is of beige cavalry twill, and a skirt of garnet knit to match the background of the Paisley; the other (and it looks all right with the Paisley, somehow) is a black-and-white checked wool, with the jacket hipbone length. (Bendel has his little stitched Paisley cloches to match that he showed with these, too.) As a complete contrast, Norman Norell concocts a naughty-



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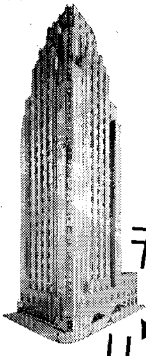

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nightie sort of dance dress—black tulle over flesh and (for a return to Normancy) a wide waistband of black wool crêpe. Bendel also admires Monte Sano's three-piece tweed suit that involves a straight skirt, a matching overblouse with a U back, and a high-busted short jacket with wide lapels.

BERGDORF GOODMAN'S ready-to-wear department presents a couple of costumes with really odd and bulky but marvellous jackets to accompany them. Monte Sano has done one in silk with red-to-pink roses in a scratchy print. The dress has cap sleeves and a sash; the jacket is fat, very wide under the arms, and graced by a yoke, low across the back, that comes out onto the sleeves. This one is collarless and sort of casually wrapped and Oriental. The other is a Galanos printed silk—a skinny dress cut in a deep V in back. Over this drops a burnoose with a V back to match the dress, and great, looping folds appear under the wide and open armholes. Another good job is a Zuckerman—a dance ensemble of pink cotton with an exaggerated waffle-piqué surface. Part of it is a seven-eighths flaring pyramid coat, very wide at elbow level; the rest is a dress with a camisole neck, a straight panel front and back, and gathers below where the waistline drops at the sides. Next, they are making much of young-looking clothes here that can range as high as size 40. Ruffolo has done two costumes that concern sapphire wool and a blue-and-white blurred surah. One has a long wool coat and a sheath dress with horizontal shirring across the hips; the other has a waist-length jacket of wool with a wide V and lapels, and the dress has a printed surah top ending in a bow that shows in the V. But my favorite (only up to size 20 this time) is by Ceil Chapman, usually the willowy siren's friend. White surah with huge black blobs is the stuff of her dress, which has a scarf collar tied on one shoulder, a slightly bloused top, and a slender skirt with a flat wraparound. Back to smaller sizes now, and to Galanos's dress of black Alaskine with a very full cape back, from which a kid belt in bronze emerges at each side to cinch in the dress, but only in front. The front, with a fly fastening and one button at the neck, is as close to the body as the back is flauntingly free of it.

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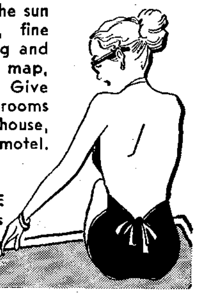

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heard about the revival of this fabric, surely?). The crêpe top is round-necked and short-sleeved, the round skirt is all swirls of brown ruffled organza mounted on fine brown lace over shimmering bronze horsehair, and there's a black *cocarde* on one hip. Carnegie's collection of its own ready-to-wear (to be had only at Forty-ninth Street, New York) includes, besides those inimitable Carnegie suits, a costume of a heavy white cotton print of little half-inch black squares. This is a sleeveless dress with a hippy flare and deep pleats front and back, plus a sort of fencer's jacket with bracelet sleeves. For the dance is a dress of white organdie with allover embroidered pink and dull-red clover flourishes. Below the prim top are cartridge pleats descending the hips from a long torso; a salmon-pink sash ties across the back, and the front is princesse. Also "typically Carnegie," as the phrase goes, is a dress of white raw silk printed with pink and red wild roses. Again, there are beautiful princesse gores through the middle, and the bell skirt is caught on each side near the hem by a self bow.

MOODS dreamy, gentle, or downright stern dominate the selections at De Pinna, which houses Norell's severe but young suit of black wool whose sleeveless jumper-jacket (six bone buttons in double-breasted formation below the collarless neck) and straight skirt are accompanied by a blouse of white surah covered with black traceries. The blouse has long, cuffed sleeves and a bow, at the neck, that rides over the jacket. (Thought I'd never see long sleeves again; they look great to me, though strangely radical.) In the tailored category, too, is Gershel's blazer of buttercup wool with a box-pleated skirt of black wool. Gentler moods are indicated by pink suits, particularly Zuckerman's huge hit, for weeks and weeks now, at $225, with three braid buttons. (Buyers everywhere are staggered by its continuing success.) There is also Suzanne Augustine's costume of black silk-and-wool alpaca, with a just-below-the-waist jacket covering a dress whose basque bodice has gathers at the sides below the waist seam. A pink scarf keeps this in a roseate state of mind. For boldness there is Scaasi's short dance dress of white surah with splashy magenta, dark-red, purple, and blue flowers. It's strapless, with a basque bodice cut very long both front and back and gathered high at the sides of the waist for a hippy

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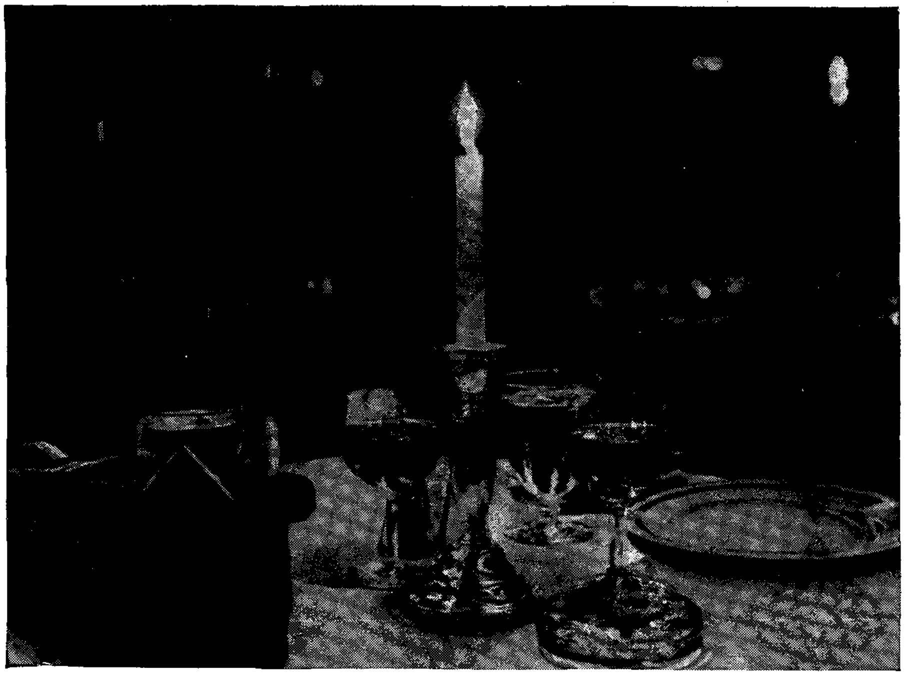
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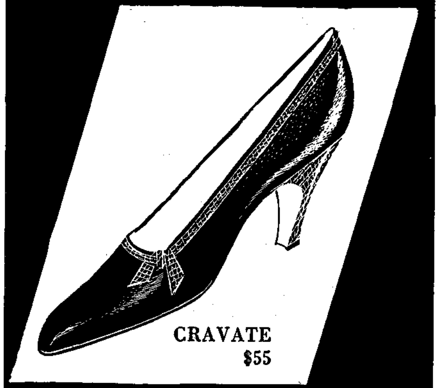

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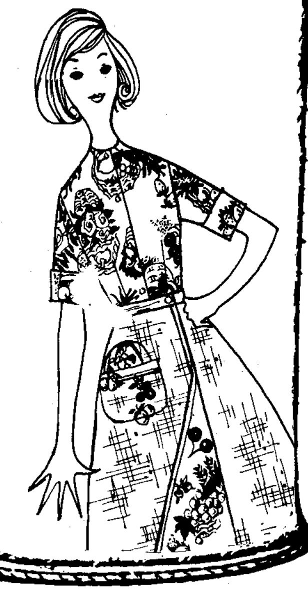

the village store

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look. The fortification is red net petticoats. Warning: This thing is prevalent, and you take your chances of being duplicated if you walk it across a crowded room. Hulitar contributes an aristocratic dress of white taffeta abounding in warp-printed blue roses. Its full, puffy skirt is harem in back and caught up at the sides with a sort of swag drapery. Really elusive and lovely is a slender Galanos dance dress of pale-green net on which pale-mauve-and-white appliqués make orchid designs. There are string straps and a gathered apron panel front and back, and a topper with a bateau neck drops over it. Scaasi, a practicing *enfant terrible*, has tender moments, too, such as a dance dress of green or coral tone-on-tone organza, with a deep scoop neck, cap sleeves, and a full, gathered skirt.

JAY THORPE is a great advocate of Rentner's handiwork, which this season includes a basic dress of wool or Italian silk with a slot seam across the bust and another below the hips. This has short sleeves and a leather thong belt. J. T. (not to mention other shops) also goes for an elongated Rentner topper (sort of a middy) in black crêpe—loose-hanging and short-sleeved, with that same slot seam below the armholes. And there are suits by Rentner that are composed of navy wool with a white pin stripe—jackets of the bolero type, some with straight and some with knife-pleated skirts, as well as white piqué overblouses. There is a bullish attitude toward the anything-but-imperilled Pauline (Trigère, that is) here, too, particularly because of her sleeve arrangements that shelter the upper arm (a hazardous area, except for the very young) one way or another. Wool in a bright dark blue slides down the body; it has wide short sleeves that are wired at the edge for extra zoom. Other flaring sleeves occur on dresses of linen or silk linen with jutting pockets on the hips and big white pearl buttons down the back. Trigère's new Scissors skirt is a pet here (and elsewhere). It's of black crêpe. The skirt folds forward in the front, and when you walk a flash of the beige or red underskirt shows. Beige or red silk lines the open sleeves of the dress and serves as the belt. Trigère is likewise responsible for a most basic dinner dress—sleeveless, and with deep cowl drapery around the décolletage front and back. (The lissome sheath is a specialty with Trigère.) Winston is also a favorite here. He has done several costumes made up of printed overblouses and jackets with plain

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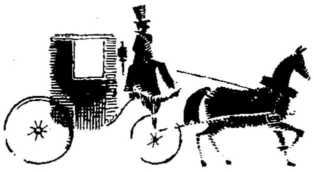

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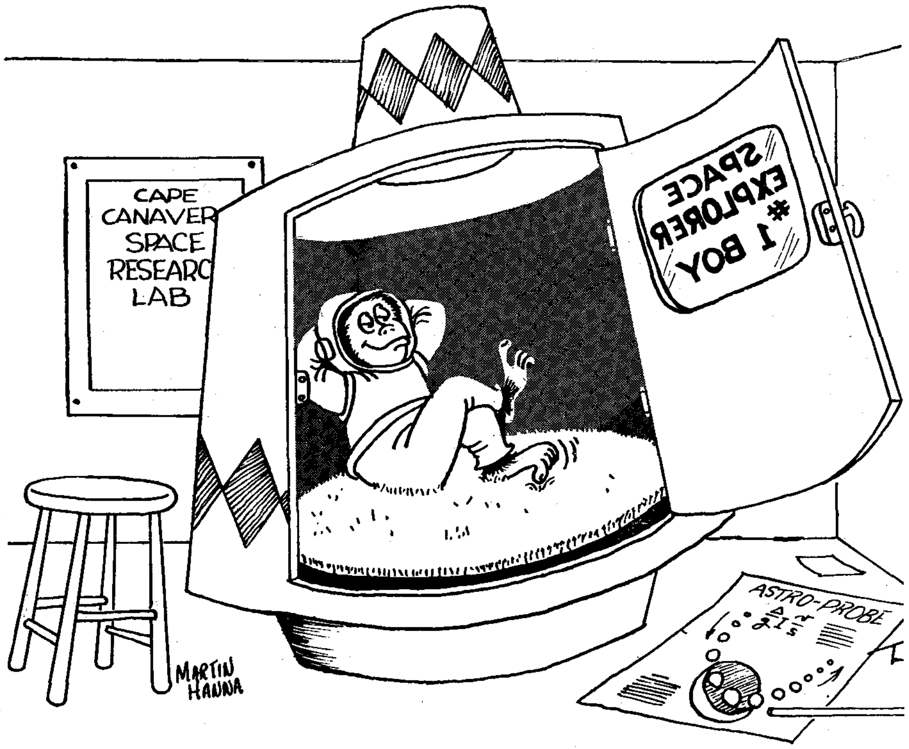
skirts. Silk with scratchy, blurred Impressionist flowers printed on it does a topper and a round-necked bolero jacket with a printed belt; the skirt, of olive wool, depends from a bodice.

Rosette Pennington manages to squeeze into a modest, informal space an enormous range of fashion (and at an enormous range of price). Currently, there are a couple of basic dresses by Burke-Amey. One is of lined heavy black Bianchini silk, with short sleeves and an apron panel front and back, plus a self bow at each side of the waist; the other is of white angelskin crêpe with a self sash, and a slash at each side of the skirt reveals an insert of brown crêpe. They like full-coat costumes here, ranging from Vera Maxwell's (a straight coat of chartreuse or salmon nubbly English tweed covering a skirt of tweed and a print blouse) to Trigère's (a sleeveless, round-necked dress of royal-blue chiffon wool covered by a coat of royal-blue tweed with a straight band down the back and up each side to thin you a trifle). Youthful clothes in size 16 are one of the main ideas here. In the lot is Adele Simpson's dress of navy gabardine, with a form-fitting belt of navy leather and a white roll collar that ties and then dangles in back; this one ends in a full-circle skirt. Someone called Davi Fashions is the inventor of daytime suits in black silk-and-wool or in bright or pastel tweeds at just $70, and the Davi art is considerable. Young people are going for raincoats of wool jersey by Princeton (*not* the university). They're lined with foam rubber to make them water-resistant and they appear in navy, gold, red, and so on. Turnover collars and big patch pockets are among their landmarks, and long, curving jacket detail goes down both sides to the hips. The price is $35. For dancers is a confection by Estevez, of a stained-glass print in blues and greens on a sort of China silk. A full-circle skirt, a deep cowl back, and a modest front neckline are concerned with this one. Winston is the creative force behind a hand-screened print with a brush-stroke look that Paris and New York favor. Its background is dark green, and anemones with pale-green buds decorate it. This is used for a short-sleeved sheath with a Kelly-green sash. And I simply flipped over a full-length dance dress of white polished cotton with a Japanesy print in muted yellows, apricots, pinks, and apple green. This has string straps and an overskirt that is full in back but flat at the sides; the under-

(*Advertisement*)



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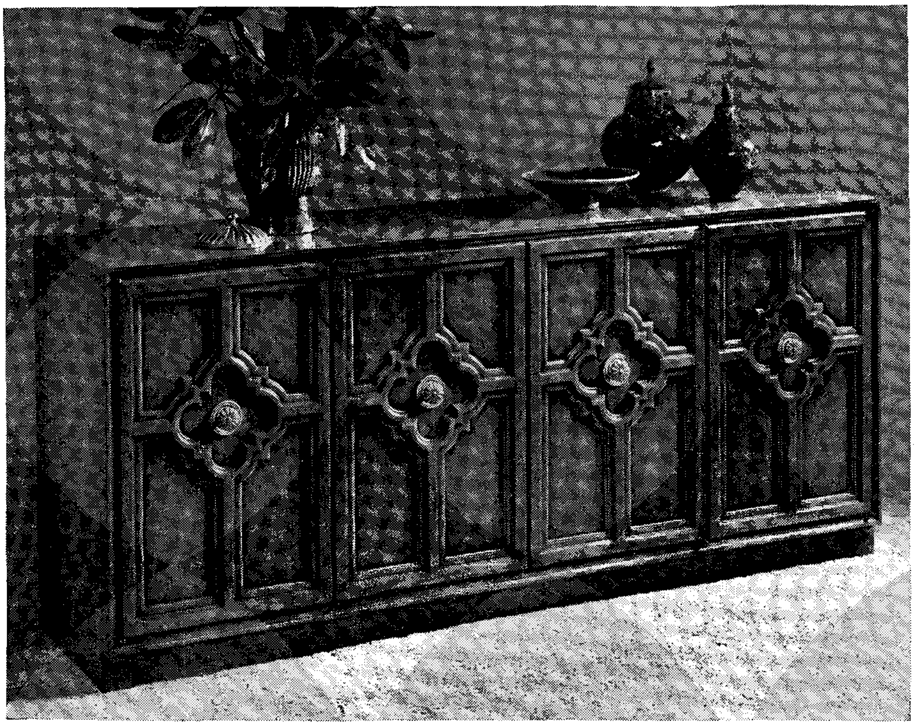

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skirt is narrow. It goes at $90, and Frank Starr *fecit.*

IN the cozy little shop of Mimi Tuthill, at 41 East 60th, clothes abound in such great variety that they erupt from the wainscoting, and they manage to be ladylike without a hint of stuffiness. Sarmi's top contribution (and tops with Sarmi is tops indeed) toward the utter-simplicity dress is a sheath with a bateau neck and short sleeves. It's of a black Swiss cotton that is for all the world like a silk crêpe. The fat black braid on the hips, to suggest oval pockets, is the only decoration. Trigère antes up a sheath of black peau de soie, also short-sleeved, with an eight-inch-wide gathered flounce that rustles outward at the base. Trigère's, too, is a linen with a deep, square neck and double-breasted buttons all the way down, curving inward at the waist in a most alluring way. Suits, classically tailored but perfect for wearing on into summer anywhere, come from Mr. Zuckerman. For them he uses a new fabric, a very fine worsted (the weight of fine gabardine, but with a soft surface), in colors like Mediterranean blue, beige, and pink. The suits begin with boxy jackets trimmed by self welting and end with straight or box-pleated skirts. Then comes Pattullo, always to be counted on for a multifacet usefulness. One costume is of sheer navy wool, with navy taffeta binding on the hip-length box jacket, which has a side closing that is fastened by a trim taffeta bow below one shoulder and another at the hem. A stripe of taffeta continues this closing line down the side of the skirt, and a third bow punctuates the skirt near the knee. Pattullo is also the author of a dress in a black surah with small pink or blue traceries all over. It has a scoop neck, elbow sleeves, and a short jacket that is sleeveless, for a twist. There are plenty of full-skirted short dance dresses in pastel prints, such as Sarmi's warp-printed taffeta with shepherdess folds down the hips in pannier style. In the spirit of light-hearted fun are "sports" costumes by Sarff Zumpano, a firm new to me but already dear to me. White Swiss embroidered cotton with fluttering petals on the appliquéd white flowers is the fabric of boxy jackets with mandarin sleeves. The lining, pale-blue silk linen, shows through the openwork of the jacket, and more of the cotton makes tailored pants. Sheer white cotton (it's lined, though) that is solidly printed with casual paintbrush pink-and-blue squares is the ingredient of a sleeveless plain top and attached culottes, which

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have not only a deep, inverted pleat front and back but gathers around the sides for further flare. This is $90.

I'M sorry to say that many of the prices I've encountered in this journey are pretty far out (and up), but no one seems to blink a single eye except me—and possibly thee. That pink wool Zuckerman suit at $225 is a merciful price today for something that is always good and good for a long pull, but similar suits run much, much higher here and there. There are semiclassic suits with tags that read from $585 to $725 B.A. (Before Alterations). I should point out, however, that our leaders' inventions are copied down as promptly as their Parisian counterparts (though without acknowledgment of their authorship), and at more lenient prices. —LOIS LONG

•

In a week or so—barring unforeseen but not completely unexpected trouble—a Mercury spacecraft carrying a chimpanzee will be launched from Cape Canaveral, Fla.

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Why all the concurrency? What's the rush?

Stripped of all the scientific qualifiers, the answer is this: Mercury will prove how well man can survive, and whether he can think clearly and perform useful functions in the unknown weightless void of space.—*News release from the National Aeronautics and Space Administration.*

Luckily, men are naturally clear thinkers.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Post*]

Police Chief Jacob Rickert, on his way home for lunch, was stopped by one of his officers with a message. The Madison, Conn., chief then stepped on the gas.

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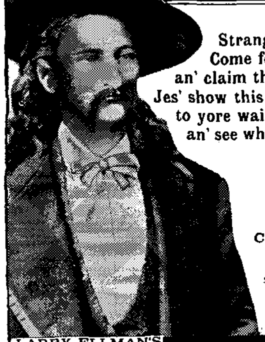

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THE less you know about "Shadows" ahead of time the better. Perhaps the greatest pleasure it offers is that of making one's own discoveries at one's own rate of speed. No hard feelings, then, if you decide to skip the next couple of paragraphs and just go see it.

"Shadows" has already won a number of prizes in Europe, although it was filmed in New York. It is an improvisation, which means that it is hit-or-miss, with some remarkably vivid moments and some clumsy blank ones. A delight in itself, improvisation can refresh drama without being bound by drama's rules—what happens happens but doesn't necessarily have to—and its freewheeling validity can put the drama back in touch with life. The film does have a story—not a very original one, but one that is strong enough to give the episodes a purpose. And it is the episodes that matter anyway. There is, of course, no script. The characters say awful things like "That's your problem" and "Lelia has a very bright mind" and "I know the article to which you refer," but when they connect, something funny or touching or explosive gets said. Their feelings are almost palpable. A Negro singer, down on his luck, is offered the distasteful job of introducing the chorus girls in a cheap night club, and his manager must walk a tightrope between the feelings of his client and those of the prospective employer. A young man sits gloomily at a party, and a girl tries to snap him out of it; she touches him, he hurts her, and a brawl starts, only partly induced by booze. An innocent fellow tries to show the Negro how to sing a song, and everyone stands around giving him the deadpan treatment.

Hugh Hurd, Ben Carruthers, Rupert Crosse, Lelia Goldoni, and Anthony Ray are the principal players. Some of them are colored and some white. They and the other members of the company are a promising group, and their obvious inexperience is all to the good in this particular venture, since they have little technique to get them through the tough spots and must rely on honesty. John Cassavetes is the director, and

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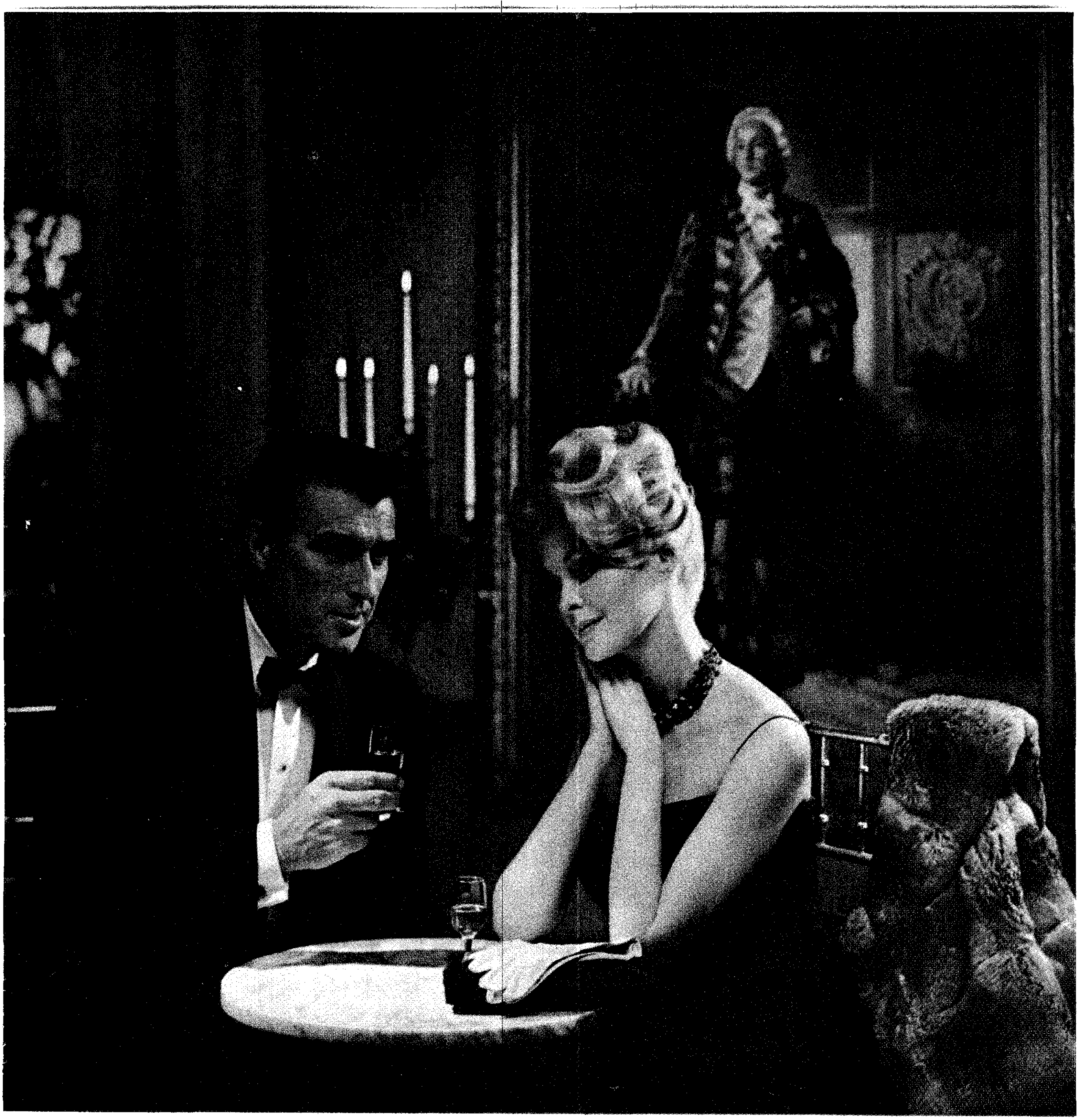

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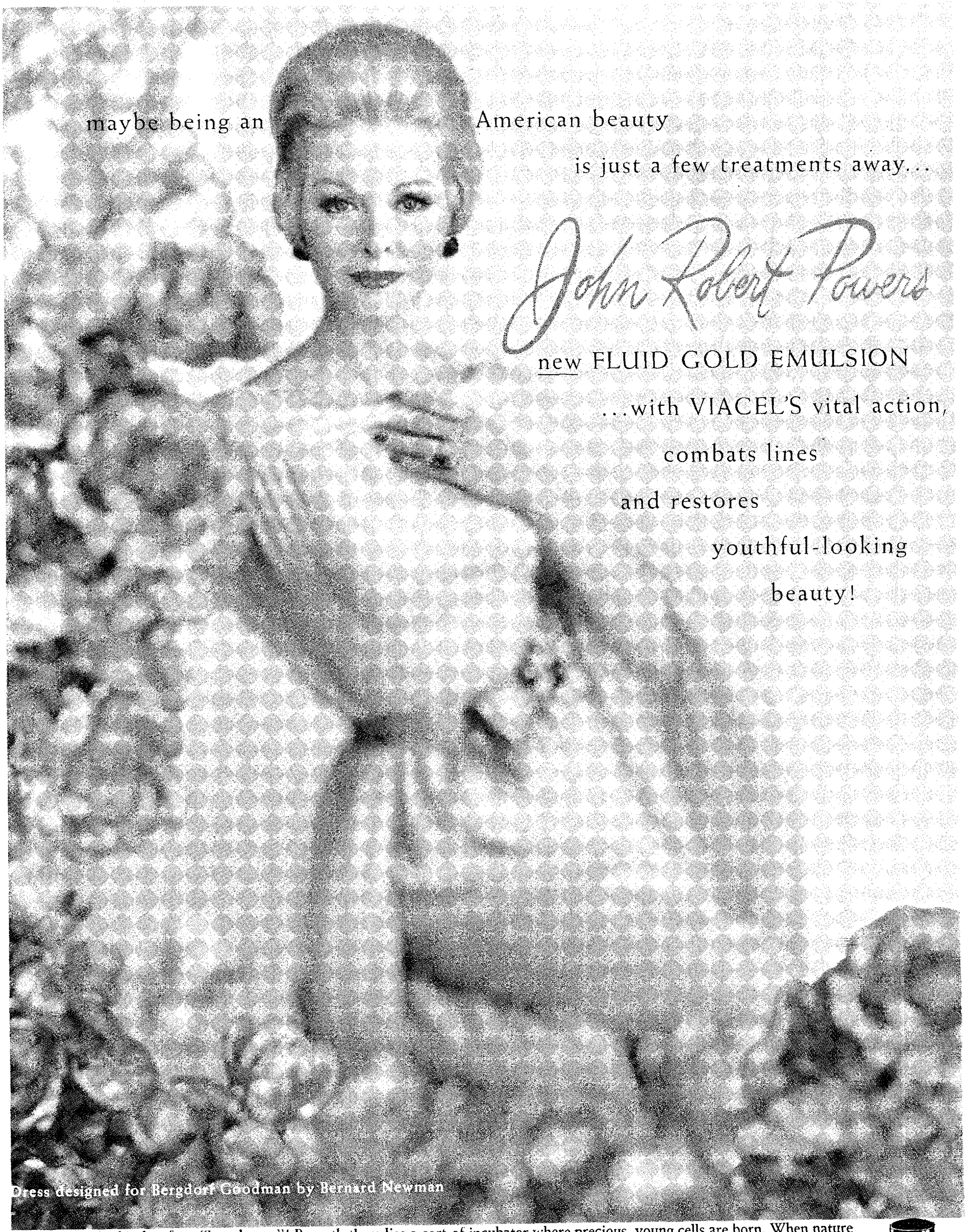

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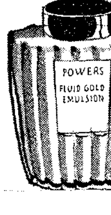

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seldom has direction been in subtler hands; even the camera appears to be improvising as it flashes from a Broadway bar to a living room to a hill in Central Park to the stairs in Penn Station. The jazz background, which sounded beautiful to me, is played by Charles Mingus and Shafi Hadi. The picture runs eighty-seven minutes, and getting over it runs around twice that.

NO words of mine or anyone else's will spoil "The Absent-Minded Professor," a funny and unpretentious piece of slapstick that cannot fail to please children and all the rest of us who are fans of the Keystone Cops. There is even a cop in it who is quite Keystone. Fred MacMurray, with his usual affability and skill, plays a science teacher who accidentally concocts a rubbery substance, called "flubber," that defies gravity, bouncing higher each time it leaves the ground, and that generates its own energy. Its possibilities are varied, and, needless to say, they are thoroughly explored. The most uproarious of several uproarious scenes is a college basketball game in which a runty team whose sneakers have been treated with flubber go leaping about the rafters of the gym, bending down to drop the ball through the basket and occasionally following it in. The time that Mr. MacMurray spends airborne in a Model T is also rewarding. Keenan Wynn, Nancy Olson, Leon Ames, and the rest of the cast seemed just right to me. Walt Disney is the producer, Robert Stevenson the director, and Bill Walsh the writer; the real stars are the technicians who were responsible for the trick effects. I hope their movie lands in the film library of the Museum of Modern Art, so we can watch that glorious basketball game every year or so.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

OAKLAND (AP)—Elliott H. Bobo said he was fed up with his surname—tired of being kidded about it.

Bobo, 19, asked Alameda Superior Court yesterday for permission to change his name to Jrhnt Richard Elliott.

"Let anyone try and be funny with that," he challenged.—*Santa Barbara (Calif.) News-Press.*

First we want to case the Jrhnt.

•

Volkswagen, *n. sing. & pl.* A small passenger automobile put into production by the Nazis as the people's car.—*Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary, 1959 edition.*

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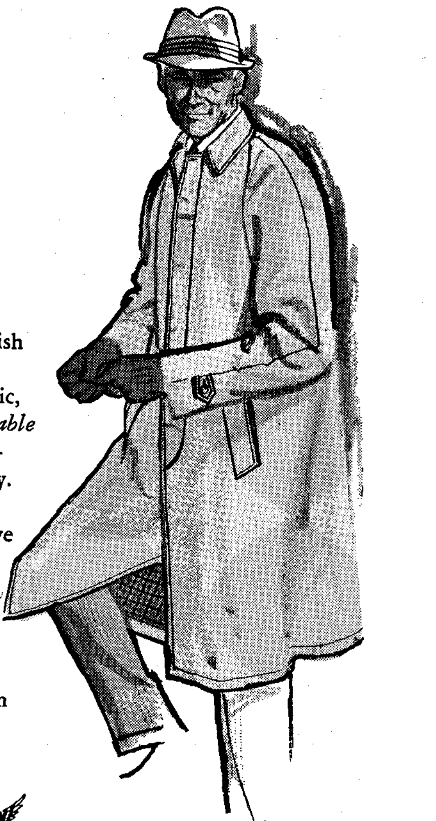

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Machine-Made

I CONFESS that I am a bit confused about the creative process involved in the music for the new ballet called "Electronics," which George Balanchine set before his audience at the New York City Center on Wednesday evening of last week, and the program notes and press releases heralding the event were too ambiguous to help me out. The music seems to have entailed the services of Mr. Remi Gassmann, a composer; Mr. Oskar Sala, an engineer; and an extremely complicated mechanical device known as a Studio Trautonium, which is capable not only of producing electronic sound and recording it on tape but also of doing a certain amount of composing on its own. The sounds produced by this collaboration of two men and a machine are evidently purely electronic in origin, and do not result from the sort of aural photography of musical and nonmusical material that up to now has been the main feature of the tape recordings used in electronic musical experiments. The Studio Trautonium, that is, does not present one with recordings of actual noise, as some of the electronic compositions of Edgar Varèse do, nor does it reproduce the sound of musical instruments, as the phonograph conventionally does. It creates its own sounds from electronic sources, much as those earlier machines the Theremin and the Ondes Martenot used to do, and the variety of sounds it creates is vast, making both forerunners seem very primitive by comparison. I am pretty much in the dark as to just how much the human will (in this case, the will of Mr. Gassmann) has to do with the product, since the Studio Trautonium is said to have something of a will of its own, but it is safe, I imagine, to assume that Mr. Gassmann has had a certain amount of control over the outcome, since he is listed as the composer and was present the other night to manipulate the tape from which the sounds emerged.

Considered simply as music, the result was quite fascinating. It was by no means cacophonous—not nearly as cacophonous as that antique monument of the early twentieth century, Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps." It

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employed a tremendous gamut of sounds, ranging from thundering drumlike thumps and guitarlike twangings to effects that suggested trumpets and pizzicato strings, and also effects that suggested nothing at all in ordinary musical experience. What one heard was not entirely devoid of melody, harmony, or tonality; thus, by any broad definition it was genuine music. Its main weaknesses were the hollow, reverberating quality that I have found to be characteristic of all electronically produced music—a quality that makes the music sound as if it were being played in some spacious subterranean region, like an abandoned coal mine—and a strange, even rather monstrous air of impersonality, reminiscent of the old Wurlitzer organs that used to be standard equipment in movie houses.

The ballet that Mr. Balanchine had concocted to go with this curious musical experience was somewhat swamped by the sounds. It had a stunning set made of plastic ice crystals, and its principal dancers—Diana Adams, Jacques D'Amboise, Violette Verdy, and Edward Villella—were dressed in white tights. Although what they did was graceful enough, the choreography as a whole was not much more than one of Mr. Balanchine's expert but conventional essays in abstract movement.

THE events that I attended in various concert halls during the week were, as might be expected, less hair-raising. On Tuesday night, at Town Hall, the admirable harpsichordist Sylvia Marlowe appeared in a concert of eighteenth-century music, along with a twelve-man chamber orchestra whose lusty modern tone occasionally tended, I am afraid, to obscure the delicate sound of her ancient instrument. This was true, at least, in Bach's great D-Minor Concerto, which, except when she suffered an obvious lapse of memory in the last movement, she played quite brilliantly. The concerto was followed by an interesting and instructive exercise in contrast; first the group played Vivaldi's Concerto in G Minor, Opus 4, No. 6, for Violin and Orchestra, and then Miss Marlowe played Bach's harpsichord transcription of the same work. The transcription sounded, in spots, like an entirely different composition, and, for all my admiration for Bach, I found myself preferring the original Vivaldi.

FRIDAY afternoon's Philharmonic concert in Carnegie Hall, under the baton of Leonard Bernstein, struck me

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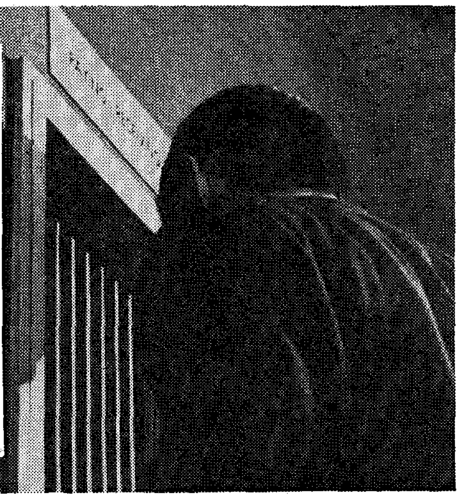

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as altogether below par. The tone of the strings in Mozart's familiar E-Flat-Major Symphony (K. 543) was coarse, and in the last movement Mr. Bernstein introduced some accented appoggiaturas that were not traditional and sounded like gratuitous affectations. A Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, Opus 52, by Ben Weber, with William Masselos as soloist, turned out to be a completely wearisome attempt at absolute, or party-line, atonality, and a performance of Sibelius's Fifth Symphony, while energetic enough, was not among the most perceptive I have heard.

TECHNICALLY, last Sunday afternoon's television broadcast of Moussorgsky's "Boris Godunov" seemed to me one of the most successful productions the N.B.C. Opera has ever offered. The opera, it is true, was subjected to some merciless cutting, which eliminated a great deal of the majesty of the scene in the Kremlin courtyard and nearly all the humor of the scene involving the mendicants Varlaam and Missail. But the cuts were undoubtedly inevitable, and on the whole the editing was done with a skillful hand, throwing most of the emphasis on scenes that could be photographed close up and hence were suitable for television treatment. The screen picture was always barbarically gorgeous (the use of color was especially effective), and enough of the Pushkin-Moussorgsky drama survived to make an absorbing two-hour spectacle. Giorgio Tozzi, who has never sung the role at the Metropolitan, was a magnificent and altogether gripping Boris, as anyone who is acquainted with his talents might expect, and the rest of the cast—a group of handsome and beautifully costumed singers—performed nobly. I must mention in particular the excellent diction of everyone concerned, which made John Gutman's fine English translation of the text far more intelligible than it has ever been at the Metropolitan.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

ON A WET SPRING MORNING, READING EDWARD TAYLOR

This rain! Every bough and board
Sucks up its blows expectantly.
Taylor, whose inspiration soared
Under a hard black cloud, said we
With sin have physicked heaven. But
  Lord!
This fall is of its own accord!

—PETER THORPE

BOOKS

VERSE

ALL styles sooner or later become ingrown and monstrous. Writers and critics alike, in their eagerness to produce (and appreciate) work in an accepted style, by degrees come to overlook the importance and value of the unaccepted. Such a fatal closed system appeared in the dead center of the nineteenth century in Victorian England, when self-satisfaction about ways and means led to an almost total rejection of any aesthetic criteria but those then current. At present, signs of official and strangling convention are showing up in what history may or may not call mid-century American verse. Eclecticism is, at the moment, extreme, but it is often an eclecticism based on what have become modern clichés, in attitude or technique. The modern movement has proved over and over, as far as poetry is concerned, an eagerness to grasp reality and to acquire technical virtuosity. What it has failed to explore, except in rare instances (and a deep-rooted fear of Romanticism partly explains this failure), is variety, depth, and delicacy of emotion. Delight, tenderness, and a continuing refreshment of the ancient attitudes of wonder and awe have become unfashionable and very nearly unapproachable. The limiting of feeling to hostility (open or disguised), violence, guilt, anxiety, and fear has brought about a situation in which the gentler emotions have become suspect, not only in the work of the middle-aged but in the work of the young.

It is not, it is true, a period for hymns to joy. But this narrowing of the emotional field has its artificial side; it has become a convention. Whole areas of reality once open to the poet are being placed out of bounds. Not only is Nature also becoming suspect but Baudelaire's humane and compassionate vision of the modern city has very nearly disappeared. Poems define and explain, and poets skirt the true difficulties of response by planned excursions into rigidly marked-off territory. And poets of all ages too often succumb to an "insolent and trivial" style and tone that, as Miss Moore stated many years ago, they should stand above.

At the same time, the publication of poetry is no longer confined to a thin stream; verse flows out broadly, in every kind of print. Paperbacks have partly solved production costs, and poets have acquired a new audience, having become visible and vocal on lecture platforms and in classrooms, on discs and on tape. This new abundance is all to the good; little chance remains of talent being neglected or obscured. Yet in spite of all surface signs to the contrary, a certain monotony prevails. Skills are often remarkable, but brilliance of technique often covers the emptily discursive, the false and self-conscious symbolic—means and attitudes that stem from shallowness of experience and a contracted emotional range.

A turn into renewed freshness and vitality is due, and scattered evidences of change have lately appeared in unexpected quarters. Three recently published volumes exhibit in a greater or lesser degree that quality of excitement which follows upon the fact being observed, the emotion being felt, the truth being told, the imagination being put to good use. Howard Nemerov's "New and Selected Poems" (University of Chicago Press) can be taken as an example of the well-written, intelligently ordered poetry that has been termed "academic" by the experimentalists. Nemerov does teach, it is true. He is also a novelist and critic. Let us hold to the statement recently made by Mauriac that, by and large, the poet loses nothing by being intelligent. Nemerov can think, feel, and see. Many of his subjects are "occasional" (vignettes with a dramatic or satiric edge) and some are "metaphysical" (meditations on time, being, essence). He can be shocking where shock is needed, and some of his best poems are composed according to the fantastic design of the dream. His images are bright and true, and he is seldom dull. This collection, work from four earlier books and some new poems, shows a steady progress from youthful indetermination toward a mature grasp of value and belief. Moments of doubt occur when, to the poet, things seem inconclusively to cancel out. But Nemerov does not lapse into that semi-official attitude of nihilism and gloom that deadens so much contemporary verse. The terror

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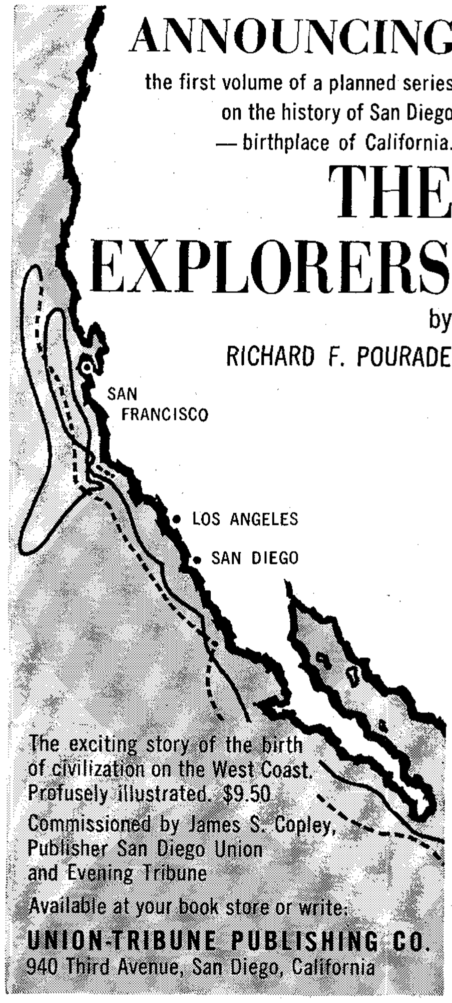

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and pathos of existence are not passed over; there is a healthy turbulence at work under his unruffled style. This is the formal poetry (if it must be so definitely placed) of a young-middle generation at its best.

GALWAY KINNELL, born in 1927, is seven years younger than Nemerov. His first book of poems, "What a Kingdom It Was" (Houghton Mifflin), is remarkably unburdened by this or that current influence. Kinnell is direct and occasionally harsh, and he keeps his syntax straight and his tone colloquial. His chief concern, we soon discover, is the enigmatic significance, more than the open appearance, of Nature and man. "Freedom, New Hampshire," an elegy for his brother—a full realization of country boyhood, in ordinary terms, with a boy's confrontation of cruelty and unreasonable happiness left intact—is also an affirmation of immortality. Kinnell's longest and most pretentiously titled poem, "The Avenue Bearing the Initial of Christ Into the New World," deals with a most difficult subject—life in a city slum. Here pitfalls abound—sentimentality, insincerity, the possibility of mixed and unresolved feelings of pity and guilt. Kinnell bypasses all these. City streets are for a time his home; he feels the vitality of their people; he responds with extreme sensitiveness to multiple sights, sounds, smells; without any furtive condescension, he places Avenue C in the human context. Sympathy, identification, insight sustain this long poem in every detail, and Kinnell chooses his details with startling exactness.

IF we find in Nemerov's poetry traces of philosophical thought and in Kinnell's signs of religious feeling, in Abbie Huston Evans' "Fact of Crystal" (Harcourt, Brace) we discover something much more intense and rare—mystic apprehension. Miss Evans' body of work is small—she has published only three books: "Outcrop," in 1928; "The Bright North," in 1938; and the present volume—and her utterly distinctive quality has gone virtually unnoticed. Yet here is a New England woman (she was born in New Hampshire and grew up on the Maine coast) whose sensitive and strong perceptions pierce deep into the heart of things, whose sense of "inscape" can be set against Hopkins's and Dickinson's. Her Welsh inheritance, grounded in the stern landscapes of her childhood, has been disciplined and defined, given grandeur and depth. These later poems, written in her sixties and seventies, include work

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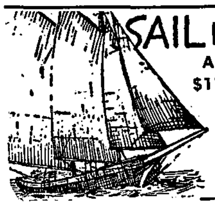

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of such profound inspiration that small modern categories and classifications fall in confusion before them.

—LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

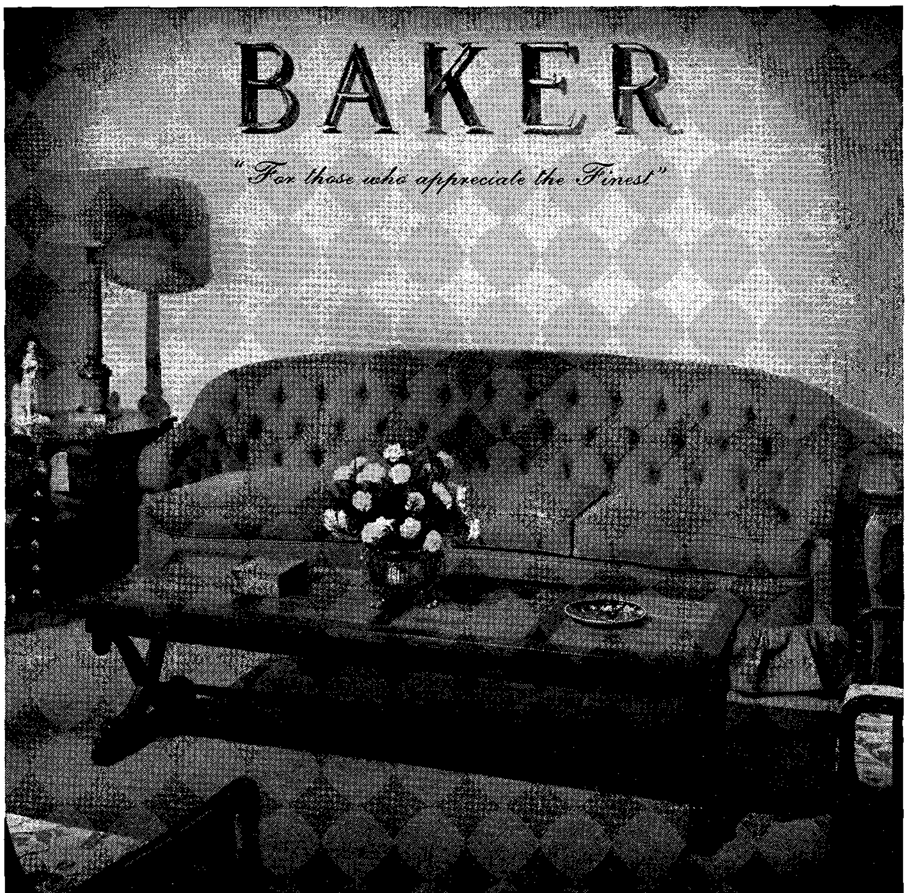
FICTION

REVOLUTIONARY ROAD, by Richard Yates (Atlantic-Little, Brown). The Wheelers—April, twenty-nine, and Frank, thirty—live in a small, pretty house in a Connecticut suburb. Frank, who works for a large company called Knox Business Machines, and who believes that he is only filling time until a more interesting job is presented to him, commutes to New York every day, while April, who once lived in the Village and dreamed of becoming an actress, takes care of their house and their two small children. The Wheelers despise their suburban neighbors, and they both believe that someday, somehow, they will find themselves at the heart of an intellectual and sophisticated group where their talents—no longer indefinite in that indefinite and longed-for future—will be proved and recognized. In the meantime, they fight a good deal, like two resentful children, each of whom feels that he is being cheated by the other of his rightful share of sympathy. The Wheelers are young, pathetic, trapped, half educated, and without humor—meaningless characters leading meaningless lives—and Mr. Yates's attempt to lend drama to their predicament, through an unconvincing introduction of madness and violence into the story, serves only to emphasize the flimsy nature of his work. The style is direct and matter-of-fact, and there is a great deal of attention to detail.

THE BIG FAMILY, by Viña Delmar (Harcourt, Brace). This intermittently interesting account of the family of John Slidell begins in 1790 with the marriage of Slidell, a poor New York candlemaker, to wealthy Jane MacKenzie and ends in the nineteen-twenties when the eighty-year-old Countess de St. Roman, their granddaughter, comes home after a lifetime in France to pay her last respects to the land of her birth. The writing is diligent.

GENERAL

ABANDONED, by A. L. Todd (McGraw-Hill). A model account of perhaps the most ill-fated and certainly the most grimly fascinating episode in the annals of Arctic exploration—



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PRECEPTS

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Then, there's the obstinate man. He is perhaps the worst kind of investor. In spite of the fact that the essence of the market is change, he refuses to change with it. Inflexibly, he may buy a good stock and stay with it too long, or buy a dud and cling to it stubbornly while it goes down down down.

Well, the moral of our story is obvious. If you're an investor or about to become one, may we offer you two observations that are worth remembering?

A French proverb on skepticism says, "Skeptics are never deceived."

And an Alexander Popism on obstinacy says, "An obstinate man does not hold opinions, but they hold him."

Amen.

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the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition of 1881-84. The expedition, the United States' contribution to the first International Polar Year, was headed by Lieutenant Adolphus Greely, U.S. Army Signal Corps, and consisted of two other officers, nineteen enlisted men, a civilian surgeon, and two Eskimo hunters. Supply failure, political expedience, and official bumbling (for which the Secretary of War, Robert Todd Lincoln, was chiefly responsible) stranded the party in the wastes of Ellesmere Land for two years beyond its term. When it was finally rescued, only six men (including Greely) were still alive. Much of the excellence of Mr. Todd's book derives from his fortunate possession of much hitherto unreleased material (diaries, notes, official correspondence), but fullness of detail and documentation is not its only merit. Mr. Todd is a first-rate writer, a careful writer, and, above all, a writer who brings to this slippery affair the total objectivity it requires. Vilhjalmur Stefansson has contributed an appropriately admiring introduction. Photographs and maps.

THE WORLD OF ZEN: AN EAST-WEST ANTHOLOGY, edited by Nancy Wilson Ross (Random House). Partly a source book, partly a collection of modern commentaries by Easterners and Westerners on the subject of Zen Buddhism, this volume is perhaps the most comprehensive survey to date of the ramifications of what, if its disciples did not define it as "no thought," might be described as Zen thought. Contributors include everybody from the patriarchal Dr. Suzuki to such Western devotees of the cult as Alan Watts and the psychiatrist Erich Fromm, and much of the Japanese painting, poetry and anecdote introduced by way of example is both amusing and charming.

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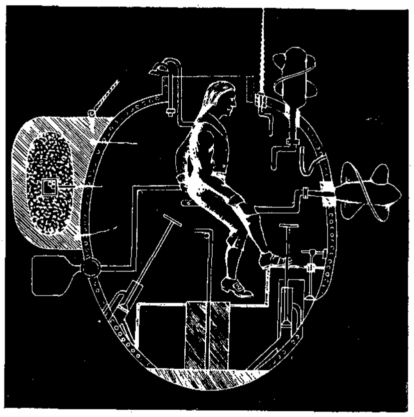

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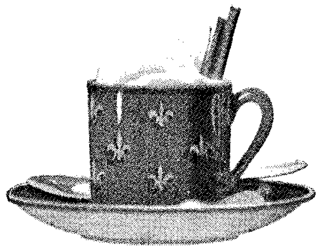

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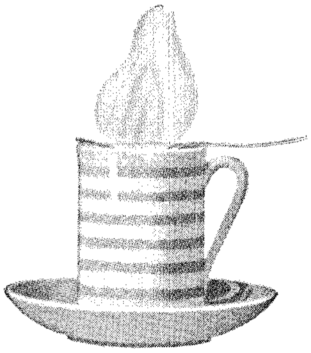

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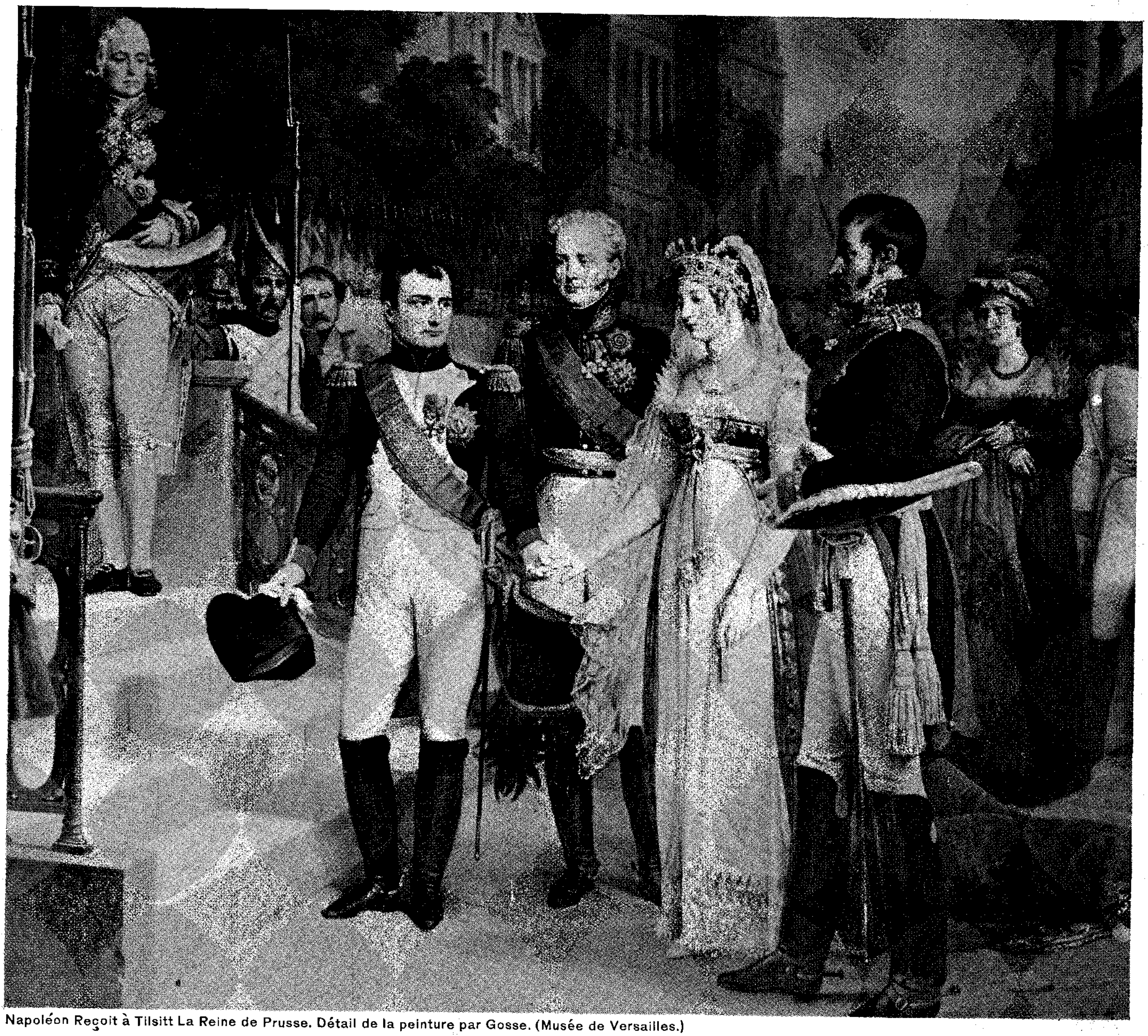

Napoléon Reçoit à Tilsitt La Reine de Prusse. Détail de la peinture par Gosse. (Musée de Versailles.)

Napoleon receives the Queen of Prussia at Tilsit, July 6, 1807 upon her arrival for the signing of the peace treaty between France and Prussia. Also shown in the group are Talleyrand, Czar Alexander of Russia, King Frederick William III of Prussia.

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